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THE TRUE WEST

Frontier Times

November, 1970

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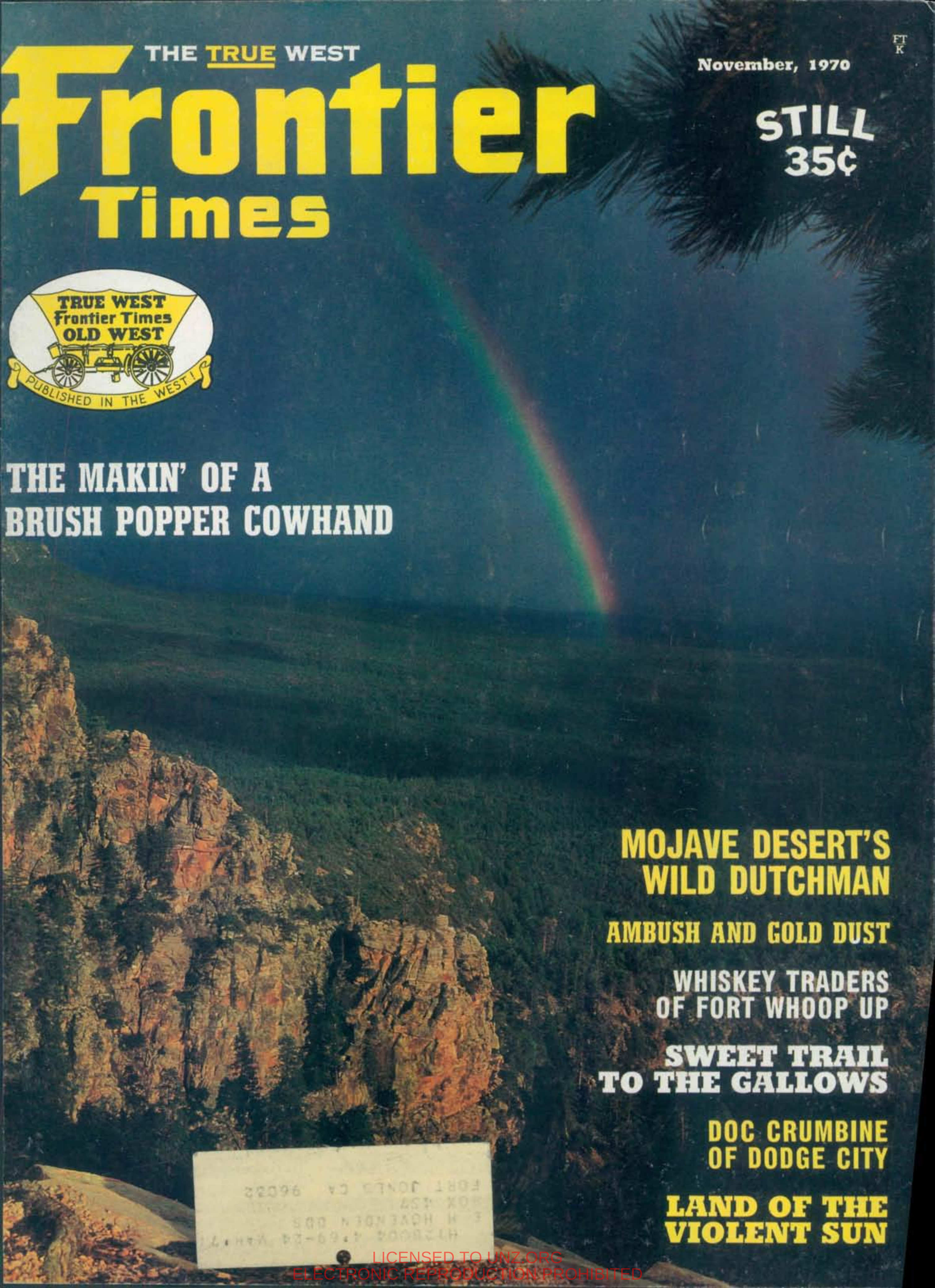

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
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THE MAKIN' OF A BRUSH POPPER COWHAND

MOJAVE DESERT'S WILD DUTCHMAN

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WHISKEY TRADERS OF FORT WHOOP UP

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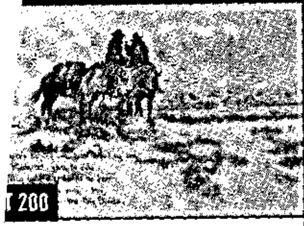
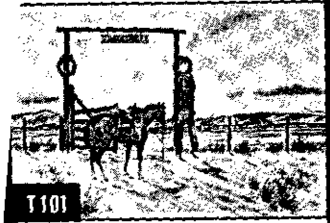
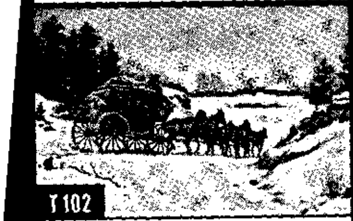
Christmas cards of the West


T 200

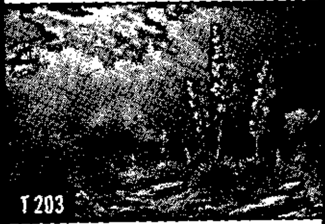
"Here's hoping your trail is a long one, etc." — Merry Christmas...Good friends, etc. — **C. M. Russell**


T 101

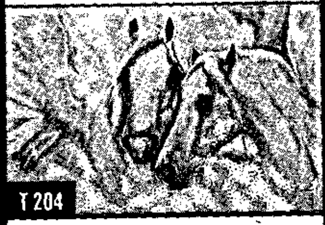
Greetings — Merry Christmas to Your Outfit from Ours — **Long**


T 102

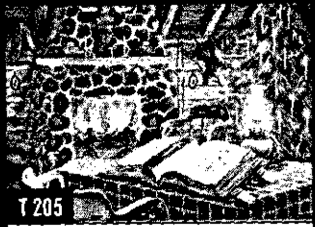
Home for Christmas — May you and yours be blessed this Christmas Day, etc. — **Shope**


T 203

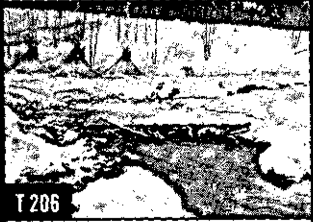
Yucca Candles — May the Peace and Happiness of Christmas, etc. — **Vannerson**


T 204

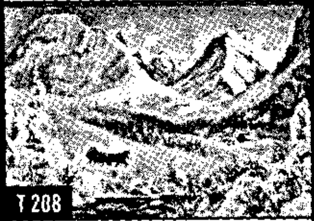
Equine Angels — May the warmth and love at Christmas time, etc. — **Touraine**


T 205

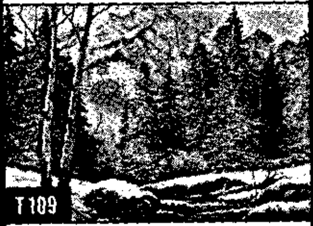
A Memory of Christmas — May you have a Merry Christmas in the old-fashioned way, etc. — **Stahley**


T 206

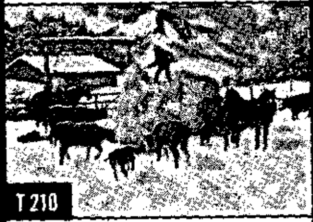
Winter Camp — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you, etc. — **Fellows**


T 208

Sleighbells and Snowflakes — From the two of us at Christmas, etc. — **Kerswill**


T 109

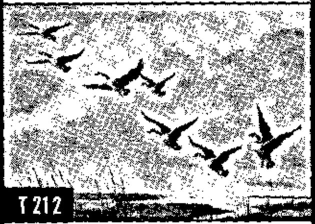
"In the heart of the wilderness" — May the Joy of Christmas be with you, etc. — **Swanson**


T 210

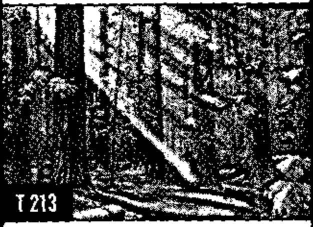
Christmas Chores — Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for all the Year — **Damrow**

T 211

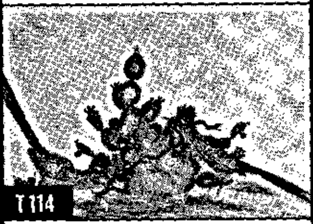
"The wonder of Christmas fills the world" — Merry Christmas — **Lenox**


T 212

Flight of the Honkers — May there come to you at this holiday time, etc. — **West**


T 213

Forest Benediction — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas, etc. — **Husberg**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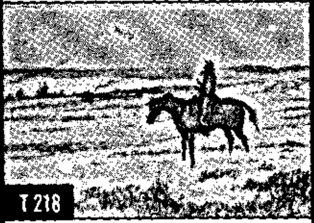
Red Ribbon Roadrunners — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Lau**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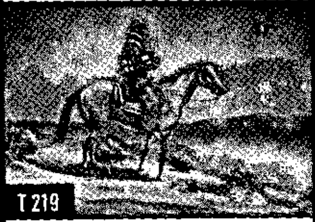
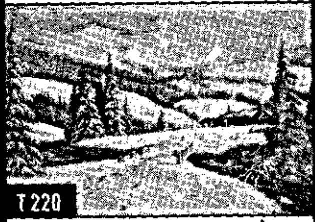
A Cowboy Prayer — With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year — **Powell**


T 219

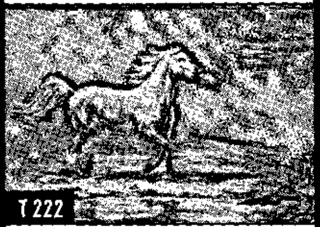
Thinking of You this Christmas Night — Wishing You Happiness and Prosperity, etc. — **Lenox**


T 220

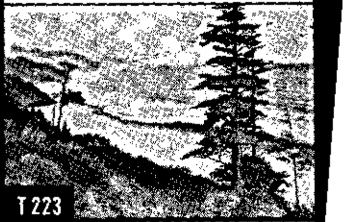
A Good Day for Visiting — May the Spirit of Christmas Abide With You, etc. — **Thomas**

T 221

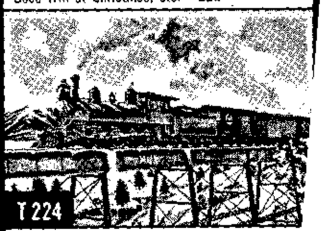
A Frontier Christmas Eve — To wish you Merry Christmas and a glad New Year to boot, etc. — **Ryan**


T 222

Born to Run Free — Wishing you a Blessed Christmas and Happiness in the New Year — **Steffen**


T 223

"Whisper of a Pine Tree, etc." — Peace and Good Will at Christmas, etc. — **Lau**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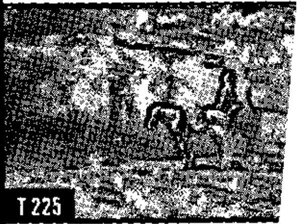
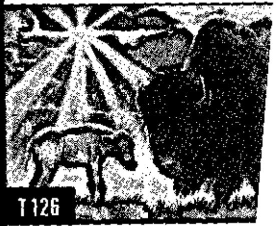
Headed for Trout Creek Pass — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Fogg**


T 225

"What can I give Him, etc." — May Peac your Gift at Christmas, etc. — **Warren**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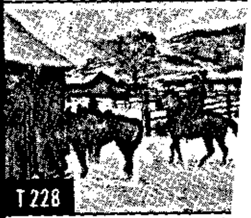
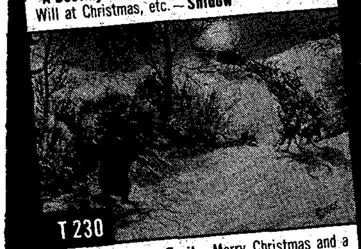
Legend of the Plain Madonna — May t . . . of Christmas be with you, etc — **Tour**


T 228

Hello there, folks, etc. — Merry C Happy New Year — **Marks**

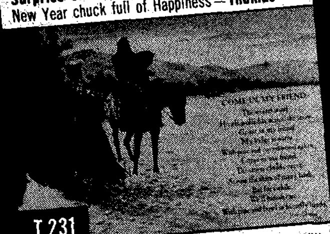
FINE ART OF THE WEST
IN BEAUTIFUL

"A Destiny of brothers, etc." – Peace and Good Will at Christmas, etc. – **Snidow**



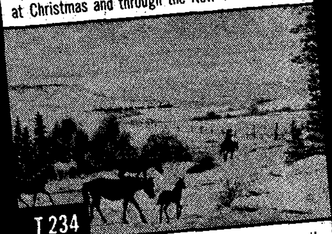
T 230

Surprise on the Trail – Merry Christmas and a New Year chuck full of Happiness – **Thomas**



T 231

"Come in, my friend, etc." – Peace and Good Will at Christmas and through the New Year – **Shope**



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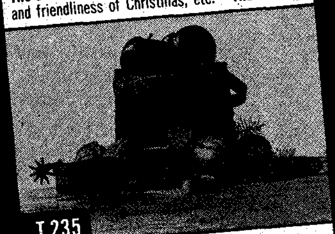
The Curious and the Christmas Tree – The warmth and friendliness of Christmas, etc. – **Thomas**



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Memories of a Frontier Christmas – Merry Christmas and Happy New Year – **Swanson**

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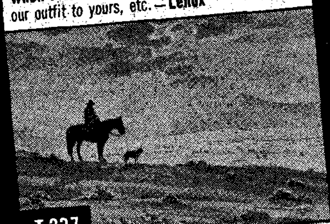
When Friends Meet – Christmas Greetings from our outfit to yours, etc. – **Lenox**



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Benediction for the Shepherd's Flock – May the Peace and Joy of Christmas, etc. – **Thomas**

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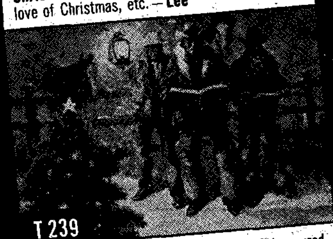
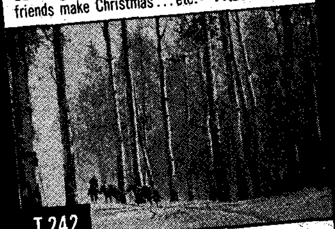
Christmas Eve Surprise – May the warmth and love of Christmas, etc. – **Lee**



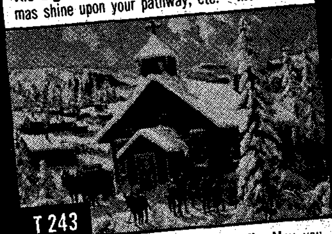
T 239

Caroling Neighbors – Thoughts of treasured friends make Christmas . . . etc. – **FitzSimmons**



T 242

The Lighted Pathway – May the glory of Christmas shine upon your pathway, etc. – **McLean**

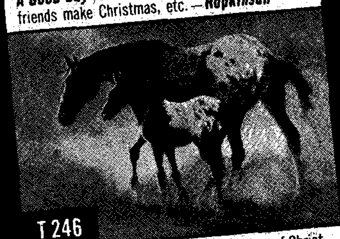


T 243

"Within an old log church, etc." – May you have the Spirit of Christmas, etc. – **Gomez**

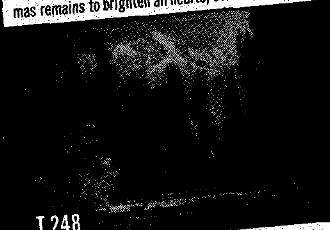
T 245

A Good Day for Visiting – Thoughts of treasured friends make Christmas, etc. – **Hopkinson**



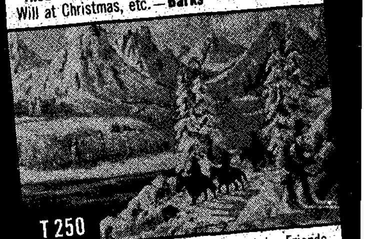
T 246

"The wonder of Christmas" – The glory of Christmas remains to brighten all hearts, etc. – **Touraine**



T 248

"Thou fill'st the solitude." – Peace and Good Will at Christmas, etc. – **Barks**



T 250

The Peaceful Path – May Christmas bring Friends to your Fireside, etc. – **Gomez**

T 147 **"Blessed are they that have not seen"** – May the Peace and Joy of Christmas, etc. – **EchoHawk**

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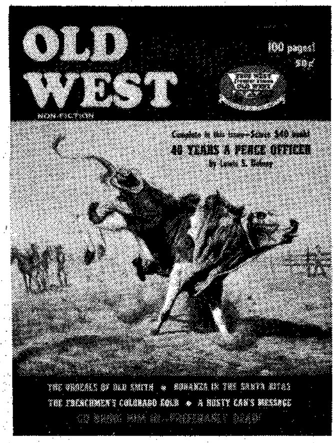
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October- November, 197
Vol. 44, No. 6
New Series No. 68

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Storm over Arizona's Tonto Basin

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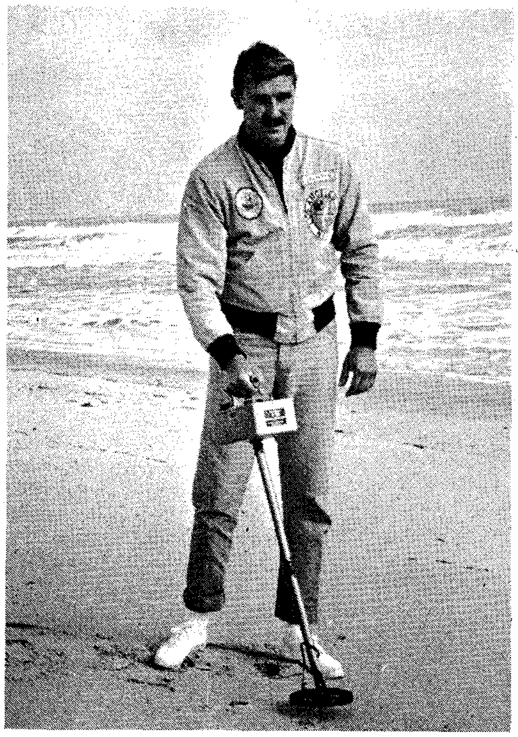
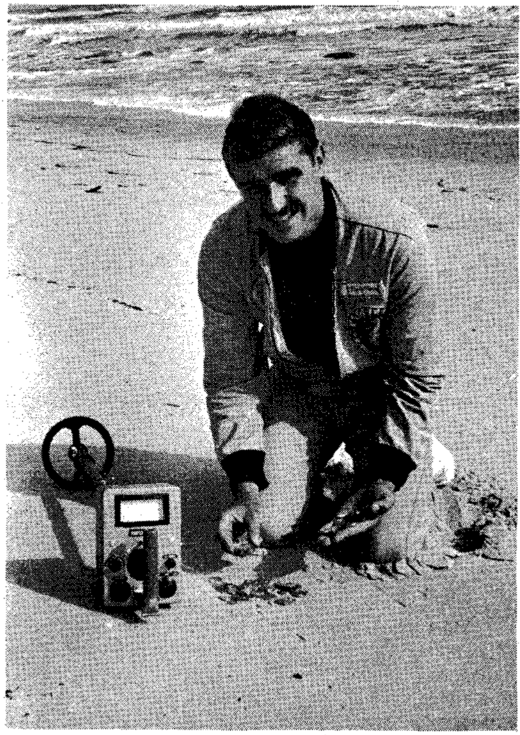


Robert Marx treasure hunting on Florida beach.



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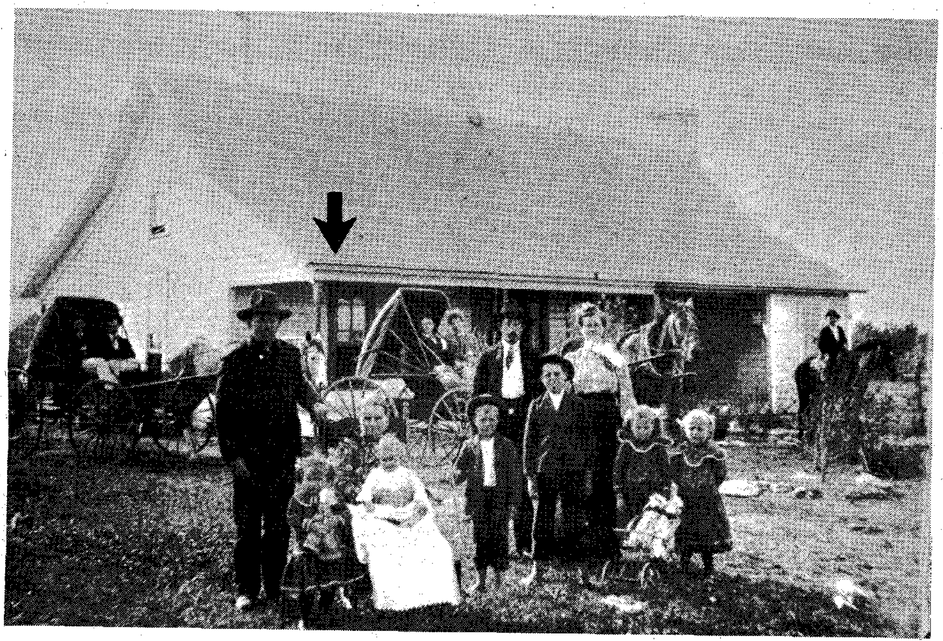


Courtesy Mrs. C. W. Wimberley

The above photo will be of interest to those who read the story of Lone Grove, Texas in the September FRONTIER TIMES "Nuggets." It shows the William Nimrod Scott family (see arrow), who ran the first cotton gin and grist mill in Lone Grove back in the late 1880s.

Charles A. Farnsworth

I am a collector of Colt firearms and in my collection I have a Colt Bisley. This gun once belonged to Charles A. Farnsworth, whose name is engraved on the backstrap of the gun. According to information I have obtained, Mr. Farnsworth was a sheriff of Silver City, Grants County, New Mexico in, I believe, 1903.

I am trying to obtain more information on Mr. Farnsworth or any deeds attributed to him. Any help would be appreciated.—Kenneth Newman, c/o Mutual Clearing Service, 160 Broadway, New York, New York 10038

Badges and Sibley Stoves

Your March FRONTIER TIMES has a picture showing one item I have never seen pictured before. Look at the collar of Sgt. Ward on page 6. He is wearing a set of 1879 Army Marksman's Badges. These were the first-award set for requalifying; a smaller set was issued in pairs, two being worn on each side. There is also a sharpshooter badge which I haven't seen in print. These badges are not very common, even though thousands of them were listed as having been made in ordnance yearly reports.

The ornate Army competition badges of the 1880-1900 period are even more scarce in pictures, though they are very fancy items. They were awarded like the present series of excellence in competition badges for local, regional and national contests, and the top one mentioned was supposedly worth $100 for its metal alone, which would really have given a hard-up trooper a goodly amount of red-eye around the end of the month.

There has been some mention of the Sibley stove in various of the Western magazines. I gather they are collectors' items. 'Tis good someone wants them, for the little I saw of them they seemed useless. Back in 1942 the 28th Service Group left Bowman Field outside Louisville, Kentucky for a convoy to Barksdale Field, Louisiana. Our first overnight stop was a transient camp in Nashville, Tennessee which had the familiar pyramidal tents most of the veterans of 1940-45 know. It was colder than a well-digger's sitz that February, and we were wearing everything Uncle issued. Out tent heat that night was provided by Sibley stoves, the first I'd ever seen, and the guards kept them going all night long. Even so, the tents warmed up to no more than the inside of an RAF shower, which is pretty bad. If I never see another one, I'll be perfectly happy. These must have been the 30" size, but whatever they were, they were of little use. The 1941 tent stove—there's another tale. Those little kegs could really produce heat, as long as fuel was on hand. So many were made that they'll probably be collectors' items about 2200 A.D., no sooner.—John P. Conlon, 52 Columbia Street, Newark, Ohio 43055

Homesteading near Fetterman

J. O. Ward's tales of old Fort Fetterman (FRONTIER TIMES, March '70) takes me back to memories of my beginnings. My father filed on a homestead on LaPrele Creek twenty-five miles from Fort Fetterman in 1886 when I was two years old. I learned to ride a horse when I was six. I well remember the year when Charlie Rice and Bill Howard helped Dad harvest a small grain crop with cradles and when the same two men brought to our place the small horse-power-driven threshing machine. When Fred Curtis cut Dad's grain with the first twine binder in the county I followed it around the field until I was no longer able to put one foot before the other.

At that time Fetterman had been abandoned by the military but was still federal property. When the railway reached there in '87 and business attempted to make it a terminal point they were ordered out and went back across the river to build the town of Douglas. The four-horse stagecoach was still running from Medicine Bow over Downey Pass and down the LaPrele to Fetterman and the buildings of a station were on the land Dad homesteaded, so he operated the station for a short time, presumably until the mail contract expired.

Perhaps I would not have remembered it had it not been for one outlaw horse. He was so bad Dad had to get him in the manger, snub him down and blindfold him to put harness on. Then he'd take him out to a snub post in the yard still blindfolded. He was always hitched in the near lead and when the driver was ready Dad loosed the snub rope, jerked the handkerchief off his eyes and he run-bucked and bawled some distance down the road before breaking into a free run. Of course the shuttle brought him back in due time and the process was repeated.

My oldest sister married Marion D. Newsom, commonly known as George, and they spent their lives in Douglas so I had a magnet that drew me back occasionally when the purse was not too flat and the miles too long. The last time was in 1935 when my family and I visited several days with my sister and her one living son and drove up the LaPrele to look at the old ranch and other well-remembered landmarks. The site of old Fort Fetterman had long been the property of the Mortons and appeared to be an irrigated and valuable agricultural bench. I stacked hay several days for the Morton brothers and it was a beautiful crop.—D. Ivan Fritts, 794 Fortner Lane, Ontario, Oregon 97914

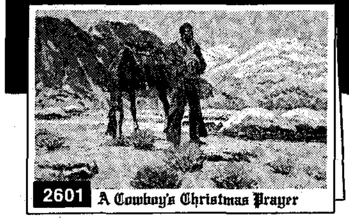
Balls of Gold Like Oranges

Your March '69 FRONTIER TIMES had an article about "Gold Like Wheat" and I thought you might be interested in

(Continued on page 72)

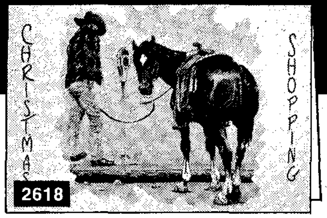
Western Christmas Cards

BY THE WEST'S BEST KNOWN ARTISTS—*IN BEAUTIFUL FULL COLOR!*



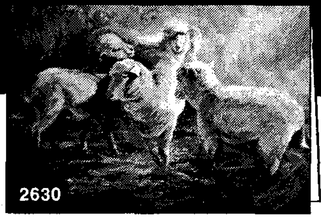
2601

A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer by **Paul Salisbury**—May the Peace and Good Will of Christmas always be with you. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**



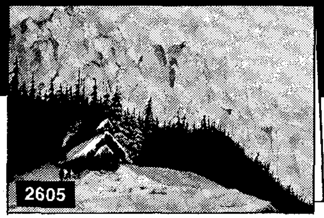
2618

Christmas Shopping by **Robert R. Lorenz**—Season's Greetings and Best Wishes for a Happy New Year.



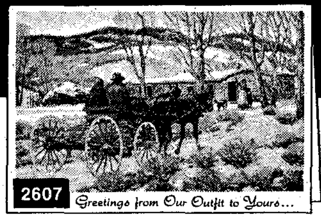
2630

The Lord is my Shepherd by **Quita Pownall**—Wishing You all the Joys and Blessings of Christmas. The 23rd Psalm Quoted.



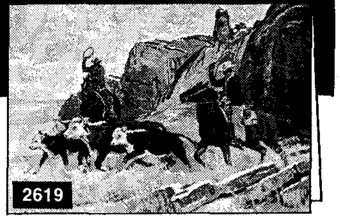
2605

Mountain Chimes by **Dan Garrett**—May the Blessings and Peace of Christmas be Yours and Happiness fill each Day of the New Year. Quote from Luke 2:14.


Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours...

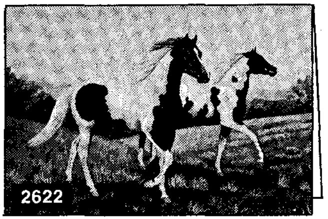
2607

Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours by **Paul Salisbury**—With Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through All the Coming Year.



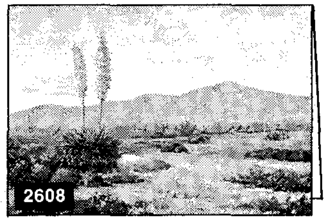
2619

Ridin' Herd by **Robert Lougheed**—May the Peace and Happiness of the Christmas Season abide with You through all the Coming Year. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**



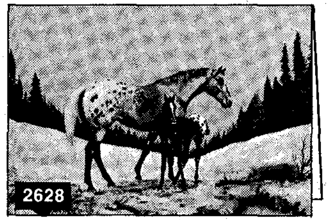
2622

Holiday Spirit by **Betty Marble**—With very Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season and the New Year.



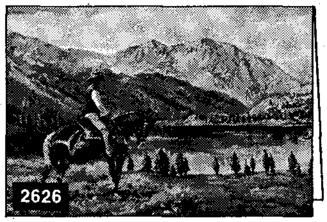
2608

Candles of the Lord by **Harry Zutto**—May the Blessings of Christmas be with You Today and always. *Legend of the Yucca Blossom inside.*



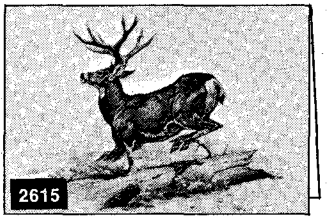
2628

Blessed Christmas by **Betty Marble**—May the Joy and Peace of Christmas always be with You.



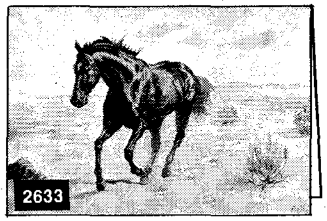
2626

Reflections by **Harry Zutto**—May the Blessings of Christmas Abide with You throughout the New Year.



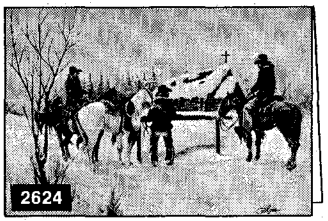
2615

Star of the Forest by **Clark Bronson**—Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for All the Year.



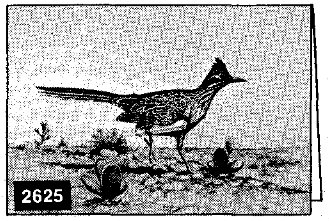
2633

Born Free by **Gregory Perillo**—Coming your Way to wish You a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!



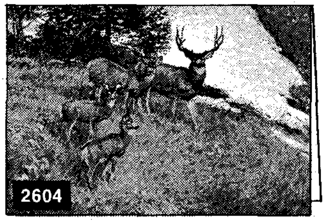
2624

Christmas Bells by **Ted Long**—May the Spirit of Peace and Good Will be Yours during the Holiday Season and throughout the Coming Year. Quote from Psalm 118:24 "This is the Day the Lord hath made..."



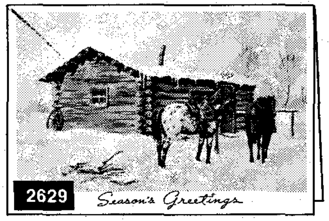
2625

Road Runner Holiday by **Clark Bronson**—Season's Greetings and Best Wishes for a new Year full of Happiness.



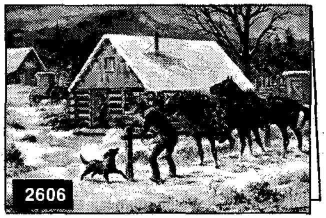
2604

Feeding the Slopes by **Robert Lougheed**—Bringing You every Good Wish for Happiness this Christmas and in the Coming Year. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**



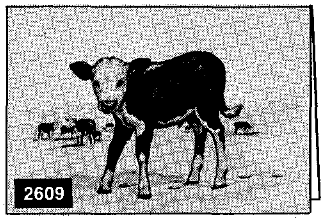
2629

Season's Greetings by **Dave Paulley** — With a Warm and Friendly Wish for a New Year full of Happiness.



2606

Neighbors Welcome by **Fred Harman**—*With All* Good Wishes for Christmas and the Coming Year.



2609

First Christmas by **Clark Bronson**—*Greetings of* the Season and Best Wishes for the New Year.

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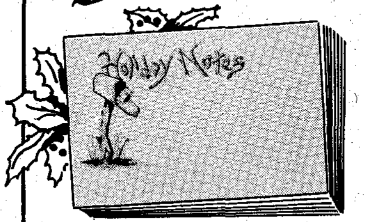
Free Offer



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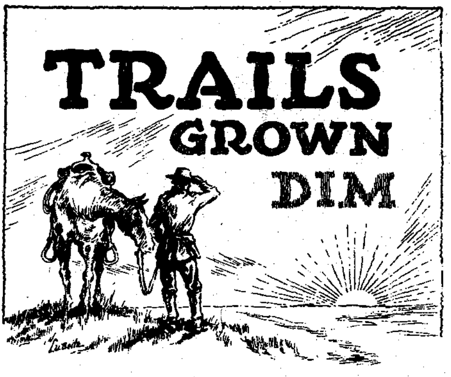
TRAILS GROWN DIM



Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write us.

Miller-Treacy-Powers

Seeking information on certain descendants and relatives of Delia (or Dealia) Maher Powers Treacy. She was born in Ireland on Christmas Day in 1822. She is said to have lived near the Lakes of Killarney in County Kerry. Delia Powers was a widow with two children when she married William Francis Treacy (in Ireland, exact place and date not known). Some time before 1862 this family came to the states. Before settling permanently in the vicinity of Lincoln, Nebraska they spent some time in New York State. Probably lived in Schenectady for a time. Definitely lived in Albany where Delia gave birth on November 27, 1861 to a daughter, Isabella Frances Treacy. Isabella was my maternal grandmother. I have genealogical data on all lines of her descendents.

Eliza Powers was Isabella's half-sister. She was born in Ireland and married in Ireland to a man named Walker. She was widowed and left with one son, Robert Walker. Robert is known to have been living in Kansas in 1909. We have a photograph of him with his mother and his quite numerous and nice looking family.

Eliza married secondly, Thomas Hill. They had three sons, William, George and James. They probably lived in Kansas or Nebraska at the turn of the century. Eliza may likely have had at least one daughter (which family?). Eliza is said to have died in Spokane, Washington (after 1909).

David Joseph Powers was a brother to Eliza and a half-brother to Isabella. He was born in Ireland. That is all we actually know about him. He seems to have vanished from the face of the earth about 100 years ago. The family was never able to get any trace of him. They at one time consulted a clairvoyant or fortune teller in an effort to get a clue. The messages they got was that he had been killed by Indians in the Black Hills. It makes a fine story, but does anyone know what really happened to him? Was he ever married? Did he have a family?

Also seeking information on relatives of James and Drucilla Sarah Pogue Miller (known to have been in Lafayette, Indiana in 1862). She died December 12, 1879. He died January 1, 1885. Both buried in Bethany, Missouri. I have most of the dope on known descendants; however, there are still some questions. James and Drucilla Miller raised at least four children: Anna (Annie, Anne, Ann), Flora, James, Jr. and Charles Edward. The boys certainly were Millers. The girls may not have been. It seems certain that at least Anna was a step-child of James Miller.

We have almost no knowledge of James, Jr. He, like David Powers, vanished eighty or more years ago, leaving no word or trace. Some of the family got the notion that he had gone to Alaska or the Yukon because they read of a "Jim" Miller who had struck it rich up there somewhere. This is another one of the good old stories from "family tradition." The truth is we don't know anything about him. Did he ever marry? Did he have a family?

Charles Edward (Charley) Miller is said to have married a red-haired woman (otherwise unidentified) in Texas. This would have been in the eighties, and supposedly he fathered several children by her. The old story has it that she beat him almost to death with a stick of wood. He was put on a train (they say) and sent to a hospital in St. Louis, Missouri where extensive damage to his head was repaired. After several months he was able to be up and around again, mostly recovered physically, but (they say) he never returned to his family in Texas. This may likely be another one of the tall tales. We don't know. What is definitely known is that on December 29, 1889 at Lincoln, Nebraska, Charles Edward Miller married Isabella Frances Treacy. They were my maternal grandparents. I will answer anyone who sends me information on any of these lines.—Charles B. Woosley, Box 60, Fiddletown, California 95629

Huffman-Hoffman-Putnam

I'm trying to locate descendants of or anyone knowing about the following: Hugh Huffman (Hoffman) in Michigan in the years before 1881; John Putnam and wife Mary Carline from Michigan (Kent County) in the years before 1881. He must have had brothers and sisters somewhere. Also, we know nothing of his parents.—Mrs. Charles Robbins, 2425 West 14th Ave., Eugene, Oregon 97402

Clark

Sophia Huschka Clark was born in Germany 1877-78, the eldest child of John and Marie Zecha Huschka. Family left Germany with children Sophia, Frank, Emilia (Millie) and Louis. They settled first in Claflin then Raymond, Kansas. Brothers and sisters Mary, Rose, John, Joseph, Tony, Bill, Anna and Matilda (Tillie) were born at Raymond. She may not have known of Bill and Anna, as she left home because of a mean father. The mother died in childbirth with Matilda.

She married and later divorced Lon Clark around Salina or Garden City, Kansas, and was last seen at mother's funeral at Ellinwood, Kansas on February 18, 1902. Any friends or relatives knowing of her life after she left home, please write. She has many brothers and sisters living.—Mrs. Arline Siepak, Box 12, South Wilmington, Illinois 60474

Pinkston-Byington-Cates-Bowden-Vodrazka-(Wodraska)

Would anyone with the following surnames—Pinkston, Byington, Cates, Bowden, Vodrazka (Wodraska)—please write. All letters will be promptly answered.—Mrs. Lorraine C. Cates, c/o St. Louis Genealogical Society, P. O. Box 7114, St. Louis, Missouri 63177

George Churchill

I am searching for my father. His name is George Churchill. I think he was born in Troy, New York, about 1905. He was last heard of in Silver City, Nevada, in 1936. He boxed under the name of Bob Churchill. He was raised by his grandmother who was from Brandon, Manitoba. Any information would be appreciated.—Mrs. Margaret Larsen, 1620 Maryland Ave., Myrtle Point, Oregon 97458

McNabb-McKeen

I would like information on my great-grandfather and his first and second wives. His name was J. T. McNabb, or Edwin Newton McNabb. I think the J. T. stood for John Tommis, but am not sure.

We know very little about them. We know that he was in Sigourney, Keokuk County, Iowa at one time because my grandfather was born there. Edwin Newton McNabb was his name. He lived in Delta, Iowa and he and his wife died in 1948-49.

Would also like information on T. J. McKeen, who, we think, is his cousin. I will do research for anyone here in Cheyenne in exchange for anyone to do research for me.—Mrs. Howard W. Stephens, Rt. 2 Box 1589, Cheyenne, Wyoming 82001

Montgomery-Albertson

I would like to hear from anyone who can tell me anything about my grandparents. William W. S. Montgomery was born June 10, 1879 but his birthplace is unknown. He married Minnie Jane Albertson on October 31, 1900. In 1903 they moved to Lyman County in South Dakota, homesteading at the old town of Lyman. They stayed two years, then moved back to Nebraska where my father Kenneth Montgomery was born in 1908 at Laurel, Nebraska. They later returned to Lyman County, then ran the Brule County Farm near Pukwana, South Dakota, until Grandmother's death in 1941. They are both buried at Laurel.

(Continued on page 54)

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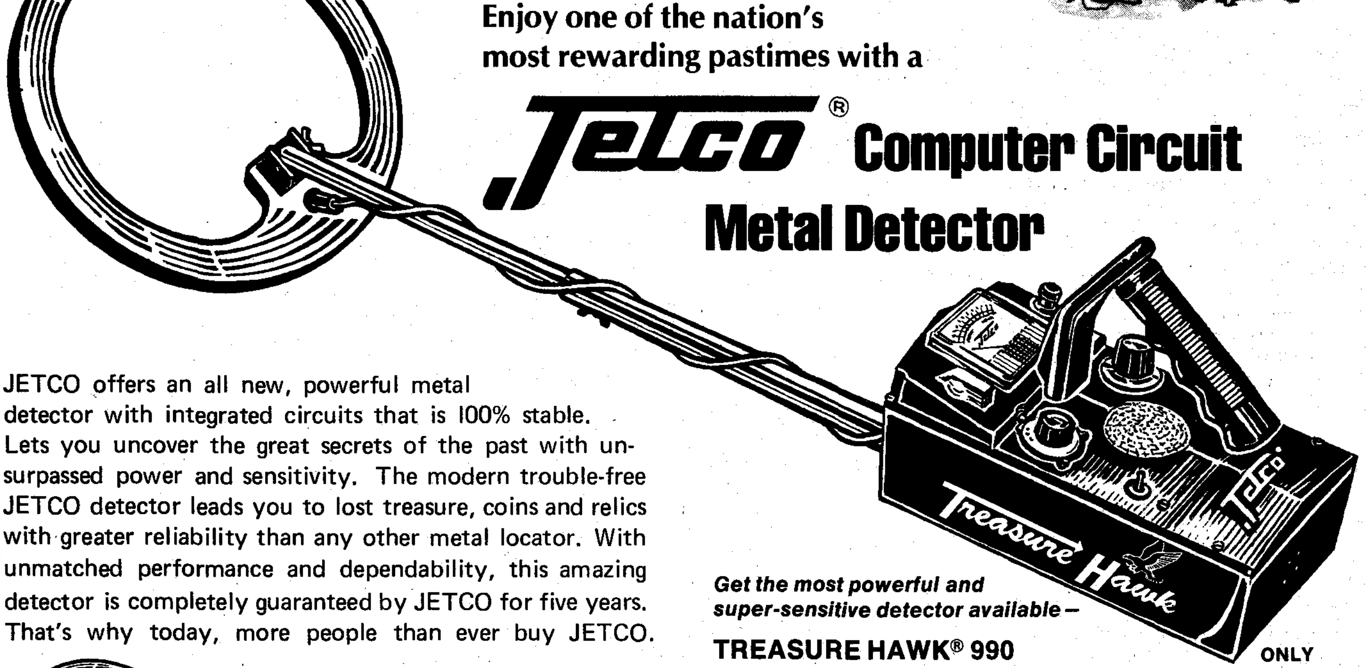

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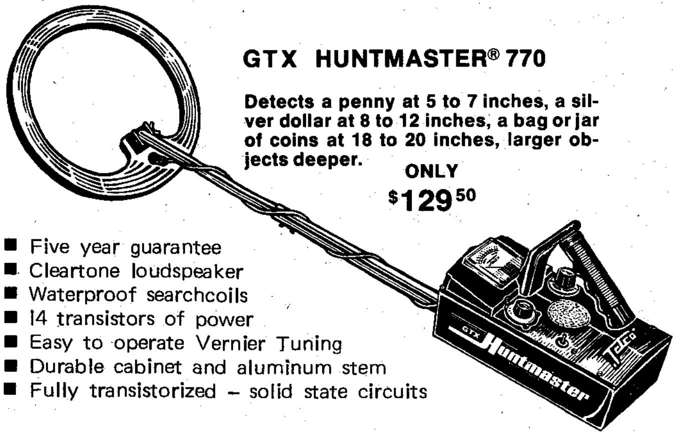

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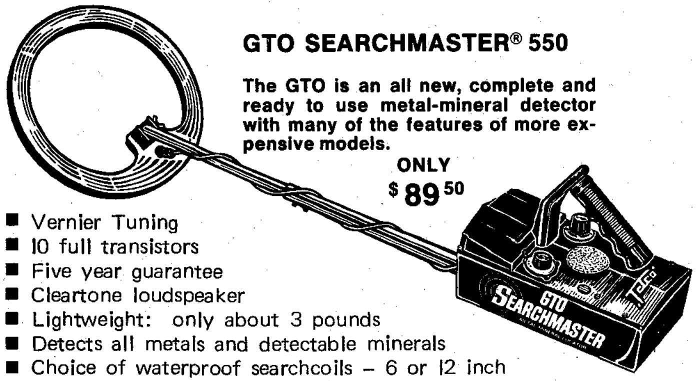

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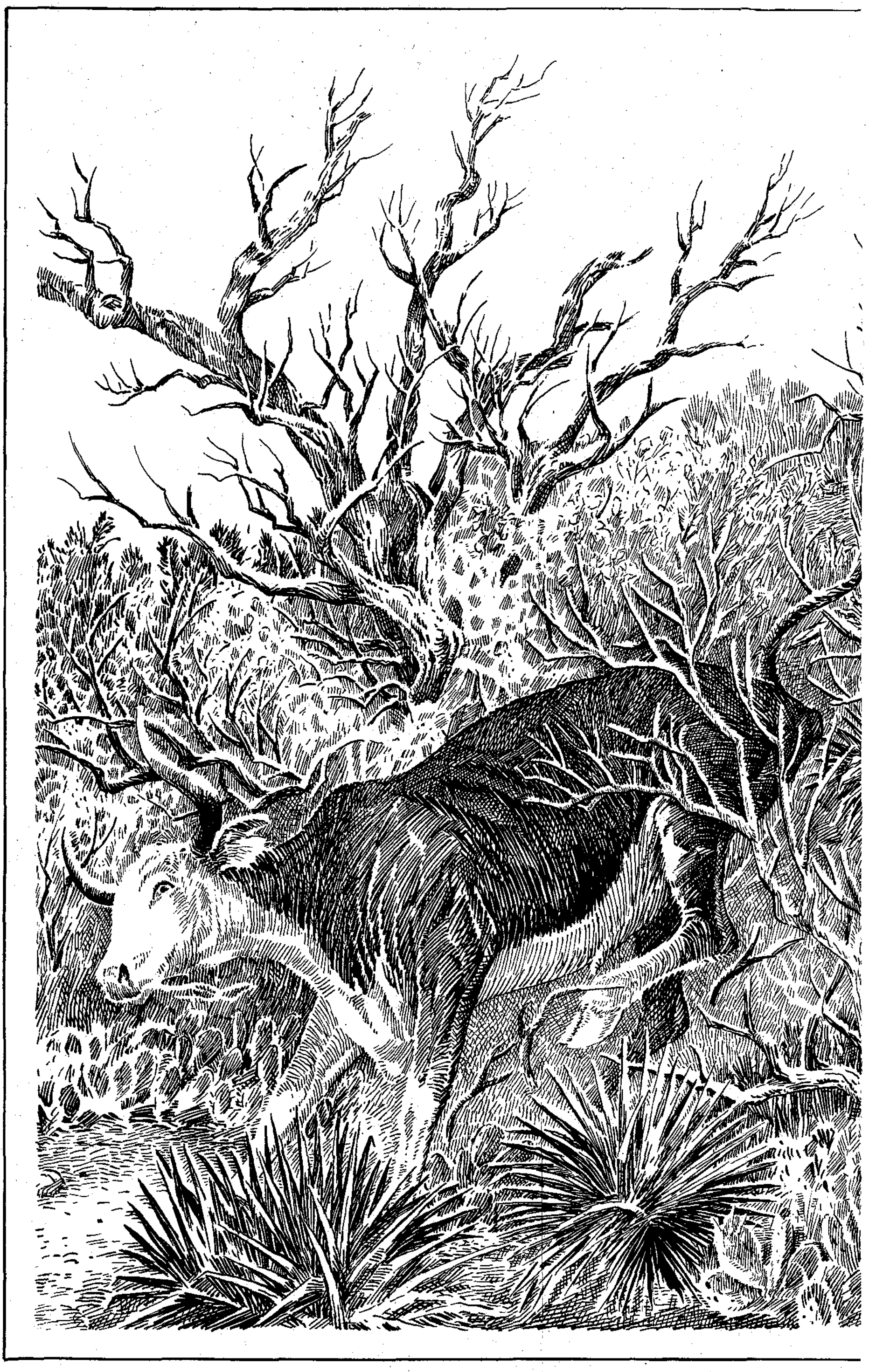
The Makin' of a BRUSH

By WALT COBURN

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

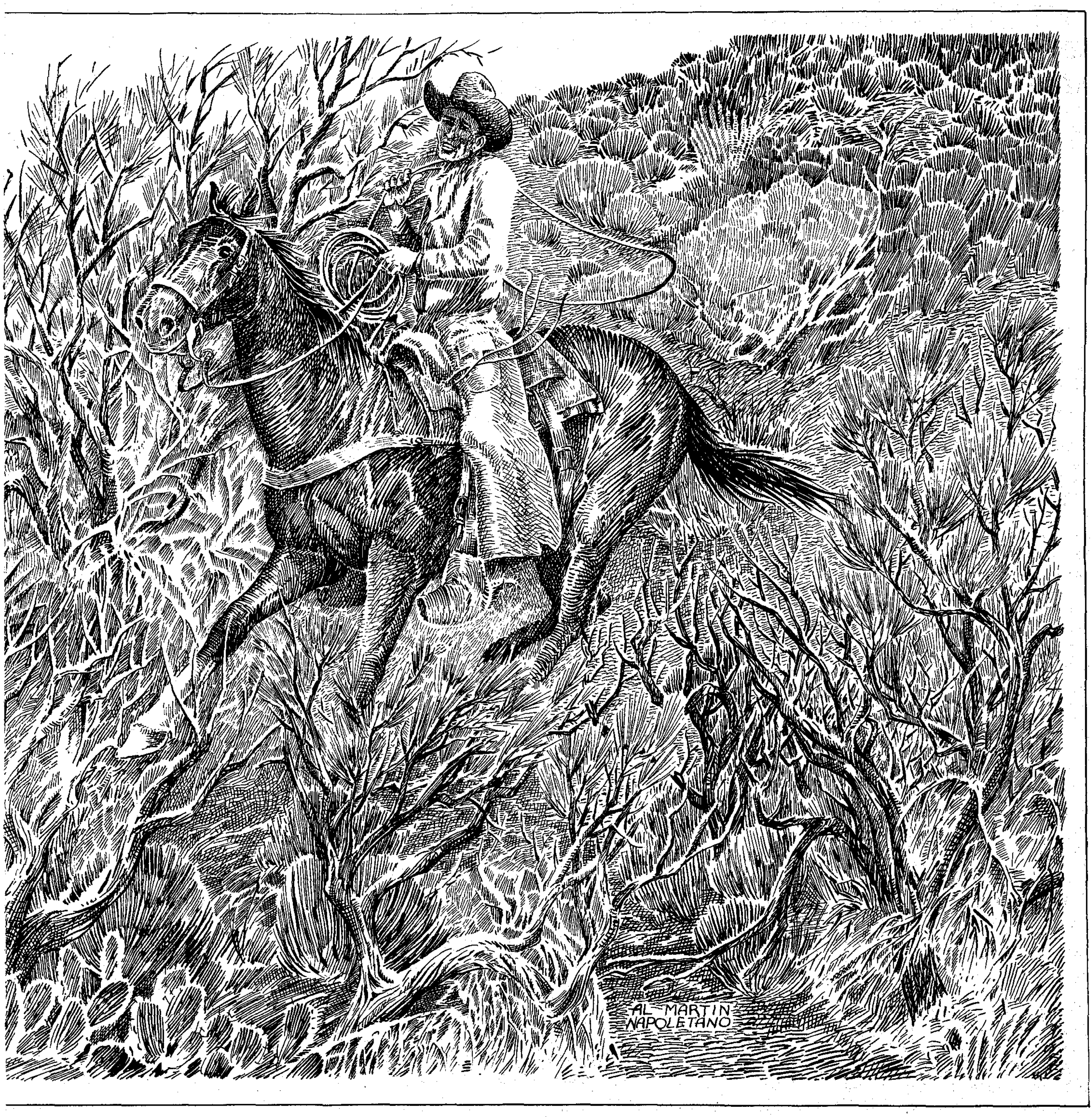


FROM the rolling prairie of the Circle C outfit in northeastern Montana to the rough mountain country of the Cross S outfit on the San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation near Globe, Arizona, was a far distant whoop and holler cry. In more ways than one.

The geography of the Circle C home ranch was about 75 miles from the Canadian border, while the distance from the Cross S headquarters ranch was approximately 135 miles as the crow flies to the Mexican line. The topography of the Circle C was rolling prairie flat land and bench land, wide open country where a cowhand on a high pinnacle could see, on a cloudless day with the naked eye, a mountain range 50-75 miles away; where the bunch grass and buffalo grass grew stirrup high in the coulees and long draws and in the meadowland along the Missouri and Milk Rivers; where the first pioneer settlers used mowing machines to cut the hay; where the many creeks, even during the drouth years, never went dry; where once the huge herds of buffalo roamed and grew fat and strong on the native grass. A cattleman's paradise in the spring, summer and fall months, and the only drawbacks were the snows and below-zero winter climate. It was all free range, unfenced until the invasion of the homesteaders who plowed the sod under to plant winter wheat; where a drifting cowhand could ride from the Missouri River to the Cypress Hills in Canada without opening a gate.

A contrast indeed to the arid mountain and desert country of southern Arizona, with its barren high plateaus, its

POPPER COWHAND


AL MARTIN NAPOLETANO

cactus-strewn deserts, dried-up waterholes and intense summer heat. But let it be said of the San Carlos Reservation, it was a comparatively high rough mountain country, with timberlands of ponderosa pine, juniper and cedar, and spring-fed creeks in the box canyons. The steep slopes were covered with mesquite, catclaw and manzanita brush. The main streams were the San Carlos and Gila, and the main range was the picturesque White Mountains. By and large the San Carlos-Fort Apache Reservation was excellent cow country, but a rough country to work on the roundups because of its terrain and thorny brush. Too rough for a mess wagon and bed wagon to travel so the roundups consisted of pack outfits, using small, tough, surefooted Spanish mules to carry the grub and Dutch ovens, skillets and coffee pots, in rawhide-covered kyack boxes. Each cowpuncher had a mule in his string to pack his bedroll.

Because of the terrain it was impossible to get a clean work at branding time. So in between the calf roundup and the beef roundup, range branding camps were established, with one or two cowpunchers in each scattered camp. Each brush popper cowhand packed a running iron in a scabbard on his saddle. The running iron was a steel rod shaped like a pot hook about eighteen inches or two feet in length.

Every horse in a cowpuncher's string was a trained, fast roping horse. Every man rode a double-rigged saddle, with blunt-nose tapaderos covering his stirrups, and a breast strap rigging. The ketch ropes of hard twist manila were about thirty feet long, with a tie knot on the end to fit over the saddle horn. Steerhide, winged chaps were worn for protection against the thorny brush.

Each cowpuncher had his own string of horses and pack mule. In all the range branding camps there were spare horses and mule shoes, a coarse rasp and shoeing hammer, and a carton of horseshoe nails. The grub consisted mainly of pinto beans and jerked dried meat, baking powder biscuits and coffee. There were sacks of flour, sugar and salt; dried red chili peppers to season the beans; dried apples, apricots, peaches and prunes for dessert.

WHEN my father's Circle C outfit in Montana was sold in 1916 I sacked my saddle, rolled up my canvas tarp roundup bed, and caught the train for Arizona to go to work as a forty-a-month cowhand for my two oldest half-brothers, Will and Bob Coburn, who owned the Cross S, Cross UP and Wineglass outfits on the San Carlos Reservation, the brands and all livestock in those three brands. This included wild cattle, big outlaw steers, some of them fifteen or more years old, along with a lot of wild cows of the same age. Some were Mexican cattle off-colored, spotted and dun-colored, wild and cagey as deer—that had roamed the rough country for years. Steers with the sharp tips of their horns sawed off, gaunt wild cows that bushed up in the mesquite and catclaw thickets with their calves hidden in the brush. These wild cows and outlaw steers, old enough to vote, hid out by day and watered at night. The wild cows got on the prod if some cowhand rode up on them, and the outlaw steers were fast and surefooted on the steep, slanted brushy slopes and knew every foot of the rough mountain range. When winded they crawled into the thorny brush where a cowboy on horseback could not follow, so ketch dogs had to be used to get them out.

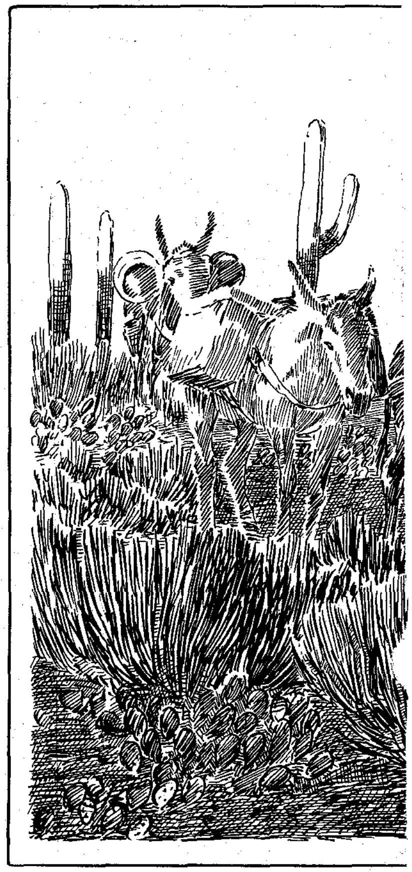
I got to Globe in the late fall, the last week of the beef roundup on the San Carlos Reservation. Charlie Summers was ramrodding the pack spread on the upper Cross UP range in the White Mountains, and Frank Howe was bossing a pack spread roundup in that same upper range. Shorty Caraway was ramrodding the lower Cross S roundup whose range was on the 7 Mile wash where the headquarters ranch was located above Tiffany's Trading Post at Rice, a few miles from the railroad tank town at Cutter stockyards.

Will drove me out to the Cross S ranch in the beat up, brush-scarred old Buick which a Globe blacksmith had converted into a pickup truck that held my saddle and bedroll and some salt cakes. Compared to the old Circle C ranch in Montana with its dozen or more log cabins, log barn and pole corrals giving it the appearance of a pioneer cowtown, the Cross S looked for all the world like a place where nobody lived and the dogs barked at strangers. Its unpainted three-roomed board and batten shack, a barn and rough mesquite corral were a sad disappointment. I was a stranger for sure, and a green hand at that.

Will gave me a sidelong grin as I dragged my saddle and bedroll out and unloaded the salt. He said that he had to get back to town before dark as the old Buick's headlights weren't working. He told me that one of the Cross S cowpunchers would probably show up sometime the next day—that I'd find grub in the shack—that I was on my own from then on and it was up to me to make a hand. And with that, he drove away.

That was Will's matter-of-fact way of doing things, and I had gotten halfway used to the rough treatment since it had been that way from the time I was hock high to my first cow pony. Still, there was always a sort of resentment that stuck in my craw like a sandbur to a saddle blanket.

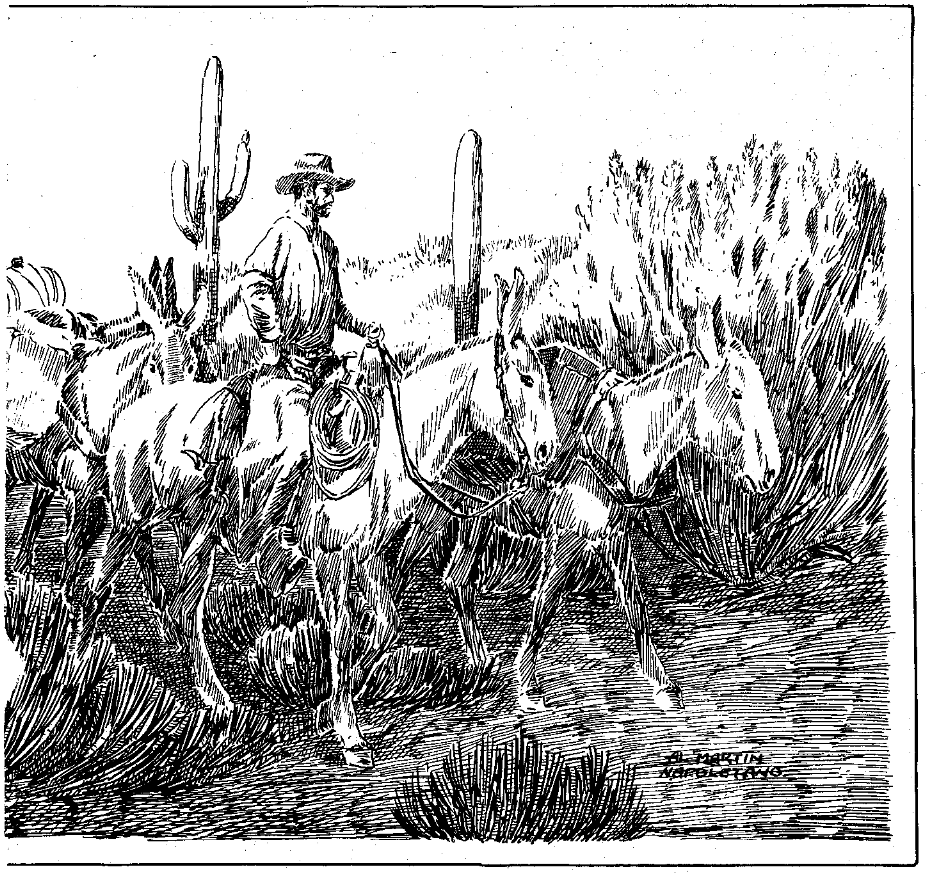
All the way out from Globe, Will had been telling me how to get the job done in this rough country. He warned me not to pull up my horse when I fell in behind a bunch of wild cattle heading down a steep slant on a high run. To stay at their rumps all the way to the foot of the slope or they would scatter out in the brush and I'd wind up empty-handed. He advised me to keep my loop cocked and slung back across my shoulder or I'd get it snagged in the brush, and to remember that I'd be tied hard and fast and that this was stood-on-end-rough country, not the open prairie country of Montana where a cowhand had time and plenty room to take his dally winds around the saddle horn and play a big yearling like a fisherman plays a speckled trout.



He said I'd be riding a string of Steel Dust quarter horses, trained rope horses, and that a sorry roper could plain ruin the best roping horse that ever lived and that it was up to me to learn and learn fast. Another thing he said was that I'd learn the hard way how to dodge and duck in this brushy country or my face would get clawed until I'd look as if I'd tangled with a bobtailed wildcat. He told me that when a horse threw a shoe to head for camp and tack on a new shoe before my horse pulled up lame and crippled for life. I was informed that directly the roundup was over I'd be sent to a range branding camp to catch wild mavericks and to doctor the cattle for screw worms. He said that when I roped a big outlaw steer I would have to leave it tied to a tree overnight with a length of soft well rope around the base of the sawed-off horns. This was to let the steer fight its head and make him easier to lead down the mountainside to the trap holding pasture.

WILL said I'd have a top cowhand as a camp pardner at the range branding camp to show me the ropes. He had Tom Wagner in mind. Old Wag had a few gray hairs to show for his years of handling wild cattle and while he wasn't a wild brush popper he got the job done.

I was told to remember, and never forget it, that any one of the Figure 2 Steel Dust horses in my string knew more than I did. I was instructed to ride my horse down the steep slants at whatever gait he wanted to travel but not to let



my bridle reins go slack. Keep a tight rein, just tight enough to let the horse know he had a cowboy in the saddle.

Another important thing I was told was to keep my eyes open, spot the landmarks, learn how to know the range the first time I rode it. The rough country of Arizona was crisscrossed with dim trails and it was up to me to learn those trails, otherwise I'd be plumb lost and wind up in some box canyon and be shore as hell out of luck.

Will told me that every cowpuncher in the outfit was a top hand and he advised me to watch how they got the job done and learn from them. If I made a few mistakes at the start to spoil the batter, it was up to me not to make the same mistake twice.

Will said that Bob would be gone most of the time, that he (Will) was in charge of the upper and lower outfits but couldn't be in two places at once and there were times when he'd have to stay in Globe for weeks, talking to cattle buyers and making other business deals. He said that was why he wanted me to make a hand so that I could take over some of the responsibility.

"How's that ankle coming along?" Will put the question to me as he stared at my permanently stiff ankle. I had busted it just before I left Montana.

I replied that I still limped on foot, but that once I got my right stirrup I wasn't lame a-horseback. What I purposely forgot to tell him was that a few hours in the saddle tended to make that busted ankle ache and it was unshirted hell when I stepped off onto the ground. I also forgot to say that I had trouble getting my boot off at night.

I had gone to the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota but was told nothing could be done to break the adhesions which had calcified. The doctors said I'd have to learn to put up with the pain as best I could, and that was that.

I watched Will and the beat-up old Buick heading back for Globe and kicking up dust as I stood there with my bedroll and second-hand Charlie Collins' saddle, and a stack of square salt blocks. I was sort of glad to be left alone at the Cross S ranch. It gave me time to look around this new country with its mesquite and catclaw thickets and a dry wash that I had been told flash-flooded during the rainy season. There were rolling brush-covered hills on both sides, a fenced-in barbed wire horse pasture behind the shack, a rough mesquite corral, a windmill and pump, and to the north a range of blue-hazed rough mountains.

I ROLLED me a Bull Durham cigarette wrapped in brown wheat straw paper as I hunkered down on my boot heels to smoke. It was nearing sundown when I went into the shack to see what there was in the line of grub. I found a battered looking sheet-iron cook stove and a Dutch oven with what looked like a fresh mess of pinto beans seasoned with chili peppers. Strips of jerky hung from a makeshift clothesline, and on the stove was a large fire-blackened coffee pot which was empty and scoured clean. I kindled a fire, ground up some coffee beans in an old coffee mill, and made fresh coffee. I warmed up the chili beans and ate some jerky. Too lazy to make biscuits I stepped outside just in time to watch half a dozen burros mince into the corral to water at the long trough and lick the salt. They acted gentle and were in good shape like the burros I'd seen at the Apache camps along the Gila when Will had stopped at Tiffany's store at Rice to pick up the mail. I'd seen three or four small Apache kids riding bareback on one lazy burro, an old tie rope knotted around the burro's neck and a half hitch around his nose. As I watched, the little brown burro, with his long ears laid back, headed for a big old mesquite tree on the riverbank a short distance from the store. Quickening his gait he headed for a low hanging limb and with a seemingly effortless swipe he scraped the kids off his back. Then a second later he halted in the shade and commenced eating the long mesquite beans, munching and chewing, paying no attention whatever to the squealing half-naked Apache children on the ground.

Back at Globe I'd seen a pack train of small burros, laden with stacks of mesquite firewood, with a couple of Apache squaws in charge, stepping along the wide plank sidewalk and paying no heed at all to the pedestrians. It was the first time in my life I'd ever seen a burro, and the sight of that wood-hauling burro train held a strange fascination for me as I watched from the doorway of Charlie Collins' saddle shop.

Charlie had told me that the Apache squaws hauled the wood for many miles and sold it to the residents of Globe, to the stores and saloons for their pot-bellied stoves, and to the Chinaman's restaurant. Charlie said that on the San Carlos Reservation there were hundreds of wild burros and that like as not if I ordered venison steaks at the Chinaman's I'd be eating burro meat. Or if I ate at a prospector's camp it would likely be burro instead of steer jerky, and at an Injun camp it would be burro stew.

Now as I stood there at sundown watching the burros water, I eyed askance the string of jerky on the makeshift clothesline in the kitchen, but what the hell!

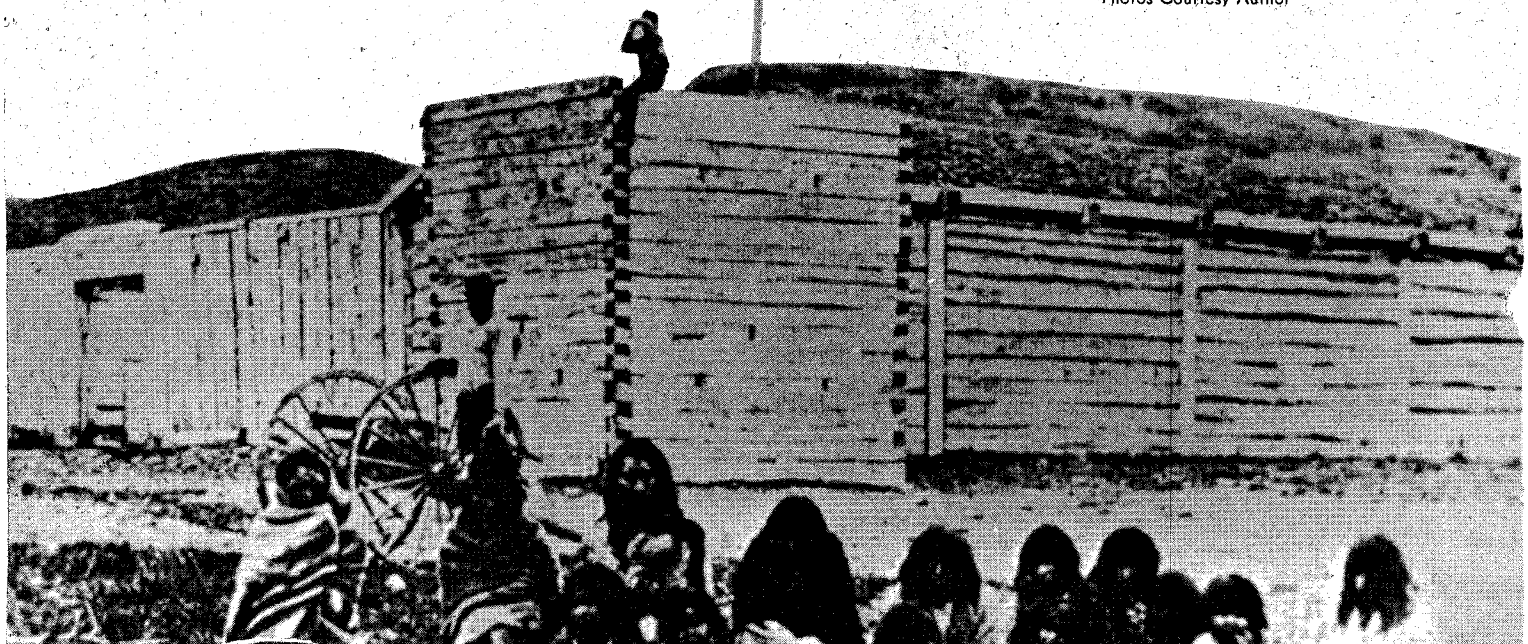
After I'd washed the dishes I spread my roundup bed out in the open and bedded down for the night. It was a moonlit, cloudless sky, but sleep was hard to come by. I had a lot of bothersome things on my mind and several times when I was on the verge of sleep I could hear the clickety-clack of cloven hoofs as the wild cattle came from the broken, brushy hills to water and lick salt. Cautious moving forms cast long shadows in the pale moonlight—wild burros and gaunt-flanked steers with sawed-off horns.

At long last I dropped off into an uneasy sleep, to come awake in the first dim gray light of dawn. The sun was about an hour high by the time I'd eaten breakfast and washed the dishes.

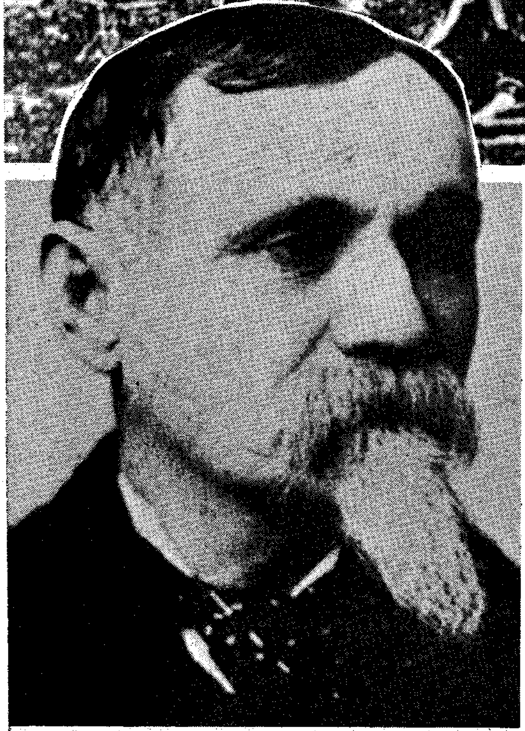
(Continued on page 46)

WHISKEY TRA

By CHARLES McADAMS
Photos Courtesy Author



Fort Whoop Up, center of trade in northern Montana and the south prairies of Canada.



At left, John J. Healy, whiskey trader and lawman.

THE INDIANS around Fort Hamilton were in an angry mood. Their robes and furs brought practically nothing in barter and the traders were doling out whiskey in accordance. But robust John J. Healy assured his partner, Alfred B. Hamilton, for whom the fort was named, "There's nothing to worry about unless the Blackfeet throw in with the Bloods and Piegans."

What the two free whiskey traders (or *bourgeois*) didn't know was that the buffalo-hunting Blackfeet had already done so. That same night, a hot one in July 1869, the three tribes struck. Because of recent trouble with the Bloods, every day at sundown two guards were posted on the dirt-covered, flat-roofed log cabins forming a half circle. Around ten o'clock that night both fired shots into the air to give the alarm that Indians were moving in to attack. Hardly did the crashes cease echoing than gunfire broke out all around the fort. Indian shrieks filled the air, creating further din.

Most such traders were held in contempt, and maybe they deserved it. But Healy had so much personal courage, so much savvy about the rough country in which he operated, he was more adventurer than rogue . . .

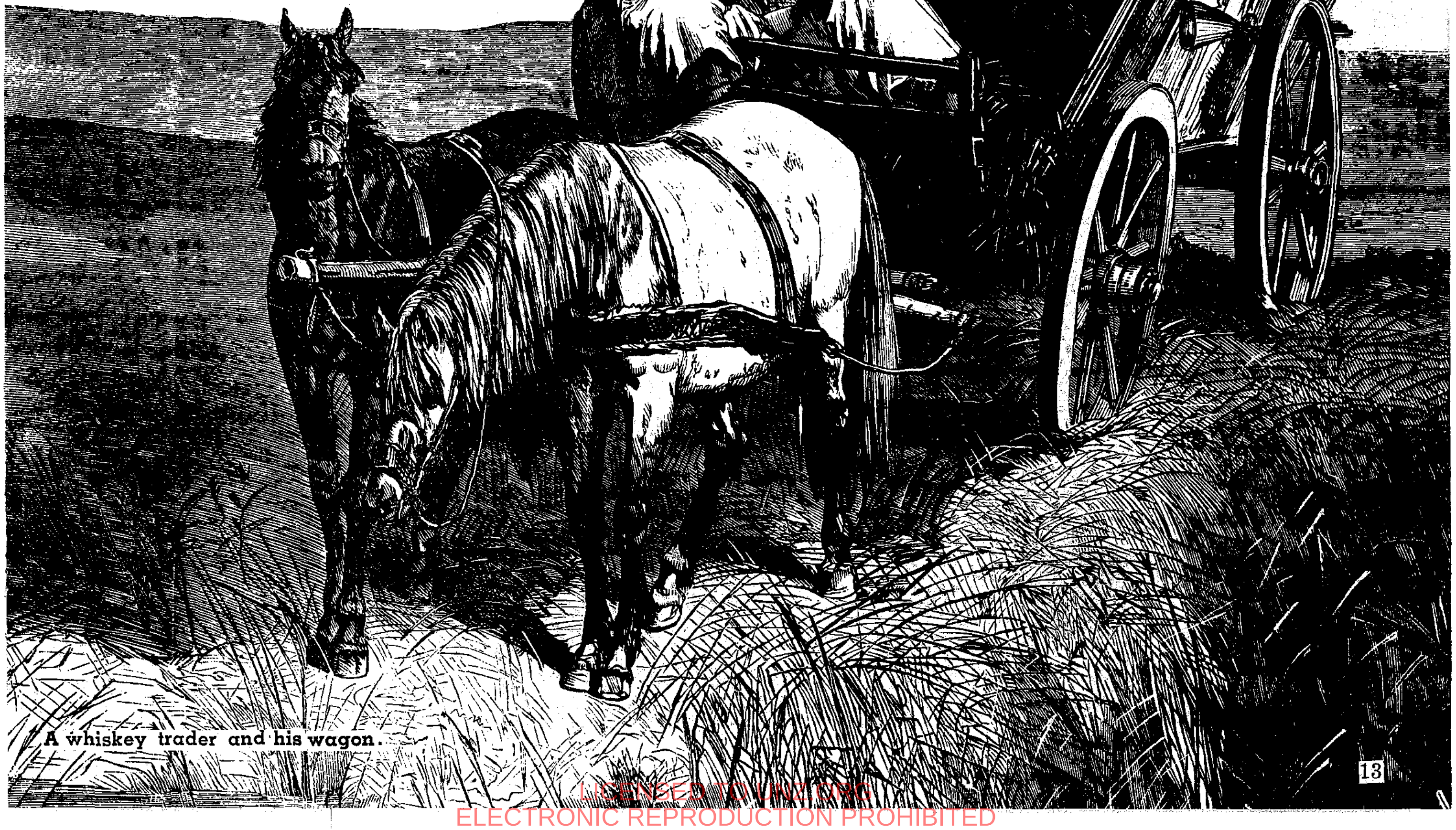
DERS OF Fort Whoop Up

In the log cabins half-clothed men rushed to pull out the porthole plugs so they could fire on the charging Indians. Healy and Hamilton were supported by their five traders and nearly thirty laborers and hangers-on. Some ten men rushed to the front of the cabins comprising the fort at the junction of the St. Mary and Oldman Rivers in southern Saskatchewan. The outer circle of log structures was protected by a picket post wall ten feet high.

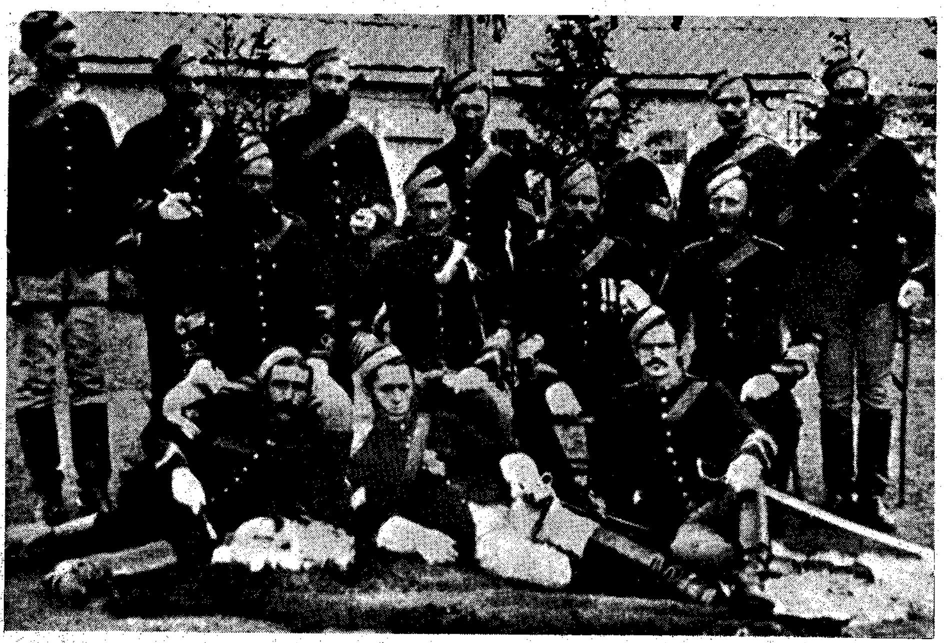
The men were none too soon taking defensive positions. Indians with notched climbing poles laid against the picket posts slithered to the top of the sharpened points thrust toward the sky. A few contented themselves with firing at the cabin doors but several continued over, leaping to the ground inside the fort. None of them ever fired a shot, being picked off before they could stand fully upright and aim their rifles. Heads projecting above the picket posts were prime targets under the bright starlight. But the Indians were attacking in large numbers and were in assault strength.

The fort's defenders were using the more powerful American-made guns whereas the Indians fought with everything from muzzle loaders to the cheap trade guns sold them by the Hudson's

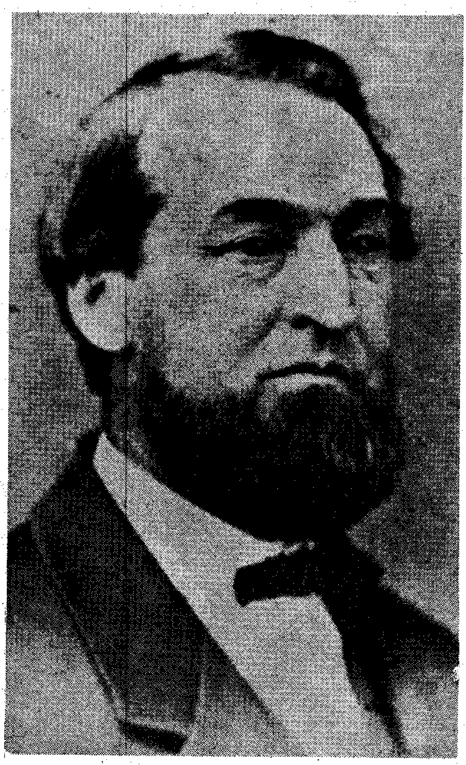
Courtesy Harpers Magazine



A whiskey trader and his wagon.



The North West Mounted Police were organized specifically to put the whiskey traders out of business.



Isaac G. Baker backed his nephew Alfred B. Hamilton with $25,000 worth of trade goods.

Bay Company. After hours of hot exchange, the superior fire told, and the Indians withdrew some distance away.

Identity of the enemy dead inside the fort came as a stunning surprise. They were the ever dangerous and hard-fighting Blackfeet.

"Boys, we're in for a big standoff," Healy declared somberly. "They're pizen mean!"

Only one man on the rooftops had been wounded. None of the fort defenders had been killed. But the Indians were back in half an hour. From then until daylight they mounted five successive attempts to get inside the fort, over the cabin roofs and the picket post wall.

THE NEXT MORNING, just in case they might have to flee, the fort defenders made up packs of food and ammunition. It wasn't likely at all they could escape on any of the horses kept inside during the night hours as security against thieves.

Shortly after midday the Indians renewed their assault, then fell back, apparently for a brief rest and more ammunition. As sundown approached, a few got inside the far west wall, unseen in the powder smoke and a rising ground mist. The white men became acutely aware of the breach when smoke began curling upward from the far cabins. The fort was on fire, with no chance whatever of extinguishing the flames.

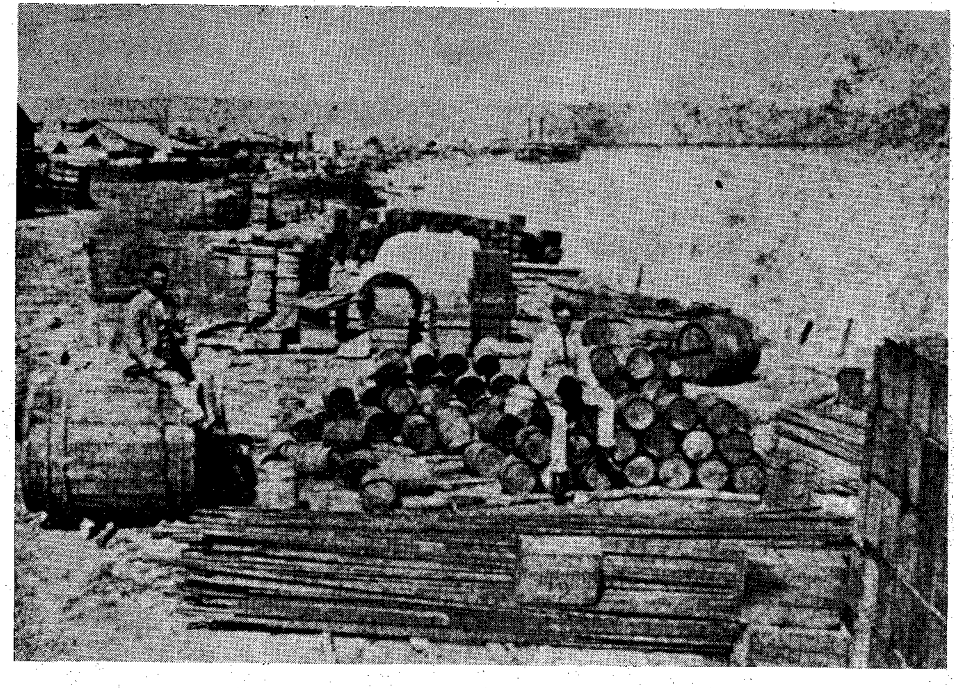
Healy and Hamilton held council, informing their men that before starlight became too bright they would break through the line of besiegers. Rather than allow trade goods and whiskey to fall into Indian hands, all the cabins used as warehouses were to be put to the torch.

As full night came on, with most of the fort a roaring mass of flames, Healy and Hamilton gathered their men at the gate, the only entrance. Horses frightened by the fire were running around loose. Then what Healy was waiting for, occurred. Indians broke through the picket posts at the far end. They wasted time tearing out several. Triumphant yells filled the air above the crackling of flames but gunfire ceased entirely. Every Indian was anxious to get inside to grab all the loot possible. Healy laughed for they were much too late to get anything worthwhile.

The main gate was opened a slit, and reconnoitering quickly, Healy led out in a run. It took the traders more than two weeks to hike down the ancient Indian trail to Fort Benton on the Missouri River. On their arrival, plans were made for an immediate return.

The big, bluff and hearty Healy was strictly an adventurer seeking a fortune which always remained a little beyond his grasp. Born in Ireland he came to America in the early 1850s. He then went west with the Second United States Dragoons in 1858. The lure of gold usurped his interest and after two years' service he left the Dragoons. Prospecting in Montana with only so-so luck Healy moved into Idaho and enjoyed no better. In Canada he hunted as far north as Edmonton and panned nary a color.

The Fort Benton riverfront was the shipping point for all the great north country. Here the merchandise, mainly whiskey, is shown piled high on the docks.



James F. MacLeod, Assistant Commissioner of the North West Mounted Police, captured Fort Whoop Up without firing a shot.

Healy found plenty of adventure, however, and gained valuable experience fighting Indians. On returning to Montana after the Civil War he was noted as a plainsman.

Still seeking his fortune he turned to townsite promotion. Crooked promoters were cleaning up in the Far West, even with land available virtually for the asking. But Healy was either too honest or chose the wrong location.

The village of Boulder, which had been incorporated in 1865, surrounded a stage station when he went there. Surveying and laying out town lots, he sold a few before the promotion scheme blew up in his face. Broke, he went to Sun River and worked for the government farm and Blackfeet Indian agency. With what little money he saved, he became a small-time whiskey trader.

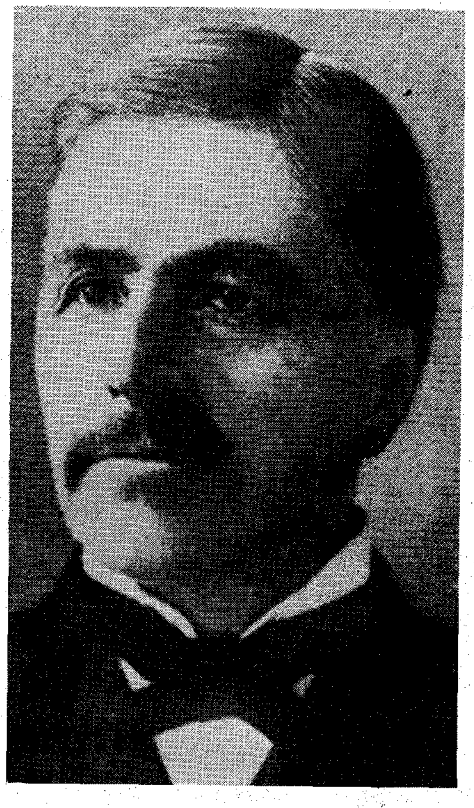
At Sun River Healy learned a smattering of the Blackfeet (the same as Blackfoot) language and got to know many of the principal chiefs and Indians ranging far into Canada. Impatient to engage himself as a full-fledged trader, he made his way to booming Fort Benton.

Some years before, he had become acquainted with Alfred Hamilton, a nephew of Isaac G. Baker, the merchant prince. The Baker Company and that of T. C. Power dominated trade from the Missouri far into Canada. Both companies, rivals for buffalo robes and furs, staked free traders to goods and whiskey.

After discussing the matter with Hamilton, Healy went with him to Baker who listened carefully and backed the pair to the extent of $25,000 in goods for establishing a fort in southern Saskatchewan. It was Healy and Hamilton who pushed free trade north along the old Indian trail. They were followed by others who set up small posts on the route between Fort Benton and Edmonton in Canada. Plunder valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars came down the trail through the lawless land, and the route became better known as the Whoop Up Trail.

SEVERAL VERSIONS are given for this name. One is that a Pennsylvania Dutchman when asked how things were going on the trail replied, "Oh, we're just whoopen-on-'em up!" That was shortened to "Whooping it up."

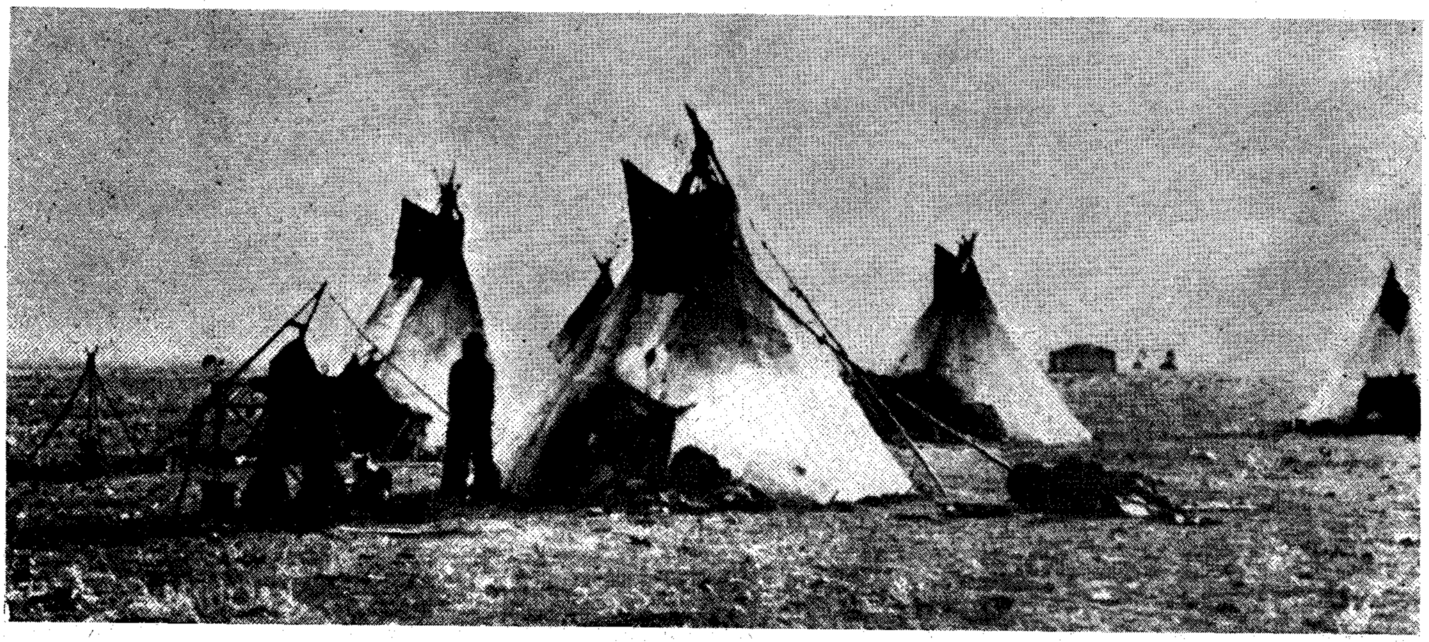
Another legend states that traders with six-horse wagons "whooped it up" the trail for the international border (then unmarked), ahead of either U. S. lawmen or pursuing army patrols.



Thomas C. Power, one of the moguls who backed Fort Whoop Up.

Still another centers around Healy and Hamilton. Baker, after backing his nephew and Healy, had taken in William G. Conrad and his brother Charles as partners. They declined to put up any more goods to replace the burned out trading post, which turned out to be an unfortunate move for them. Going to T. C. Power, Healy obtained that company's unlimited backing without delay. Hamilton was retained as a full partner.

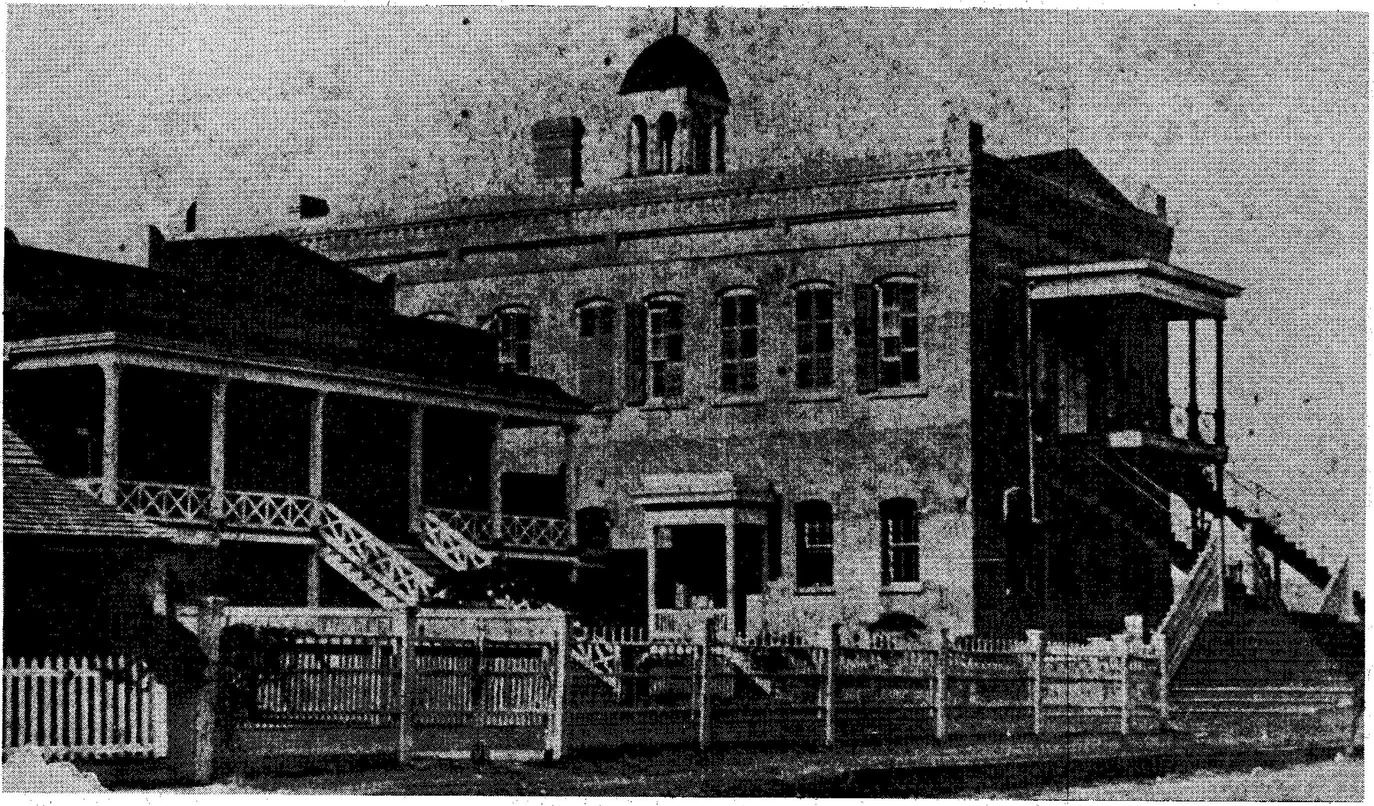
(Continued on page 60)



Piegan Indian lodges. The Piegans, Blackfeet, and Bloods all traded at Fort Whoop Up.

Two men convicted of the Peñascal murders were hanged from the second floor balcony of Nueces County's first courthouse (1855-75), shown on left. This late 1800s photo also shows the second courthouse built in 1875. Both of these buildings were torn down to make way for the third and present courthouse in the early 1900s.

Courtesy La Retama Public Library, Corpus Christi



A hole in a sack of sugar traced a Sweet Trail to the GALLOWS

By JIM DAVIS
Photos Courtesy Author

The pistol belonging to Hipolita Tapia was taken away by J. B. "Red" Dunn at the time of his capture. It is now on display in the Corpus Christi Museum.

THE DOZEN MEN in the posse knew they were going to find four dead men when they got to Peñascal, but they still were not prepared for the horror their eyes would see.

Word of the Peñascal murders had reached Corpus Christi, Texas, on Sunday morning, May 10, 1874. A dozen citizens had quickly changed from their Sunday best into riding clothes and had headed down the flat coastal plain to Peñascal, a one-store community about fifty miles south on Baffin Bay. When they arrived, the posse members found the bodies of three men lying in the dust

Courtesy Col. Earl Dunn

J. B. "Red" Dunn, one of the men who captured two of the Peñascal murderers, is shown here with his son John. The prominent south Texan earned his nickname from his bright red hair and moustache.

where they had fallen about sundown the day before.

Herman Tilgner, forty-five, was lying directly in front of Morton's Store, a thick trail of blood running from his body back to the store's entrance. To the side of the wood-frame building was the body of Michael Morton, twenty-two, brother of John F. Morton, owner of the store. Michael Morton's head had been almost torn away by four bullets.

What upset the men in the posse the most was the body of P. F. M. Coakley, fifty. At least the other two men had died quickly in a fusillade of bullets. Coakley had been captured, tied face down, and killed by three bullets in the back.

Then the men went inside the small store that kept Peñascal from being just another empty spot on the shore of isolated Baffin Bay. Here they came upon a shocking scene. Dried blood was everywhere—in splotches on the floor and smeared on counters and shelves. At first the men could not figure out how the blood came to be spread so widely. Then they found the body of John Morton, twenty-four, behind the counter.

The youthful storekeeper's legs were bent under him as if he had been kneeling when shot. His body had eight bullet wounds—one in each arm and six in the body and head. The men in the posse theorized that the blood splattered on the counters and shelves was Morton's—that the store owner had been shot in each arm and then had been forced by his tormentors to carry goods to a wagon parked outside.

A prayer book was found by Morton's side, and the men's anger grew as they realized he apparently had been shot while kneeling in prayer.

THE INSIDE of the store was in shambles. A number of empty liquor bottles indicated the murderers had stayed at least several hours and had gotten drunk before leaving with all the goods they could carry in a wagon and on horseback.

Posse members began searching for other clues. The first found consisted of old, sweat-stained clothes. Apparently the murderers had taken new clothing from the store's stock. The cast-off garments, along with the testimony of a Mexican-American cook who had seen the attack on the store, indicated that ten or eleven men had participated in the crime.

In Spanish the cook told of how he was returning from the well with a bucket of water about sundown when a group of Mexicans rode in and began shooting at everyone in sight. He saved his life by falling flat in the dust. He saw Tilgner run from the store vomiting blood and saw him hit by several bullets before he fell. The cook saw Michael Morton dispatched immediately and saw Coakley captured, tied and shot.

The cook, another man and a woman—all Mexican-Americans—were captured by the bandits. The cook told the posse some of the bandits wanted to kill them, but a man who appeared to be the leader said they should not kill their own people. So the two men were tied and all three were held captive until the murderers left at sunrise the next morning.

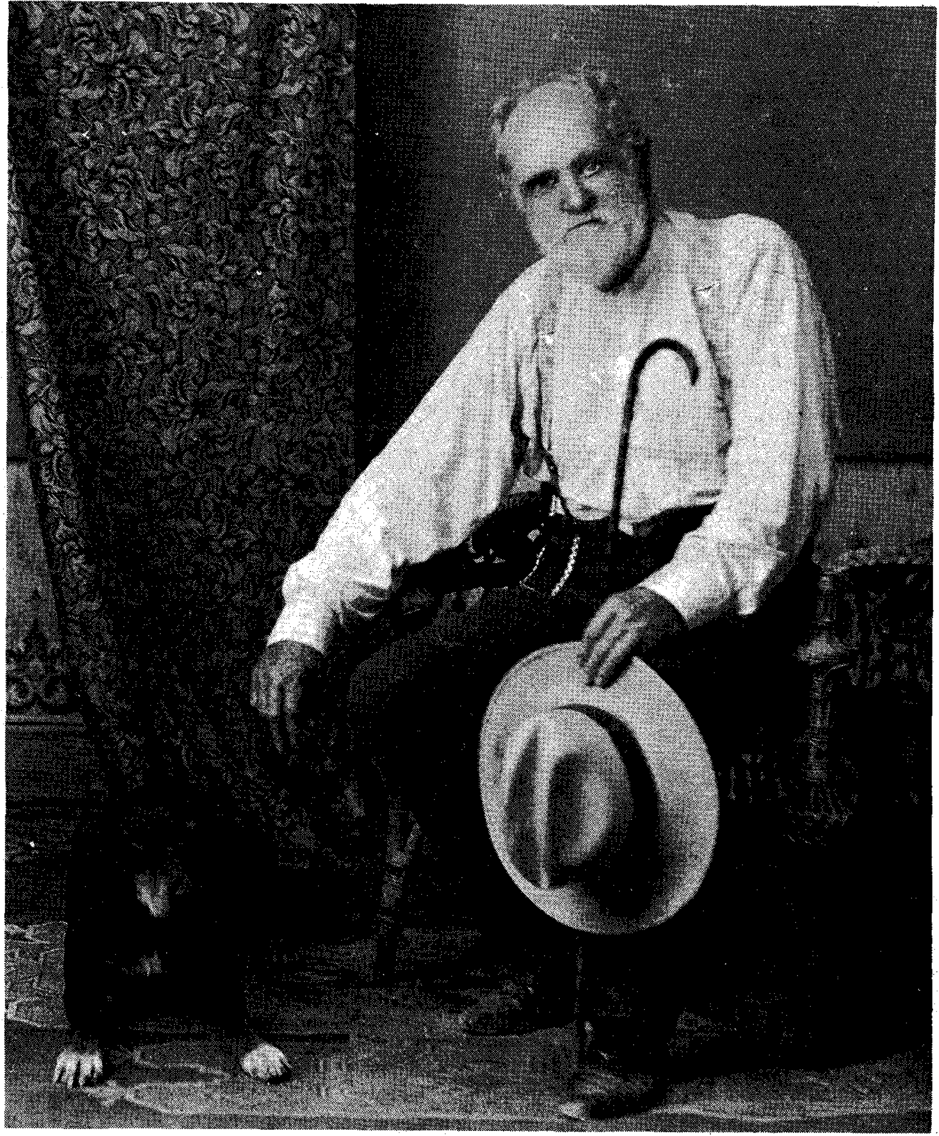
A posse member then found a clue which was to prove the most important of all. In examining wagon tracks near the store, one man noticed a strange brown substance in the dust. It looked like brown sugar. He tasted it. It was brown sugar. A thin trail of it led away from the store. The posse members were elated. If the sugar held out long enough, it would lead them directly to the murderers.

Their elation was short-lived. The sugar ran out a few miles from Peñascal. But it had left a valuable clue.

Prior to following the sugar trail, the men had been sure the bandits had headed south to seek refuge in Mexico 100 miles away. They were prepared to

As Nueces County sheriff in 1874, John McClane had to watch carefully for attempts to free Tapia and Davila. He supervised Tapia's unusual jailhouse wedding.

Courtesy La Retama Public Library, Corpus Christi



call for help from Corpus Christi and to ride south as fast as possible in an attempt to cut off the bandits before they reached the border. But the sweet brown trail clearly led northward in the direction of Corpus Christi, and enough hoofprints could be spotted occasionally to make the posse believe that most or all of the bandits were still in the area.

A message was sent back to Corpus Christi, and immediately other posses spread out over the flat coastal plains. Within a week, seven suspects had been arrested, and enough proof was established against three of them to take them to trial.

Clearly the spilling of brown sugar had given the posse an advantage that may have made the difference in solving the Peñascal murders. But was the spilling an accident or a deliberate act of a man who knew he was going to die? Had John Morton torn a small hole in a brown sugar bag while being forced to load goods in the wagon? Only one man knew for sure, and he had died May 9, 1874, at Peñascal.

NEWS THAT THE BANDITS were still in the Corpus Christi area was frightening to the citizens, particularly to persons in outlying communities and on isolated ranches and farms.

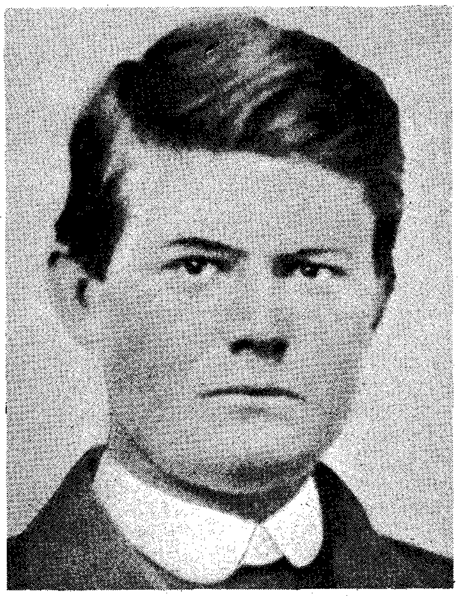
Rumors spread. Corpus Christi's weekly newspaper *The Nueces Valley*, expressed the feelings of many of its readers when it described the murders as "another evidence of a frightful condition of things." The May 16 edition continued: "It means that we need troops scouting over the whole country. No place or person out of town is safe, and it would be no difficult thing for a company of these marauders to come into town at night, capture the merchants singly, compel them to open their safes or be murdered."

Before the four bodies could be brought to Corpus Christi for a joint funeral service on Friday, Mayor Perry Doddridge called a meeting of citizens interested in forming a "Committee of Safety." More than 100 men answered the call to protect the city's 3,500 inhabitants.

Of the seven suspects picked up by posses the week after the murders, the most important capture occurred at a sheep-shearing camp near the Nueces River north of Corpus Christi.

Four members of a pioneer South Texas family—John, Mike, Matt and J. B. "Red" Dunn—heard of the murders the next Monday and set out from their ranches west of Corpus Christi in an attempt to pick up a trail of the bandits. They crossed the Nueces River north of the city and sought information at Meansville, a small ranching community established by the Means family. Britten Means' hired hand reported he had seen some strangers in a vacant *jacal*, or brush hut, about a mile away. Britten and Paul Means joined the Dunns, but they found the *jacal* empty.

They started out again and soon captured a lone man on horseback. The man had tried to get away, but the Means brothers had slipped around behind him to cut him off. The man spoke only Spanish.



Courtesy Col. Earl Dunn

Matt Dunn was a member of the posse that captured Tapia and Davila in 1874. This tintype was taken in the 1860s.

In a written account of the capture, Red Dunn said, "We asked him where the Mexicans were, but he said he did not know. With that, someone put a gun to his ribs and repeated the question. He told us that they were about a mile from there and that there were about thirty of them, stating that all were sheep shearers except three whom he thought were some of the Peñascal murderers. He stated that they were under a 'mott' with a brush fence eight feet high around it and that they would fight.

"We rode into the timber out of which he had come and arrived at the sheep pen about 12 o'clock (noon). We found them all asleep. The wind had blown the gate wide open and we were in among them and dismounted before they realized it. Hipolita Tapia jerked a 'murral' from under his head, but I wrenched it from him and found a pistol in it. He fell on his knees in front of John Dunn, begging and praying for his life. The bandit had once worked on John's ranch and knew him well."

The Dunn and Means posse then took Tapia, Andres Davila, and a third suspect back to Meansville for questioning. At first neither Tapia nor Davila would tell anything but, as Red Dunn described it, they were "persuaded that it would be expedient" to confess. The third man was questioned and released.

TAPIA told his story first and immediately hit his listeners with a shocker. He said the raid on the store had been the idea of Tomas Basquez, a member of the Corpus Christi Police Department.

He said that Basquez had told Telisforio Aguilar about a large shipment of money and goods by boat from Corpus Christi to Peñascal and had directed him to round up about ten men to go and get it.

"When we arrived at Peñascal, we noticed that the boat on which the goods had been shipped was lying out some distance from the shore. Therefore we supposed that the boat had landed the money and goods," Tapia said in his statement at Meansville.

But, he said, they had been mistaken. The boat had not yet landed and the raid netted only goods from the store's stock, about $12 or $13 from the cash drawer and small amounts from the dead men's pockets.

Tapia also confirmed the earlier assumptions that John Morton had been forced to carry goods to a wagon after being wounded and then was shot while kneeling in prayer.

Asked why he had not gone to Mexico after the slayings, Tapia replied: "I knew they were shearing sheep and I could mix with the shearers without anyone finding out that I had been implicated in the murder, and besides, I knew Basquez would keep me posted."

Dunn reported that Davila "repeated the identical facts previously given to us by his partner in crime."

During the questioning, nearby ranchers who had learned of the capture began to gather around the house. One of them had a rope and the group demanded that the murders be avenged with an immediate hanging, but John and Mike Dunn went out to talk to them. The two told the group of the connection of the policeman, Basquez.

"If we hung 'em now it'll destroy the evidence against Basquez," John Dunn said.

The ranchers then agreed unanimously to take the captives back to Corpus Christi. So the Dunns, Means brothers and several ranchers tied Tapia and Davila on horses and surrendered them to Sheriff John McClane.

Seven suspects were jailed in Corpus Christi the first week after the murders, but this did little to calm the nerves of many South Texans. All but Davila and Tapia were unlikely suspects—luckless Mexican-Americans arrested on suspicion or rumor and soon released. Most of the murderers were still free. There was fear that anyone who might give information about them would suffer retaliation.

Another threat came from various members of Tapia's family and other Mexican-Americans who thought the prisoners were being railroaded by "Anglo justice."

Threats were made by some Mexican-Americans to burn and pillage Corpus Christi and free the prisoners. As part of the new Executive Committee of Safety of Nueces County and the City of Corpus Christi, twenty-five men regularly patrolled the city to prevent a surprise attack on the jail.

The power of the committee grew tremendously strong as it fed on the fear of the people. Following a committee meeting, it was ordered that all males over eighteen "without regard to race or color" were to register with the committee within ten days. Upon registering at Market Hall each person was given a certificate. The committee issued a warning that after ten days anyone caught without a certificate "will be deemed as aiding and abetting the enemies of public safety and will be dealt with accordingly, so far as the execution of the law can be enforced relating to vagrants, idlers, spoilers and suspicious characters."

By May 22, about 130 men had pledged to serve the committee loyally.

FOR MORE THAN two months after the Peñascal murders, rumors and reports of captures of the various bandits identified by Davila and Tapia were frequent. *The Nueces Valley* carried these reports without always identifying the source or identities of the suspects.

As late as August 1, 1874, the Corpus Christi weekly reported an arrest of a man simply identified as Lerma. "There appears to be no doubt of his guilt," the paper stated, but there was no further mention of him in the paper or in court records.

It appears that many of the reported arrests were just rumors. Official court records of 1874 show only three persons tried for the crime. In the June term of district court Tapia and Davila were found guilty by jury and sentenced by Judge T. C. Barden to death by hanging. In the October court term Octaviano Barrera pleaded not guilty to taking part in the crime but was found guilty by jury. He was sentenced to life in prison.

The biggest mystery surrounding the Peñascal murders is the fate of Tomas Basquez, the policeman identified by Tapia as the mastermind behind the raid. No mention of him is made in either the newspaper or court records. It is not clear whether he was falsely accused, escaped capture, or was dealt with outside the law.

The hanging of Tapia and Davila was set for Friday, August 7. Both men changed their stories once they were protected from the "persuasion" of their original captors. Each claimed he had gone along on the raid without being told what it was all about. Each claimed he had fallen back for a distance as the gang approached Peñascal, and had arrived after the murders had taken place.

Tapia was a native of Corpus Christi area and had a large family. He had a quick smile and an outgoing personality. His friend, Davila, had opposite characteristics; he was quiet and seldom smiled, and he was a newcomer to the area with no known family. The two were kept in a separate cell in the county jail. Guards reported that Tapia showed considerable bravado as the hanging day approached, while Davila was calm and self-possessed.

Both prisoners said they were sure they wouldn't hang. It was not clear to the guards whether the two meant they would get a reprieve or a new trial, or would be freed by friends. Taking no chances, Sheriff McClane made guarding the jail his principal concern and kept armed men stationed nearby and on patrol around the city.

A reporter for *The Nueces Valley* interviewed the jail guards and found that the mood of the two prisoners suddenly changed on the Tuesday before the Friday hanging. Previously they had played cards, singing in Spanish and appearing in good spirits. But on Tuesday their mood grew grim and the card games and singing stopped.

The two had apparently come to the sudden realization that they only had three days to live. And the visits of Tapia's relatives became solemn rather than social occasions. Tapia's sister was very emotional and fainted several times during visits to the cell the last three days.

TAPIA asked that he be granted one last request. He wanted to marry Trinidad Bayestero, who had lived with him for several years and borne him several children. Sheriff McClane conferred with city and county officials and it was agreed that the marriage would be permitted.

Thursday—the day before the hangings—Tapia and Davila were allowed to wash, shave and dress in white shirts and black pants for the wedding. The clothes were the same ones they would wear the next day.

That night a heavy guard was put around the jail and a large number of Tapia's friends and relatives were allowed to attend the wedding ceremony after first being searched for weapons. The bride, a plain-looking woman in her twenties, wore a calico dress and a black shawl. She held a five-months-old child in her arms throughout the ceremony.

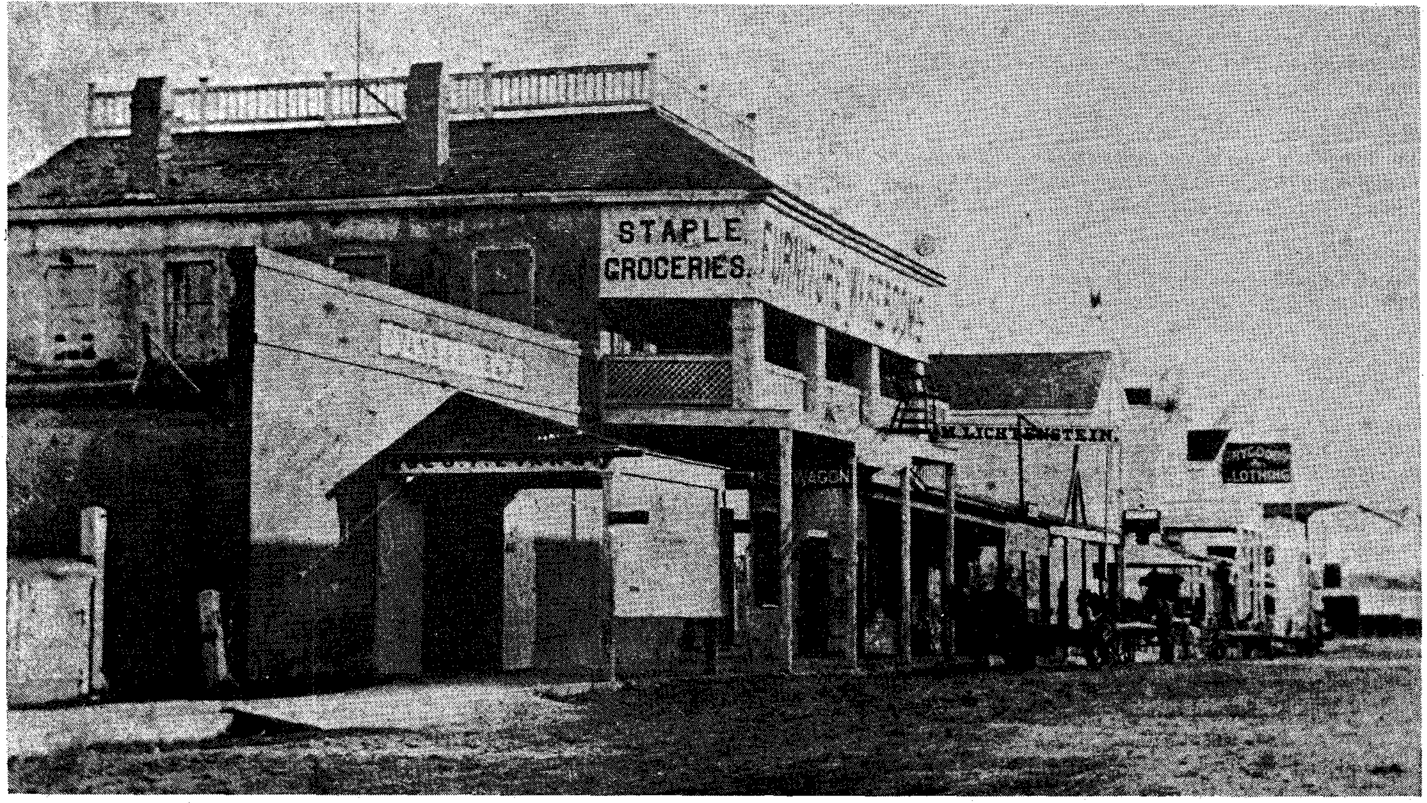
Tapia was calm and his voice was controlled, but Trinidad was barely able to complete the ceremony. She sobbed hysterically several times and her wedding vows were hardly understandable. Performing the ceremony was Father Claude Jaillet, who would return to the cell fifteen hours later to accompany the prisoners on the walk to the gallows.

At the end of the vows, the newlyweds were permitted one embrace before

(Continued on page 72)

Corpus Christi, Texas a few years after the brutal Peñascal massacre.

Courtesy La Retama Public Library, Corpus Christi

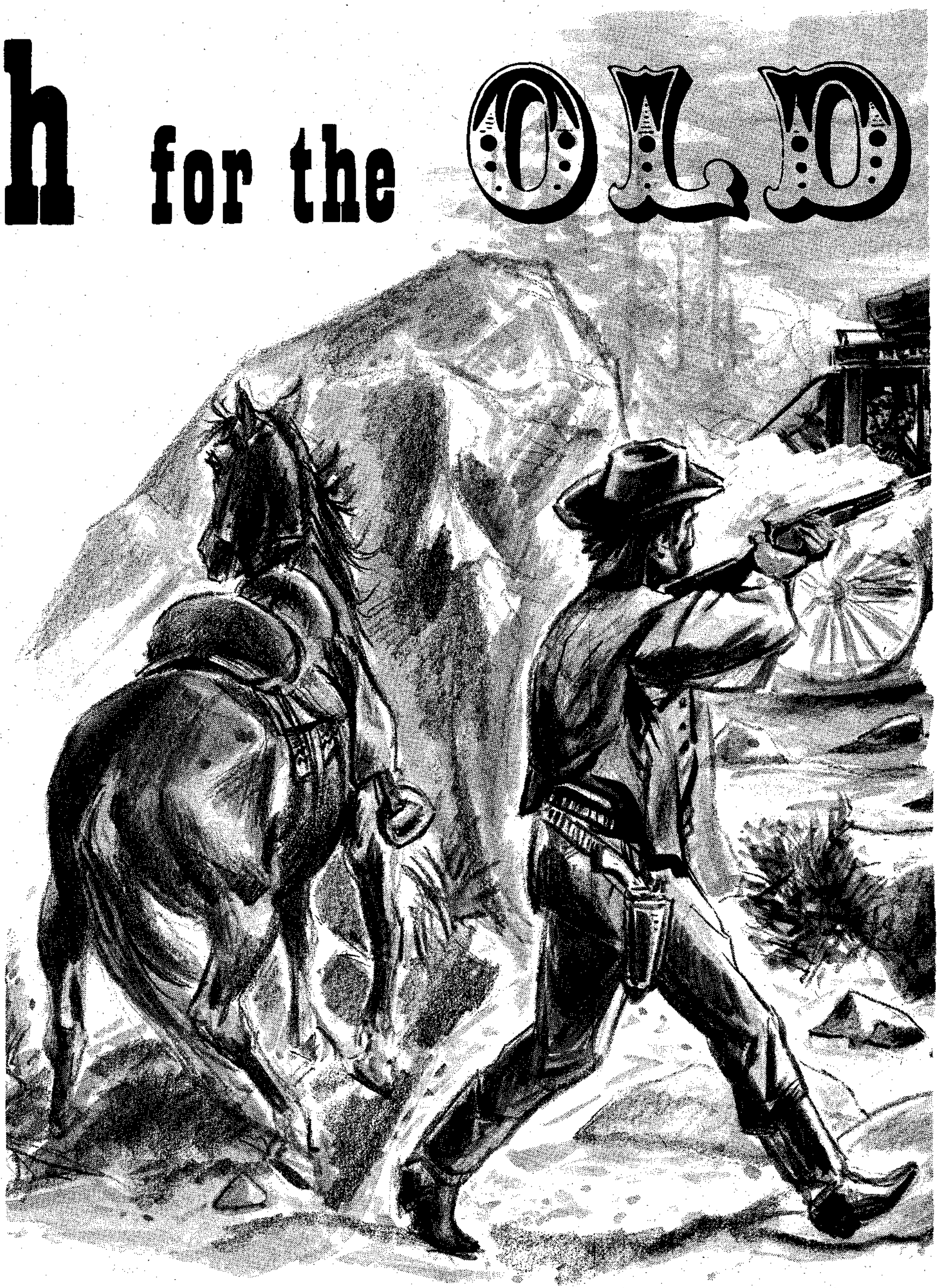


Search for the OLD

By JOHN & MILDRED FRIZZELL

Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Michael Fedoroff



THE Old Overland stagecoach, riddled by road agent bullets and soaked in blood, came to a sliding stop at a relay station on the Elkhorn Trail near Deadwood. James Quinn, the driver, quickly called to a stable boy to grab the jaded but excited leaders as he looped a reinsman hitch on the brake handle and jumped from the box. He then ran to the off door.

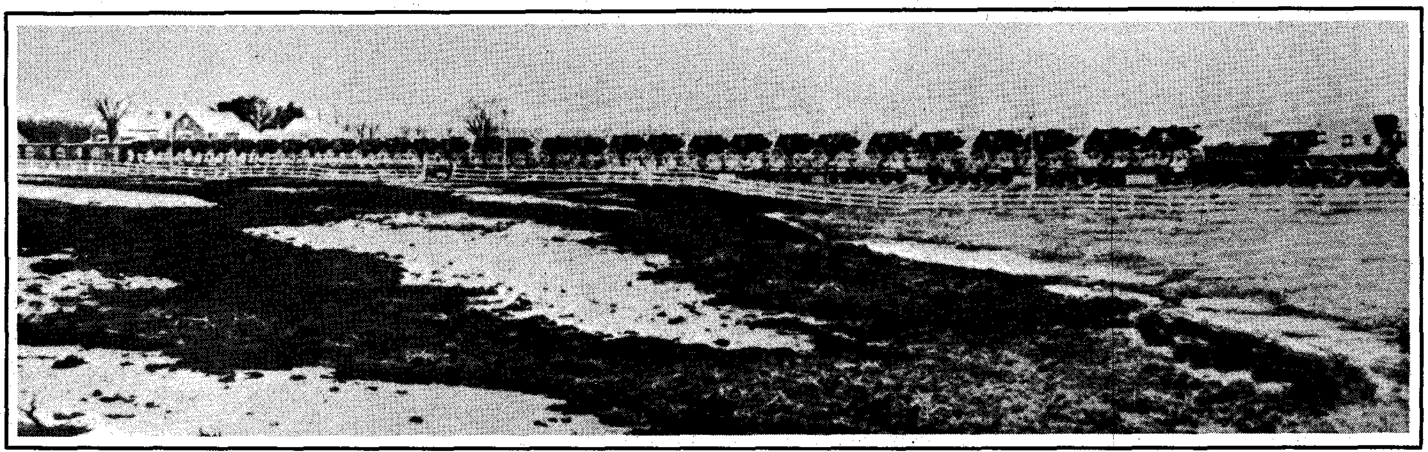
Sickened by the stench of burnt powder and warm blood, Quinn jerked the door open. After one horrified glance, he shouted orders to men who had gathered to give aid to the three fatally wounded passengers while he helped the six survivors from the coach. They were soon surrounded by people who had been attracted to the scene after hearing the ominous sound of gunfire up the stagecoach trail where it cut through a narrow canyon.

Quinn had felt the sturdy coach shiver as the first deadly bullet hit its target. He ignored the command of the road agents to stop and the screams of the terrified passengers, and made a split second decision to try for an escape from the highwaymen. Quinn displayed exceptional skill in his courageous drive. His dexterity with the reins and adroit footwork on the brake made his stagecoach an affidavit to wanton murder.

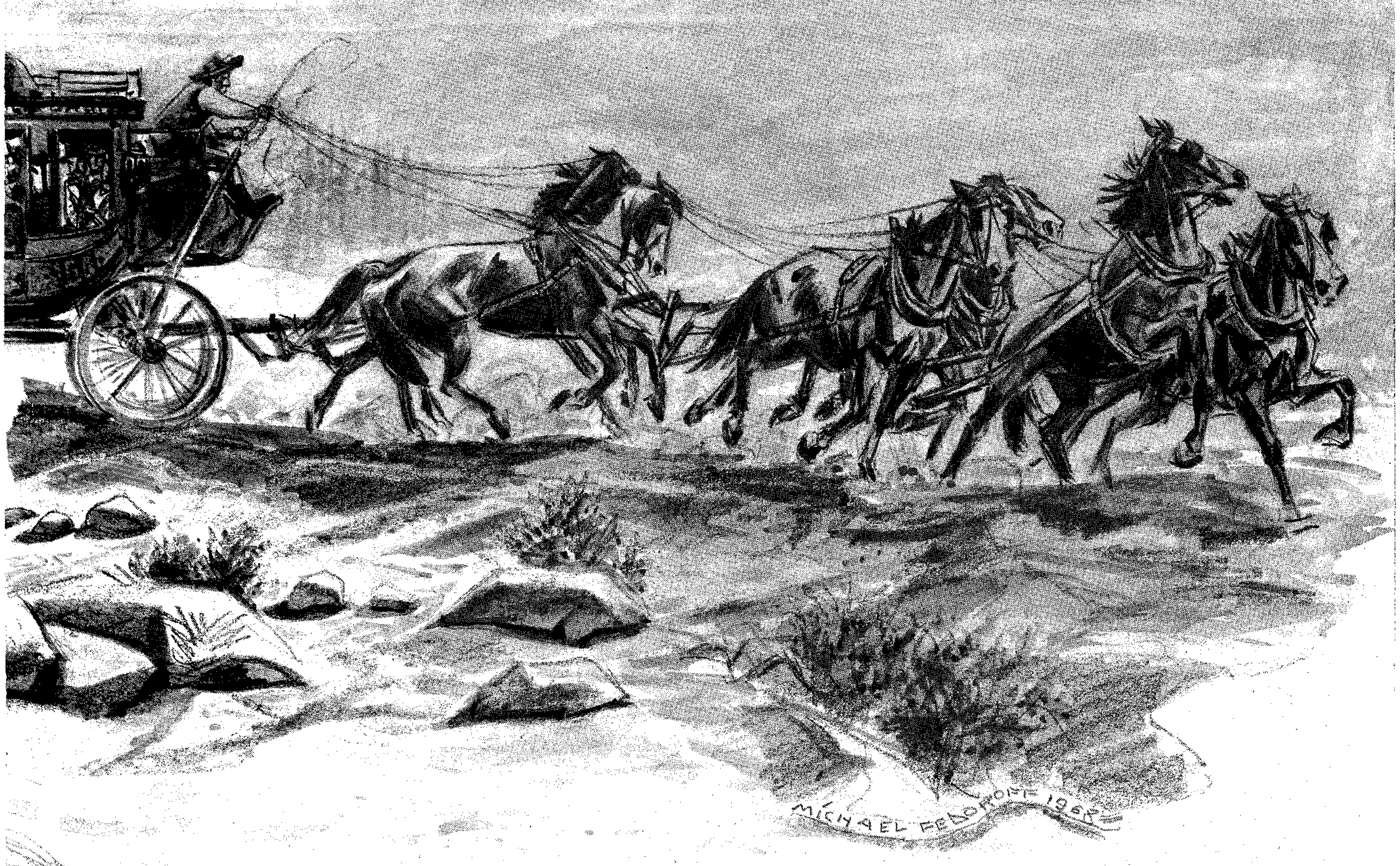
This historic coach may be seen today

Stage No. 253 was one of this historic Wells Fargo coach order that rode the rails to Council Bluffs, Iowa, then ferried across the Missouri to Omaha, Nebraska seven days later.

Courtesy Historical Society of Montana, Helena



OVERLAND



Its history hangs on a body step and a linchpin hole!

at Bent's Old Fort National Historical Site, LaJunta, Colorado. Although it carries the name of the Old Overland on its head rail, it was frequently called the Greeley coach because of a rumor that it had carried Horace Greeley west from the "Big Muddy" to Denver in 1859.

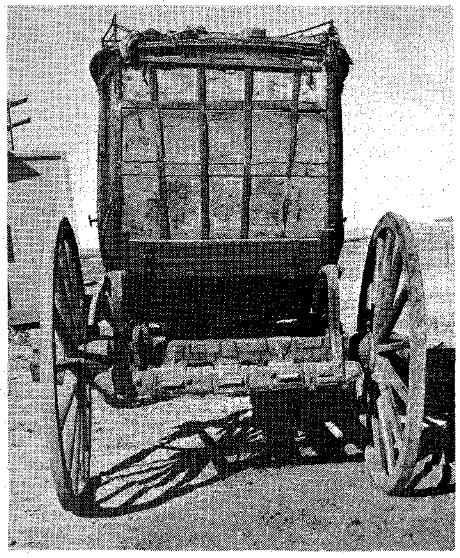
But according to Frank W. Nott, its last owner, who had used it on the run from the South Platte to the West Creek mining camps, "Nobody knows when the Old Overland made its first trip west from the Missouri River." Nott acquired it from his father S. W. Nott, who bought it in the 1870s. His brief history of the Old Overland states it had been in the service of both Barlow and Sanderson and McClelland and Spotswood, two important Colorado and New Mexico stage lines of the '70s and '80s. Both Barlow and Spotswood learned much of their staging knowledge from Ben Holladay, the "Stagecoach King." These men were associated with Holladay's Overland Mail and Express Company at the time the Old Overland was born, and they must have known it well from birth.

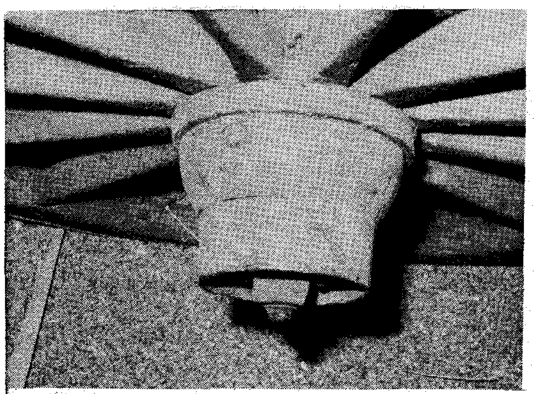
Nott realized the great value of this historical document and kept it intact for posterity. He saved it the indignity of a lingering death by decomposition in some weed patch behind a deserted blacksmith shop. In 1932 he presented the coach to the La Junta Chamber of Commerce. Thirty years later it was presented to Bent's Fort by Guy D. Calonge.

IT IS AMONG the most complete of the nine surviving passenger-mail coaches. It stands intact, with swing pole and lead bars, in a temporary building adjoining the fort, as if waiting for a fresh six-in-hand to be hooked up while the passengers rest for a moment. Its ocher body and gear, darkened by layers of grime, have the patina of age which blends into the dun clay of the fort site. But the once supple leather is now hardened and curled; the original rich damask head liner has been replaced with a coarse weathered canvas. The iron work, however, is a lasting tribute to the skill of the blacksmiths of a century ago. Only minor parts are missing.

Holladay requested that one-inch iron bands be applied vertically to the ends of the coach body for added strength.

Courtesy Arnold L. Rogers





Courtesy Arnold L. Rogers

The front axle point extends out beyond the nut. The front wheels and axle may be all that has survived of old Number 253.

The Old Overland is acknowledged to contain parts of two or more coaches. The "Rosetta Stone" of its early history was found in the worn and faded notes of Edwin G. Burgum, "the foremost compiler of information on the Abbots and Downings in Concord, New Hampshire." Before his death, Burgum started a list of the surviving Abbot-Downing stagecoaches, with the original number of each. On the page entitled "The West" appears this brief entry: "Greeley coach body number 106 and gear 253." It is frustrating to researchers that Burgum did not disclose where these numbers were found or by whom. Perhaps by Nott, since Burgum used other data compiled by its last owner. These numbers have been concealed by countless layers of paint from the modern stagecoach buff.

USING THE TOOLS and experience of "stageologists," we have attempted to substantiate this controversial information by checking the parts of the Old Overland against the original orders for coaches 106 and 253, available in the Library of the New Hampshire Historical Society, Concord. Although a complete restoration of the vehicle would be necessary to prove or disprove this theory, we did find some arguments in its favor.

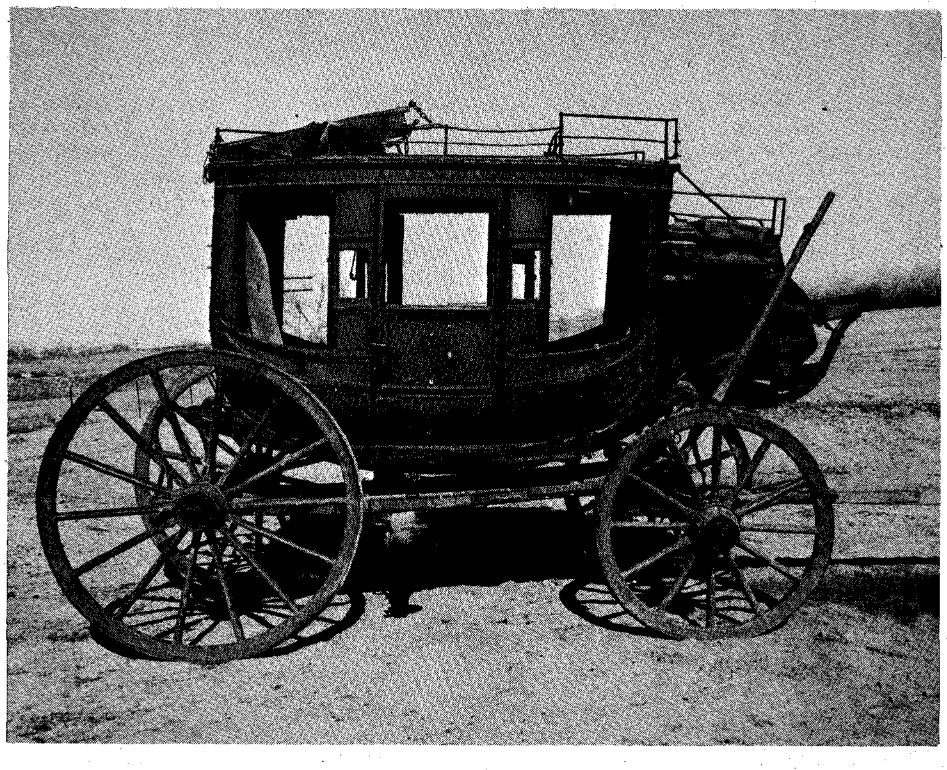
As a combination of two coaches, the Old Overland celebrated two centennials within the last two years. Number 106 was one of ten coaches shipped to Ben Holladay at Atchison, Kansas on March 27, 1866; coach number 253 was one of thirty stages delivered to Wells Fargo in Omaha, Nebraska in April 1868. The historic sequence of these two great stage lines, as well as their geographic proximity, strengthens the statements of both Burgum and Nott.

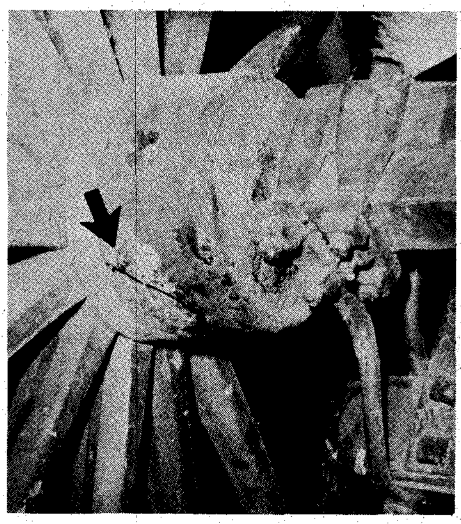
By fall 1865, Indian attacks on the Holladay Overland Mail and Express had slacked off. Although he had lost over $500,000 in equipment by these depredations, Holladay began gearing up for the inevitable post-Civil War itch to go West. His route from Atchison to the Rockies followed the Little Blue to Fort Kearny, then up the South Platte, through Julesburg to Denver.

But not all of his trouble was caused by the red man. Dave A. Butterfield, with his Butterfield Overland Despatch Company was cooking up a batch of "bad medicine" for Holladay. In September '65 Butterfield started a stage line over his already established freight line between Atchison and Denver, up the Smoky Hill River across central Kansas. This route was sixty-one miles shorter than Holladay's. In addition to being cheaper, the B.O.D. saved more than twelve hours of jolting over rough and tiresome roads between Atchison and Denver; and since there was less deep sand on this route it was easier on the stock and equipment.

The Old Overland celebrated two centennials in two years time. The body was built in 1866 and the front axle in 1868.

Courtesy Arnold L. Rogers, Bent's Old Fort National Historical Site





Courtesy Arnold L. Rogers

Sand boxes on the Old Overland are cut out underneath.

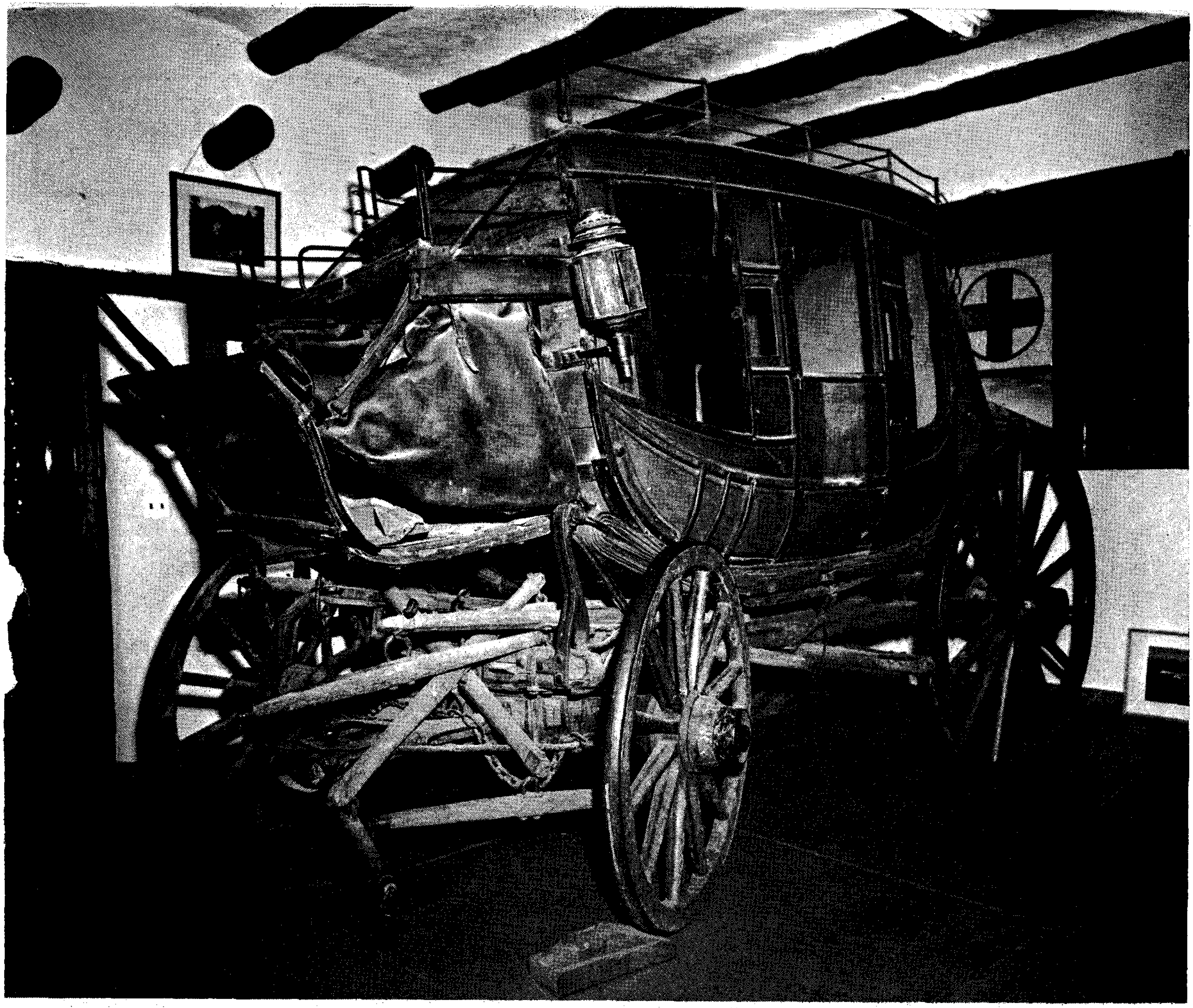
However, Butterfield oversold himself and the big financiers of the East on his ability to run a stage line successfully. He was soon in financial difficulty. Holladay wanted both his thirty-year charter and the Smoky Hill route. Only by heroic efforts was Butterfield able to continue operations into the spring of 1866.

Holladay suspected the financial crisis of the Butterfield line and directed one of his men to ride the B.O.D. from Denver to Atchison, noting its condition and equipment. In March '66 he took some ominous figures to New York. Following a delicious dinner in Delmonico's and amid the aromas of vintage wines and expensive cigars, Holladay confronted Edward P. Bray, president of the B.O.D., with his evidence. Bray knew the jig was up for his line.

After a quick board meeting Holladay was notified that his offer to purchase the failing company was accepted. Holladay was now securely back on the box for stage transportation from the Missouri River to Denver. By April 15, 1866, he was running daily stages from Atchison to Denver over both the Smoky Hill and Platte River routes.

Holladay also watched with interest the slow progress of the Union Pacific railroad west from Omaha the summer of 1865. In six months it had laboriously crawled only fifteen miles. On November 15 it celebrated its first "grand excursion" with General William T. Sherman, one of its strongest backers, as the guest of honor. (The locomotive had been named for him.) Sherman sat on a nail keg, on a flat car carrying road equipment and a group of local boosters west, over the first fifteen miles.

At this rate of speed it was estimated it would take at least ten years to complete the transcontinental railroad. So Holladay placed an order with Abbot-Downing for ten more stagecoaches. Coach No. 106 was one of this order.



Courtesy La Junta, Colorado Chamber of Commerce

Note the missing "body step" requested by Holladay. The iron tires of the front wheels show considerably more wear than the back tires, suggesting that they are from different vehicles. The elk head with antlers and the name of Frank W. Nott are still visible on the door panel.

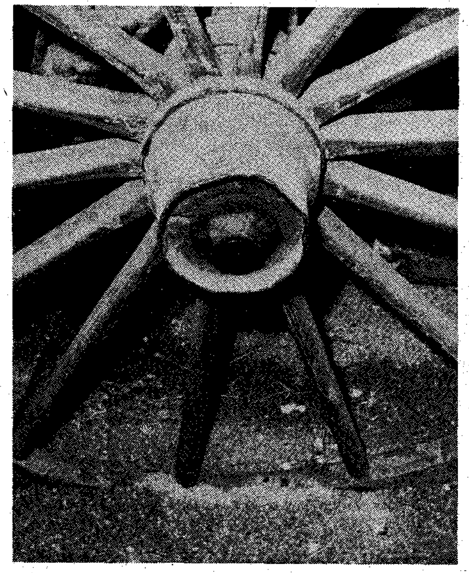
Since mail and freight came to Atchison by boat during the early 1860s, all orders were placed in the fall, if possible, so cargo would arrive in the spring when the capricious Missouri River was most reliable.

AT THE levee a large crowd gathered that spring day to watch the arrival and unloading of 106 and her nine sister coaches. Their gorgeous red bodies and yellow gears, artistically striped, glistened in the bright sun. No doubt Holladay, accompanied by his two top assistants, Alex Benham and David Street, kept a protective eye on those vehicles as they were gently rolled down the gangway.

Here in the soft loess of the west bank of the Missouri River, 106 cut her first trail in the West. The hostler's first job was to attach the pole. Since Holladay used a permanent, road-type connection, it required time. A number of large bolts had to be removed before the pole could be inserted. Then the bolts had to be replaced.

The hind axle point is flush with the nut.

Courtesy Arnold L. Rogers



While the pole was being attached, the crowd moved in closer to get a better view. Children, enchanted by the bright and shiny wheels, gently ran their fingers along the striping of each spoke, while their elders unsnapped the leather curtains and opened the doors to enjoy the beauty of the interior—the elegant damask head liner and soft, tufted russet leather seats. After the pole was attached, 106 was pulled up Commercial Street to the Holladay stables on Second Street where the servicing continued.

We would like to think that Holladay ordered this coach entrusted only to such immortal "knights of the ribbons" of the Overland route as Robert Emery, Bob Hodge, Lew Hill or Bob Spotswood. The lucky driver, whoever he was, must have paced back and forth nervously to make sure each axle had been properly greased. He then mounted the box, put his foot on the brake and called out instructions to the blacksmith, who was on his back

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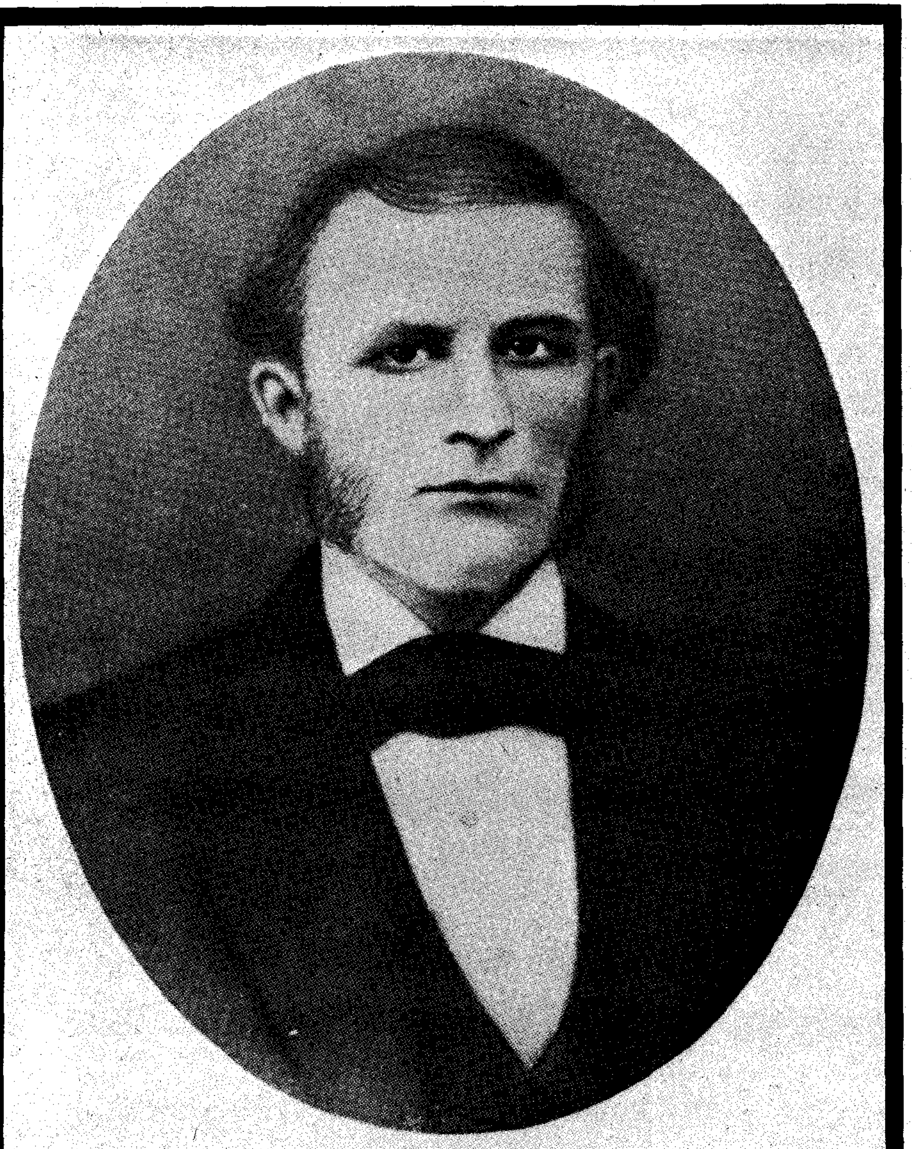


Alexis Godey, frontiersman. The signature is believed to be in Godey's own hand.

Alexis Godey

Courtesy California State Library

Sensational accusations may have damaged his reputation, but nothing printed or spoken could ever dispute

ALEXIS GODEY'S Kinship

By VIRGINIA BARTHOLOMEW

Photos Courtesy Author

THE "Frémont Exploring Expedition to the West"—a party of Creole and French Canadian trappers and two Delaware Indian hunters—left Kansas City in May 1843. After reaching St. Vrain's Fort (near where Denver, Colorado, now stands), the Delawares decided that they had had enough and were going to return to their village. On the recommendation of Kit Carson, who had joined the expedition at Taos, New Mexico, Frémont hired Alexis Godey to replace the Delawares. He had been a hunter for the various posts, had maintained friendly trading relations with the Indians, learned many of their rites, and adopted many of their ways.

Godey, of French-Canadian parentage, was born in St. Louis about 1800. He was a strikingly handsome individual, and actually did not appear older than the twenty-six he claimed to be when introduced to Frémont in 1843. Jet black curling hair covered his forehead; his eyes were dark and deep-set. Broad shoulders and a lithe grace enhanced his attractiveness to women, a characteristic of which he was proud and took great pains to perpetuate. But he was thoroughly experienced, a fine frontiersman, trapper and plainsman—this he was to prove many times in the years to follow.

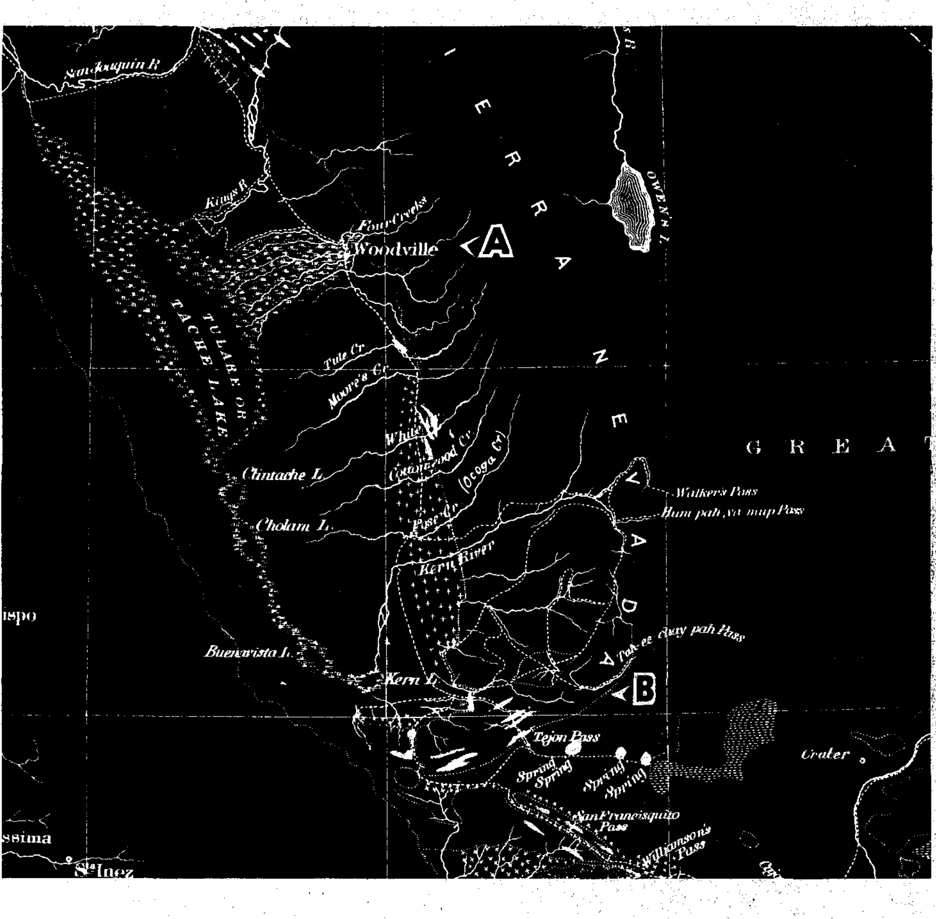
After leaving Kansas City the expedition traveled northwest, explored the Great Salt Lake basin, then entered eastern Oregon. Skirting the eastern slope of the Sierra, they celebrated Christmas in the snow. Feed was scarce and all the animals became footsore and weakened but the party pushed southward and on January 13 reached Pyramid Lake. Where the Truckee River enters the lake, they rested a few days and feasted on fish purchased from some Indians.

After this short respite, the expedition headed southwest, hiring an old Indian to act as guide, and started the ascent of the Sierra. But the Indian soon thought better of his bargain and left. In trying to hire a replacement to help them find the best passage across the snow-covered mountains, they discovered that the red men were not the least interested in anything the white men had to offer in the way of payment for their services. The Indians pointed to the mountains and drew their hands across their throats and above their heads to indicate the depth of the snow. One chief explained that the mountains had been crossed before by white men, but this had been accomplished during the summer and spring months. Finally two young braves were persuaded to undertake the job; Frémont, however must have distrusted them, since the record states they were kept under constant guard.

The ensuing climb tested the mettle of every man and animal in the expedition. Godey had learned from the Indians that dog meat tasted quite good under certain conditions and this, with mule meat and dried peas, became a staple. The animals and men struggled all day in single file, the men breaking trail through the deep snow with mauls.

The guides finally managed to slip away, and disappeared. One after the other, the animals gave out and were eaten. Only the superhuman efforts of Broken Hand Fitzpatrick and Alec Godey forestalled the loss of every animal and all the supplies and equipment. After twenty days of the hardest toil imaginable, they reached the summit (9338 feet). The descent was almost as hard. Some of the men were lost from the rest of the party for several days at a time and became crazed with hunger and cold. Godey's courage and determination did much to keep the party from utter panic. By March 4, 1844 most of the exhausted explorers were in the foothills of the Sacramento Valley, each leading a mule or horse as poor and weak as its owner. March 8 saw them encamped at the junction of the American and Sacramento Rivers near Sutter's Fort. Two weeks were spent there, resting and refitting for the trip south down the great inland valley. According to Frémont and Godey, this area was teeming with elk and antelope; the lakes and rivers held thousands of ducks; the plains and brush were full of quail.

ON APRIL 12 the party reached Kern River and found it running bank full and very swift. Godey thought he might find a better crossing upstream and was given permission to scout. In a few hours he returned with word that he had been successful. Supplies were floated across on rafts, with men and animals swimming alongside. When everything was safely on the south side of the Kern, the party proceeded around the high bluffs and reached a plateau where East Bakersfield (first named Sumner) was later established. Godey pointed east and told Frémont that he was sure that this was the pass for which they had been looking. He was right, and they soon crossed into the Mojave Desert.



Map showing the points where Godey joined (A) and left (B) the Frémont Expedition.

At Agua de Tomaso the party found the remains of several Mexican families who had been massacred by Indians and their horse herd stolen. Only one man, Fuentes, had escaped death. Frémont's party was horrified to see the extent of the mutilation.

Godey and Carson agreed that if they could catch up with the horse-stealers, they would teach them a very severe lesson. After examining the ground to see which way the horses had been driven, the two scouts started after the Indians. Fuentes accompanied them to avenge his countrymen and to help drive back the horses. But when his horse went lame under the hard pace set by Godey, Fuentes had to return to camp at Agua de Tomaso. Godey and Carson continued toward the mountains. After sunset they followed by bright moonlight until the trail entered a deep and narrow canyon. There they tied their horses and lay down to get some much needed rest.

As soon as it was light enough to see, they were on their way again and about sunrise, spotted the stolen herd. Godey and Carson tied their own horses and crawled up a rise to peer into the camp beyond. They saw four lodges, which meant there were from a few to several dozen Indians in the band. The scouts managed to crawl within thirty or forty yards before a movement among the horses gave them away. Forced to take the offensive, Godey and Carson gave a warwhoop and charged the camp. One defender's arrow passed through Godey's shirt collar, narrowly missing his neck. Two Indians were killed and one boy captured; an old woman, climbing the mountainside, stopped and looked back, wailing and making threatening motions. Both Carson and Godey remembered the pitiful sight for years afterwards. When the scouts returned to camp at Agua de Tomaso, Fuentes recognized the horses as part of the herd the villagers had lost. Godey told Frémont of seeing signs that the Indians had killed a few of the poorer horses for food.

DURING the Mexican War, Alec Godey served under John C. Frémont in California. In 1846 he was made a first lieutenant by order of Commander R. F. Stockton.

Late in 1847 Godey was captured. Midshipman Edward Fitzgerald Beale met Don Andres Pico, brother of Don Pio Pico, the Governor of California, to try to arrange an exchange of prisoners. Pico laughed at such a suggestion—apparently the Mexicans didn't want Godey against them under any circumstances and he was not released until after the

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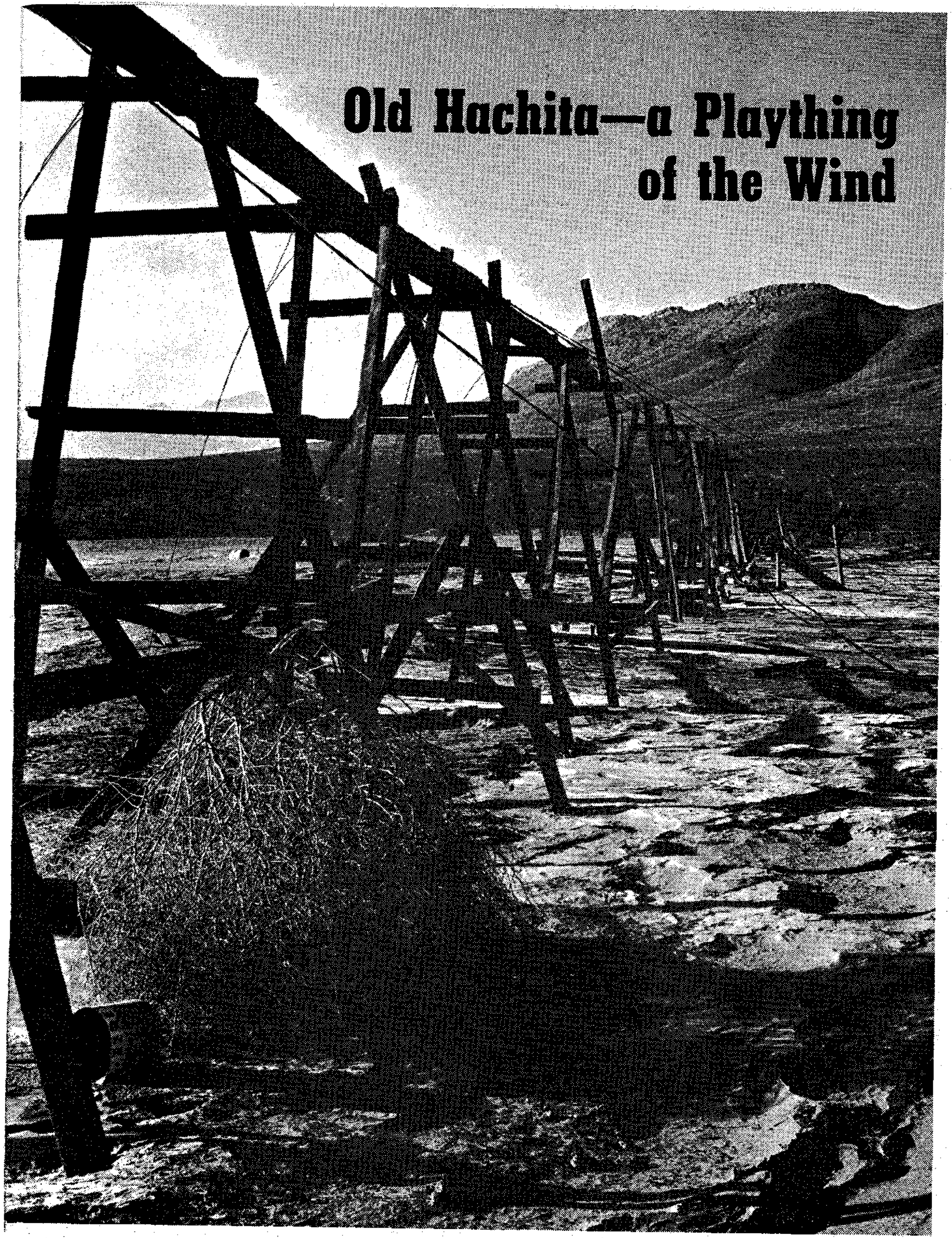
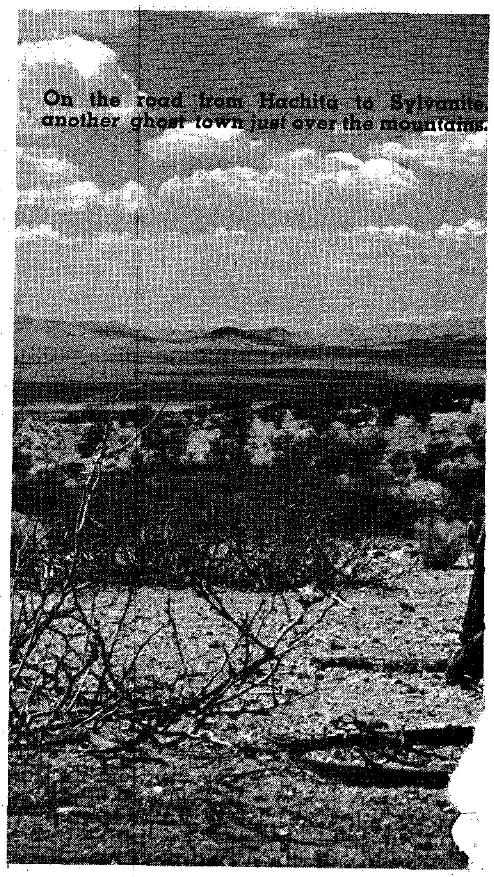


Old Hachita—a Plaything of the Wind

Above and below, scenes at the Hornet Mine, near Hachita.



On the road from Hachita to Sylvanite, another ghost town just over the mountains.

LAND OF THE VIO

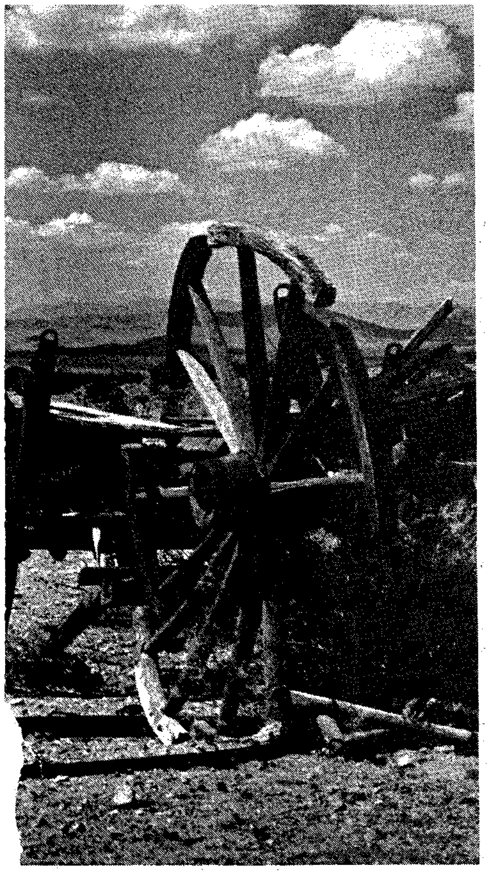
By MICHAEL JENKINSON

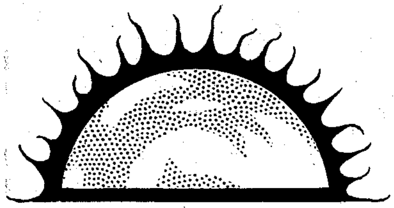
Photography by Karl Kernberger

Both "Hachita," this issue, and "Cook's Peak and the **Ghost Towns of New Mexico,** University of New Mexico by Karl Kernberger

ON THE Southern Pacific line between El Paso, Texas and Tucson, Arizona, there is a town where the trains no longer stop. Yellow paint on the railroad station is cracked and curling; a black sign upon it reads: HACHITA.

South of the railroad is a quiet cattle town, a place where one hears sharply, against the silence, the sounds of children playing after school. Sometimes of an evening, a few men gather in the town's only bar to play poker, conversing languidly. Displayed behind the bar are a few rusted rifle barrels, the skull of a two-headed calf, a number of dusty ore samples. These rocks elicit little interest, are seldom picked up; the soft talk in the bar is of ranching, not mining.





LENT SUN

Bones of Sing Lee'' in the July issue are taken from
Press, copyright 1968. Photographs for both stories are

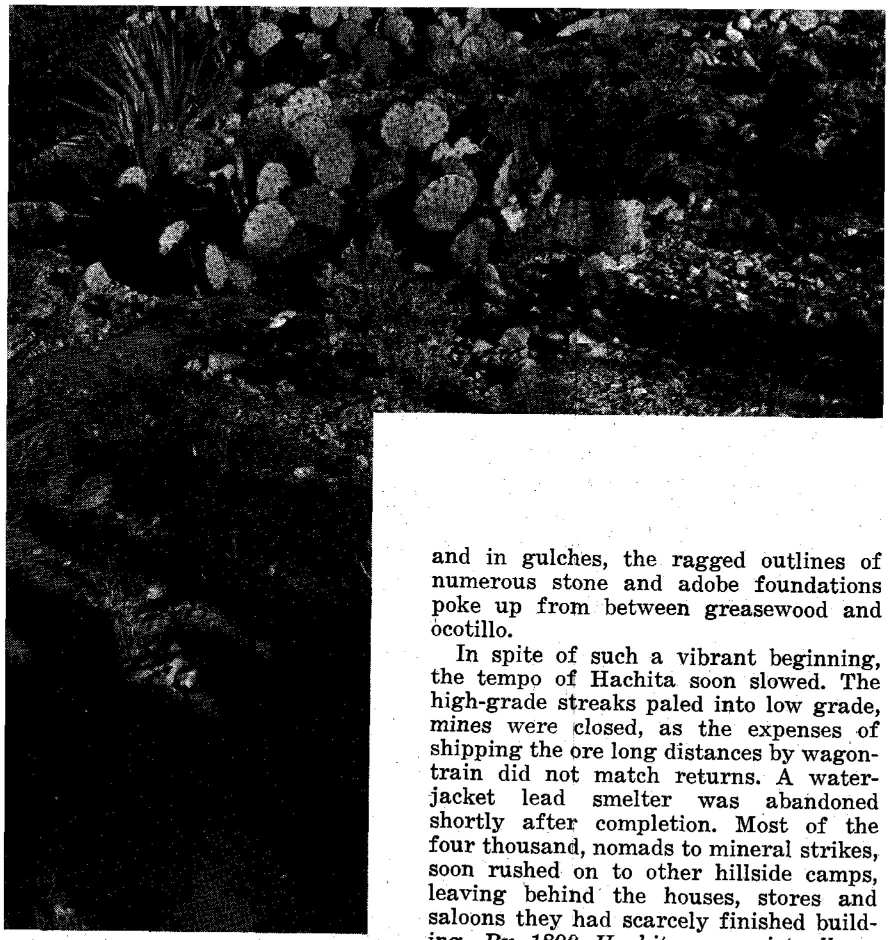
Several miles to the west of this drowsy settlement, the original town of Hachita sits abandoned in a cup of barren hills, as forgotten as the ore samples it once produced.

A group of prospectors, perhaps lured by Indian stories of turquoise, established a camp in a draw of the Little Hatchet Mountains in 1877. Prowling the limestone slopes, they found not only turquoise, but gold, silver, lead and copper.

For the next thirteen years the new mining camp boomed out of all proportion to the importance of the strikes. The name Eureka was soon discarded for Hachita, and it is estimated that at its peak 4,000 people lived in the camp. Even today, scattered about on hillsides

**Rubble and rusting hulks are all that remain at Hachita. Below, d
hard by the sun remind one of the trials and failures of the**

A wheel which undoubtedly rolled many a mile rests at H



the road from Hachita to Sylvanite.

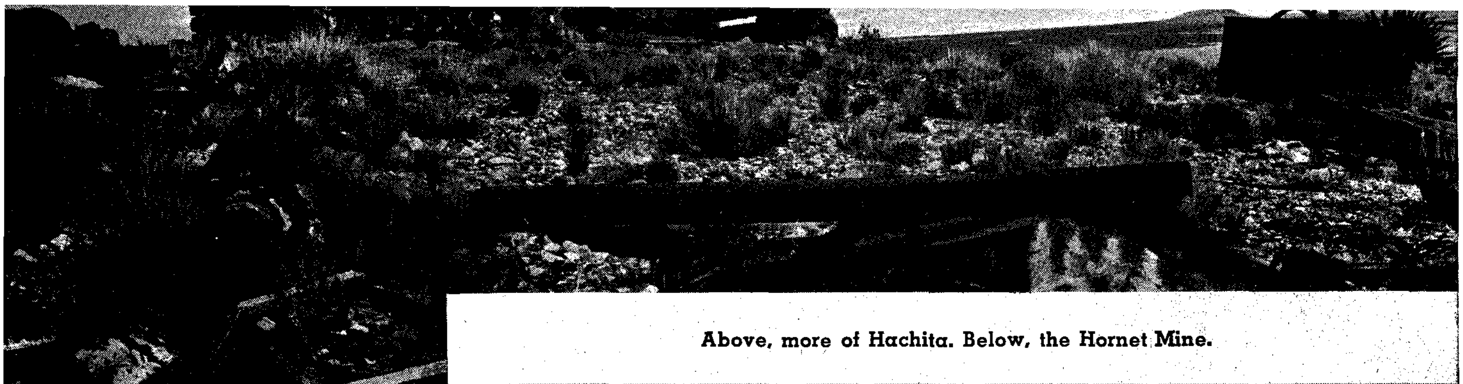
LITTLE HATCHET
SYLVANITE
SMITH RANCH

and in gulches, the ragged outlines of numerous stone and adobe foundations poke up from between greasewood and ocotillo.

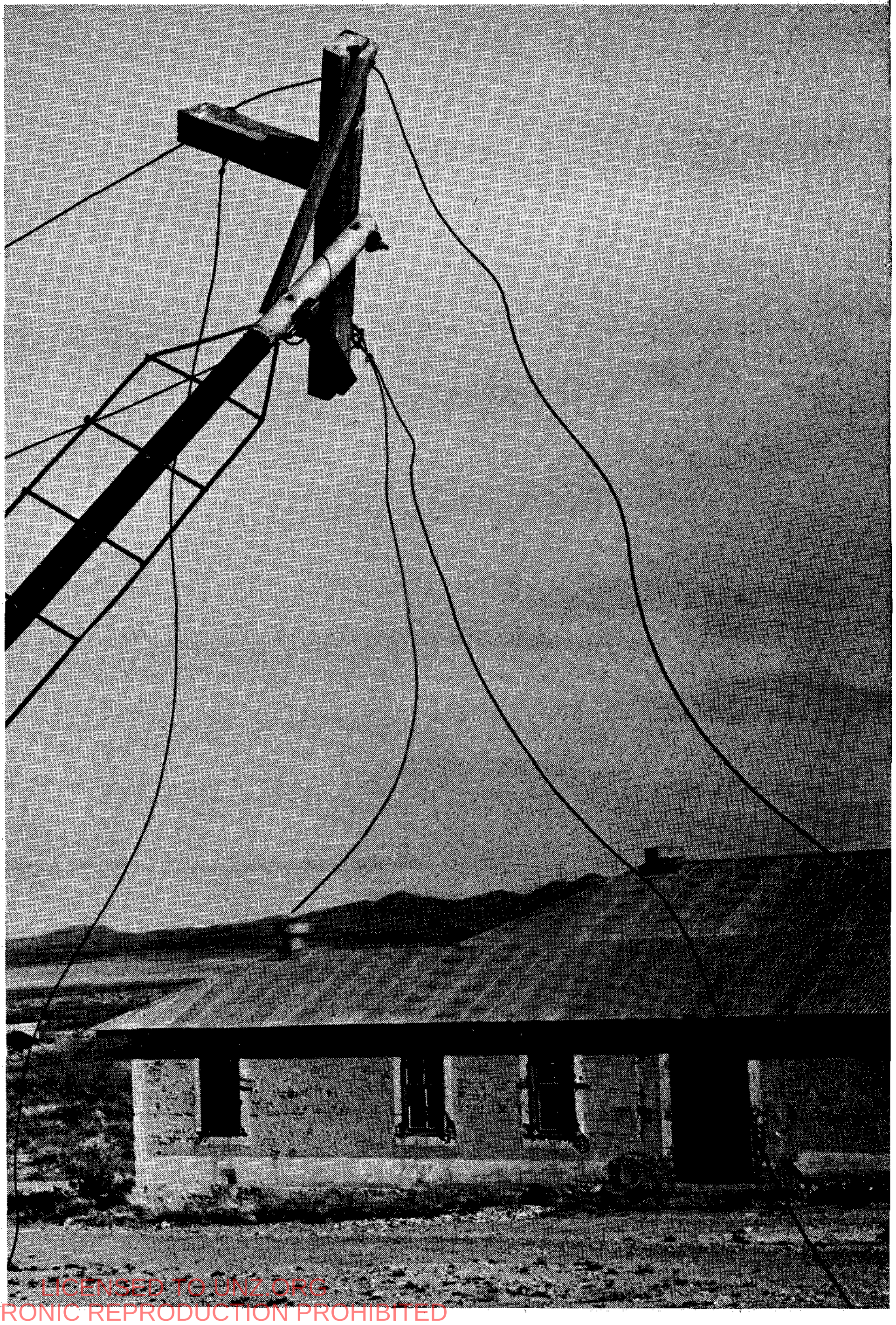
In spite of such a vibrant beginning, the tempo of Hachita soon slowed. The high-grade streaks paled into low grade, mines were closed, as the expenses of shipping the ore long distances by wagon-train did not match returns. A water-jacket lead smelter was abandoned shortly after completion. Most of the four thousand, nomads to mineral strikes, soon rushed on to other hillside camps, leaving behind the houses, stores and saloons they had scarcely finished building. By 1890 Hachita was virtually a ghost town.

TWO YEARS after the turn of the century, the railroad laid tracks within seven miles of Hachita. Now ore could be shipped out inexpensively. Mines were reopened, new claims developed. In the Little Hatchet Mountains, new mine buildings and hoists were constructed, larger than before.

But the camp itself came back only as a shadow, an echo. Increased mechanization demanded less labor. Most of the individual properties had now been bought out by mining companies. Gone now were the hundreds of fevered men who swelled the old camp, who would have spat upon wages, invincible in their belief that the raw mountains had been fashioned as a



Above, more of Hachita. Below, the Hornet Mine.



test for their searching. The post office moved down to the tracks, taking the name Hachita with it. Ranchers who had formerly traded at the mining camp came to the railroad to ship cattle and, after a few drinks at the saloon newly built there, bought provisions at a store which had opened in a boxcar. But the old camp was now scarcely a town; its character was clusters of buildings around the principal mines. Men referred to it as Old Hachita, or simply "the mines."

Up until the Twenties a few people remained in Old Hachita; since then it has been a plaything of the wind. Although the principal mines—the Hornet, American, Gold King—have been worked at times in succeeding years, the town has never come back. Such miners as were needed have usually preferred to commute from the cattle town by the railroad.

It is in the searing days of July that Old Hachita appears most desolate. Then the sun's creation of rust on the tin roofs of a score of deserted buildings seems an immediate thing, like a mallet crushing the hard metal surface into soft red dust. At the American mine, metal telephone poles droop like candles softened by heat. Boards lie haphazardly all over this dry cup of the Little Hatchet Mountains, bleached and warped under a destroying sun.

Here, too, the intruder has gone.

DOC CRUMBINE of

By I. L. PFALSER

Photos Courtesy Author

THE WORDS "Don't Spit on the Sidewalk," inscribed on the face of a sidewalk paving brick, are a living memorial to a country doctor who walked the streets of Dodge City with Bat Masterson, a six-shooter slung at his side. He was to shake the public health structure of America to its very roots. An untiring, peppery little man, he jarred the personal habits of every adult in the world except possibly a few aborigines.

Samuel J. Krumbine was born in a log cabin in Venango County, Pennsylvania in 1862, at the time of the Civil War battle of Antietam. This was only a month after his father died in a Confederate prison. He was nicknamed "Crummie" by his playmates. At the insistance of everyone to spell his name with a "C" instead of "K," the boy entered school under the name of Crumbine. He received his basic schooling at a State School for Children of Union Soldiers.

While watching a local pharmacist mix prescriptions, Crumbine decided to become a doctor, and upon graduation from high school, secured a job in a drug store in a nearby town. The druggist who hired him practiced medicine on the side.

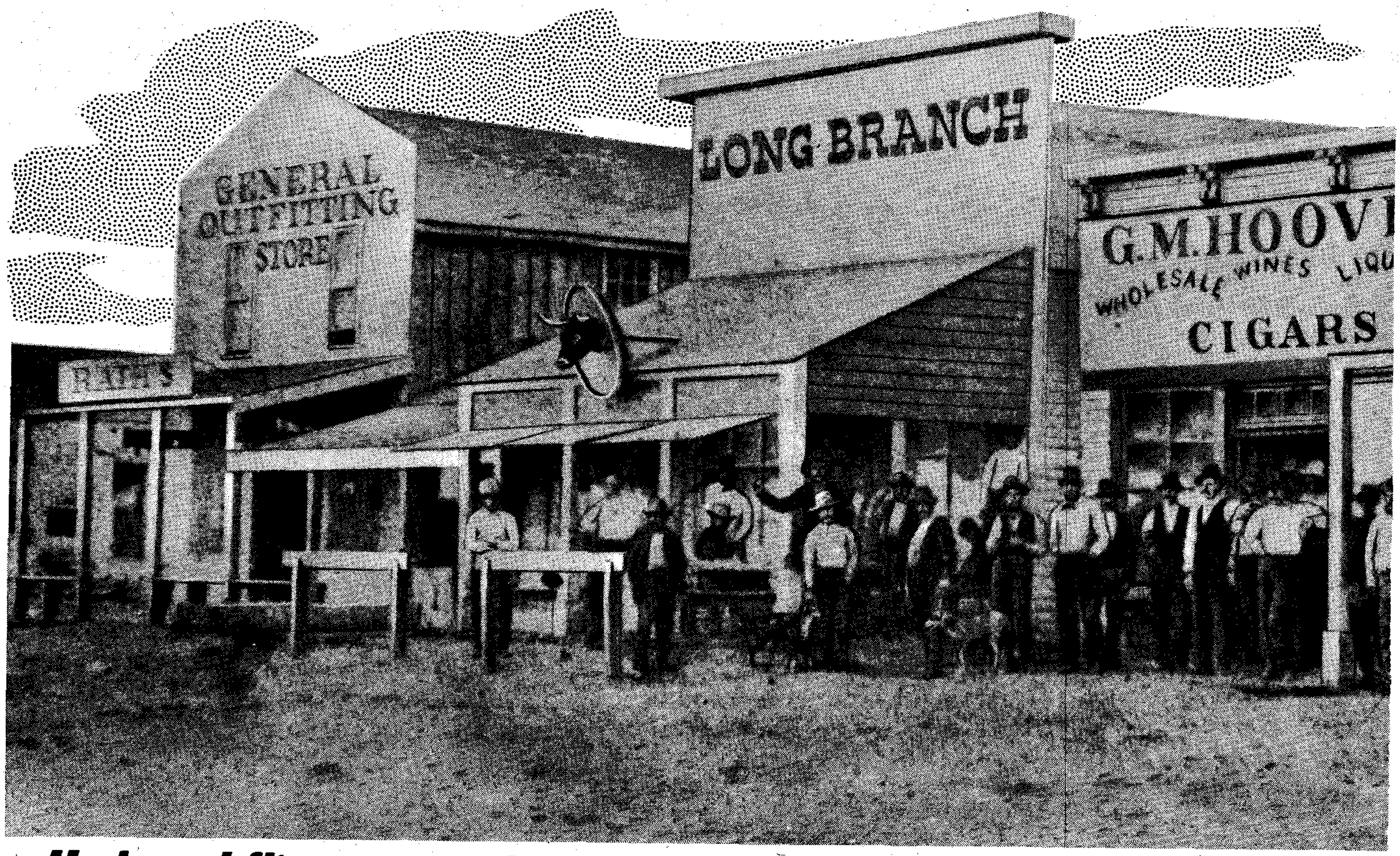
Crumbine saved enough money to enroll at the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery, but had to support himself by circulating handbills advertising Piso's Consumption Cure. He managed only one year in medical school.

Heading west, he found a job in a pharmacy in Spearville, Kansas, only eighteen miles from rip-roaring Dodge City. Money was short here too, so Crumbine accepted half-ownership in the store instead of wages. The town had no resident doctor, so Crumbine filled the gap. This was not unusual in frontier towns as no state medical laws existed.

Soon calls took him to Dodge City and he formed a strong attachment to the booming community. In 1885 Dodge City was considered by some to be the roughest

Below, a portion of Front Street in Dodge City in the 1870s. At right is Dr. Samuel J. Crumbine.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society



He hated flies worse than bullets—and one was about as thick as

© Robert E. Eagen

From the Original Robert E. Eagen Collection

DODGE CITY

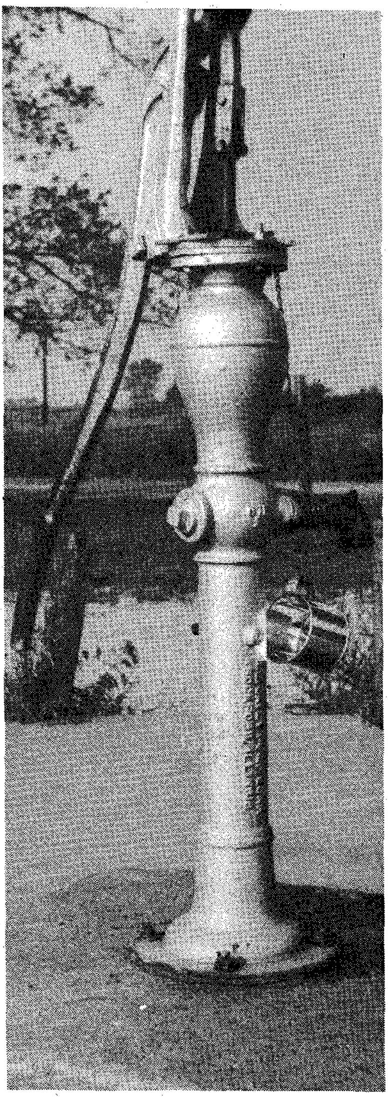
DRY GOO
AND
CLOTHI

the other in Dodge!

town in the West. A Chicago newspaper in that year printed the following statement: "There is no law west of Chicago and no God west of Dodge City." It was the day when Texas cowboys and many ex-Confederate soldiers came north—some to stay, under a thin layer of soil.

AFTER THREE YEARS of homespun medical practice, Crumbine returned to Cincinnati for a few additional pointers. Actually his practice in Kansas had taught him little except in the realm of consumption and gunshot wounds. To stretch his finances, he again returned to his old job at Piso's.

A public well with drinking cup similar to those which Doc Crumbine campaigned to eliminate.



Crumbine's picturesque western speech captivated students and professors alike, and the latter were astounded by his grasp of medicine. He graduated at the top of his class. At the same time, he wooed and won Miss Katherine Zuercher as his bride. Upon returning to Dodge, the two set up housekeeping in a small cottage on a hillside overlooking the town.

Dodge sprawled all over the Arkansas River bottom. The business district referred to as Front Street was divided down the center by railroad tracks. Most of the dance halls, saloons, blacksmith shops, livery stables and cheap rooming houses lay south of the tracks. The better grade establishments of the same type, and various other businesses, confined their locations to the north side.

Before the devastating fire of 1886, all buildings were of one-story wood construction with a high false front. Board awnings extended out over the built-up wooden sidewalks which echoed the comings and goings of the public. This music of the sidewalks was punctuated with the percussion-like drumming of the cowboys' high-heeled boots and the cymbal clash of their spurs as they caroused from saloon to saloon. The quieter folks built their houses on the sloping hills to the north, while the red light district extended west from the business district along the base of Boot Hill.

Dr. Crumbine's first outside call set the pace for his future work. A cowhand summoned the doctor to the aid of his boss, some thirty-five miles from town, who was suffering from a broken leg. After setting the leg, the doctor was held at gunpoint until the next day. The rancher wanted to be sure no complications set in. Later on, the rancher sent a generous payment in gold to make up for the doctor's discomfort. Usually, however, payment came in chicken eggs, meat or other farm products which might be in season.

As the months passed, Crumbine gained self-confidence and some people considered him downright aggressive. Dressed in a Prince Albert coat and plug hat, which all good doctors wore, and with a six-gun at his side, he made regular visits to Front Street to treat emergency cases. The doctor had no qualms in telling off his patients (as well as others involved) about the error of their ways, regardless of size or character. At five feet six, Crumbine took on the appearance of a mad bantam rooster.

The residents, both good and bad, accepted Dr. Crumbine's bullying meekly. Gamblers, gunfighters, drunkards and prostitutes were dressed down for their spurious ways, but mainly he was concerned with good health rather than morals. One bullet-holed man was given "what for" for not having the good sense to at least duck.

SINCE DODGE CITY was the only major town in the seven-county area of southwestern Kansas, medical calls took Crumbine far from home. Riding horseback and by buggy, he covered thousands of miles, many times turning the horse loose to find his way home as he caught a few minutes of shuteye. Game was plentiful and a short stop for hunting was usually the order of the day on his way back to Dodge. Prairie chicken, plover and rabbit were common fare on most family dinner tables.

When the Rock Island Railroad put in a spur to the nearby town of Bucklin, it soon became evident that the posted schedule was rather unreliable. It was common practice for the train crew and, at times, even the engineer, to ride on the cowcatcher shooting at game en route. Depending on the crew's aim, the trip took anywhere from a couple of hours to half a day. Any game killed was retrieved while the train waited and the passengers complained and cussed. It was considered a stroke of luck if the crew didn't decide to stop and cook a meal before proceeding.

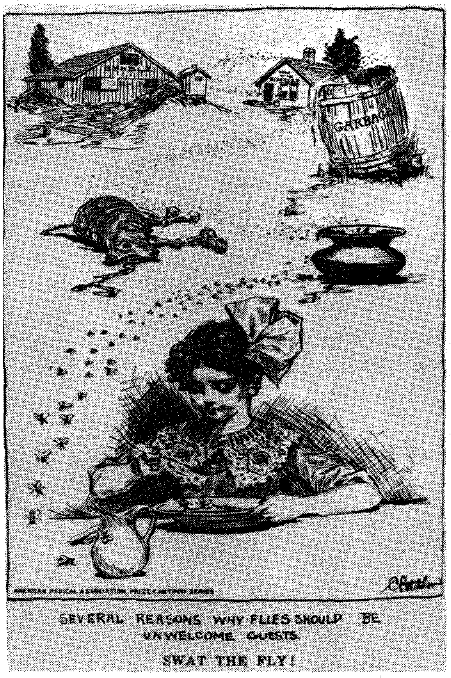
At one time there was no dentist to serve Dodge City. Doc naturally substituted when it was possible. The story is told that one day a young cowboy came in with a terrible toothache. After much prying and pulling, a tooth was extracted. However, it was the wrong tooth. After a lambasting from the patient, Doc proceeded to replace the tooth and, as far as is known, it was a successful replant.

Dr. Crumbine's first venture into the field of public health was, strangely enough, a campaign for the eradication of alcoholism among babies. There were literally hundreds of patent medicines on sale which were advertised to relieve pain and "prevent babies from crying." They also professed to cure everything from dandruff to ingrown toenails, and could be purchased for ten cents to a dollar. This price usually included a free razor, shoehorn or some other everyday household necessity.

As far as the baby was concerned, this was not false advertising. The crying stopped because the baby was happily drunk after a few tablespoons of the stuff. Most of these curatives and excelsiors were 50% alcohol. In most snakebite cases Crumbine treated, he had to treat the patient for acute alcohol consumption as well!

The country doctor was also called upon for a certain amount of veterinarian work. The Stubbs brothers, of Dodge City grocery store fame, had a sideline of racing horses. In honor of Dr. Crumbine's horse-doctoring abilities, they named one of the horses after him. The good doctor was the target of many a joke several years later when the horse won a race and a St. Louis newspaper carried the headline: "Dr. Crumbine Wins."

His second endeavor in bettering public health was in conjunction with restauranteur Fred Harvey. Crumbine had noted that milk was dispensed to the patrons from a pitcher. He felt this was a health hazard. Upon approaching Harvey of the situation, it was concluded that all milk at all Harvey Houses would be served in sealed bottles, and it is believed this was the first use of such a container in a restaurant. After this initial success, Dr. Crumbine's work became a one-man crusade.


GARBAGE
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION PRIZE CARTOON SERIES
SEVERAL REASONS WHY FLIES SHOULD BE UNWELCOME GUESTS
SWAT THE FLY!

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

A cartoon used by Dr. Crumbine in his campaign against the house fly.

BY THE END of the century, Dodge City's prosperity was dwindling. Railroads had been extended closer to markets. The cattlemen ceased to bring herds north. Four years of drouth were driving the farmers off the land. A rain-maker, imported by the town businessmen, was a complete failure. After considerable criticism of Kansas in general, he gathered up his equipment and departed for parts unknown.

Doc was being paid mainly by barter, for hard cash was difficult to find. In 1902 he was appointed to the Kansas State Board of Health—a job without pay, also. But digging into his work with characteristic dispatch, he went to Pratt, Kansas to investigate an outbreak of smallpox. Crumbine shocked the community, and the state as a whole, by ordering all those infected to be released from the traditional pest house which had been set up. They were to return to their own homes and remain in quarantine. All of those who had been exposed were to be vaccinated. The townspeople threatened to run him out of town but he persisted and the epidemic subsided.

This success influenced the state board to try a similar method in another town. It, too, turned out well and plans were laid to expand the system throughout the state. Soon after, Crumbine was offered the position of secretary and executive officer of the board.

In 1904, the doctor left his beloved Dodge to take up residence in Topeka. Although handicapped by small appropriations from the state legislature ($3,080 for the first year), he initiated procedures unheard of before. When he wrangled a Pure Food and Drug Bill, as well as a Water and Sewage Bill, through the legislature, he was ready to start a health campaign which would make Kansas an example for every other state.

In recalling this period, Doc Crumbine said, "We had to blaze our own trails. People would believe anything, buy anything, eat anything, drink anything, and with the sorriest kind of results."

Using the board's official chemist, an exhaustive campaign was launched, directed especially at patent medicines. A bulletin was issued regularly to keep the public informed of the findings. The first tested was Dr. Turner's Shaker Neurogen, guaranteed as an absolute cure for all nervous troubles. It was found to be 75.3% alcohol and contained nothing else of benefit. A number of formerly nervous individuals who were interviewed admitted consuming at least a bottle a day. Cook's Gold Bond Oil, claimed to cure eighteen diseases, was found to be basically turpentine and could have doubled as a paint thinner. Burke's White Pine Balsam, a cure for chest diseases, relied heavily on chloroform to give it strength.

A number of foods manufactured outside Kansas also came under close scrutiny. A well known brand of gingersnaps made in Chicago was found to contain straw, splinters of wood, and hair. One brand of pepper turned out to be 90% ground olive pits.

Crumbine discovered that benzoate of soda, which was used to preserve canned foods, was detrimental to health when used in large quantities and persuaded the legislature to pass a law limiting its use. This encouraged the federal Department of Agriculture to recommend a Pure Food and Drug Act which was adopted by Congress. The latter action brought a drove of hired politicians to Topeka to see that Crumbine was "put in his place." Between the state's governor and the doctor, these visitors were dispatched faster than a wild cowboy on Front Street. One such lawyer, who threatened to file suit against Crumbine, was shown to the door of the doctor's office and told to go "two floors down and the third door on the right" which was the judges' chambers.

About this time, the American Medical Association took up the patent medicine campaign, and the ensuing investigation lasted for years.

DR. CRUMBINE'S first world-wide project was begun in 1905 with a crusade against the fly. Flies were more or less tolerated by the public but they were a great irritation to the doctor. Few houses had screens, but all had stables and outhouses. A direct path between

(Continued on page 43)

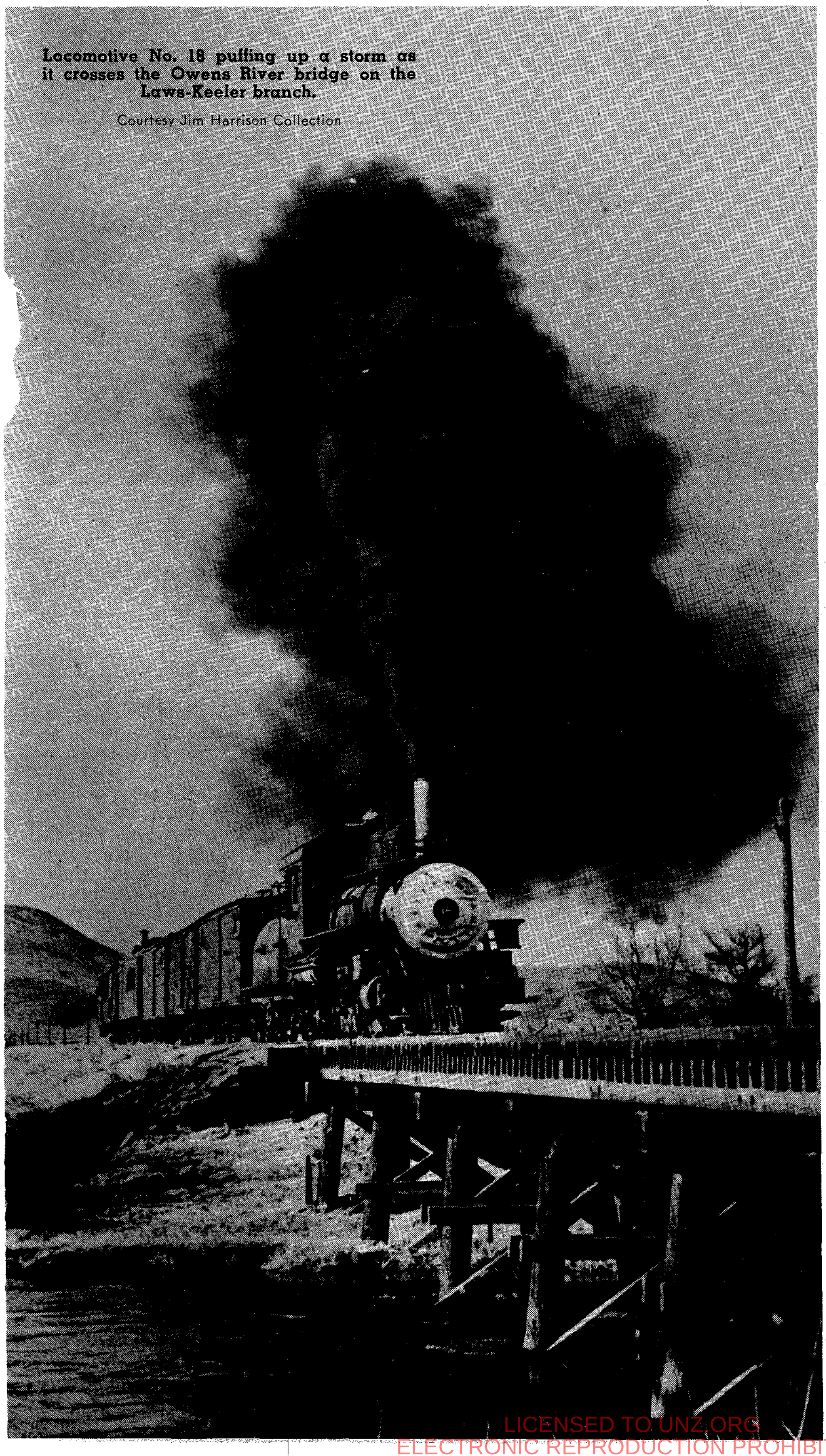
NARROW-GAUGE ROYALTY

The Slim Princess

By T. H. HAGEMANN

Photos Courtesy Author

Her turntable is locked in place, but the little engine still makes her run in the hearts of Californians and Nevadans!



Locomotive No. 18 puffing up a storm as it crosses the Owens River bridge on the Laws-Keeler branch.

Courtesy Jim Harrison Collection

ON APRIL 30, 1960, the last train pulled into Laws, California marking the end of the run for the Slim Princess. The name derived, perhaps, from the slim rails which once extended more than 300 miles, and the end came about because the little railroad with its 36-inch gauge and tiny cars could no longer qualify as an efficient operation.

As with all railroads, there had been a declining and unpredictable use of the line, complicated in its case by the expensive and time-consuming transfer of shipments from standard to narrow-gauge cars. In later years, construction of standard-gauge roads and abandonment of the northern end of the line left the Laws-Keeler branch the last operating narrow-gauge public carrier west of the Rocky Mountains.

The Carson & Colorado Railway was incorporated on May 10, 1880, mainly to tap the rich desert mining regions between the Carson and Colorado Rivers, a distance of some 600 miles. However, a slump in silver prices stopped work after about 300 miles had been completed, and the line never reached the Colorado. The rigors of that 300 miles were best described by one of the C&C's owners: "We either built it 300 miles too long, or 300 years too soon."

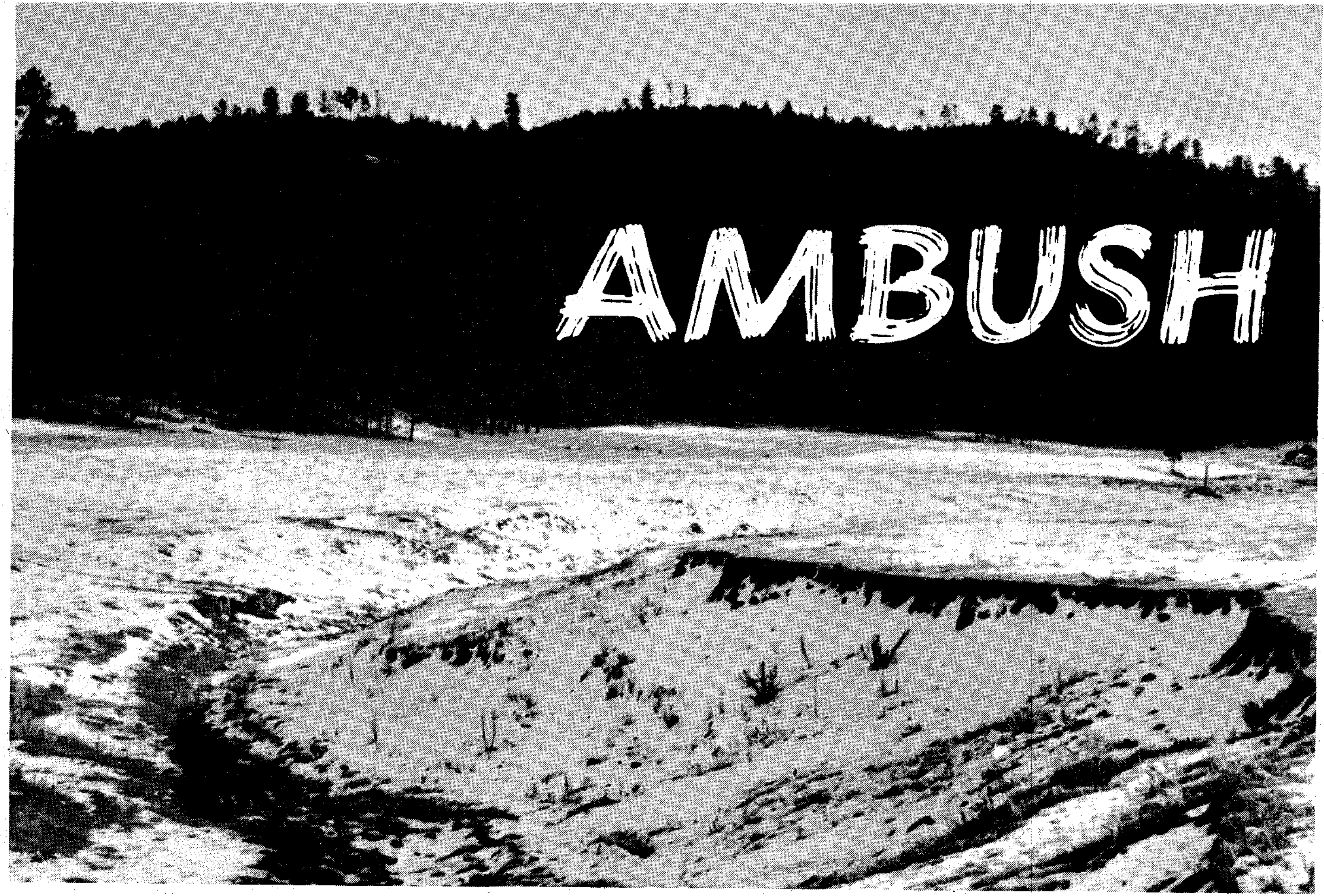
The first section between Mound House and Candelaria, Nevada was finished in 1882. It was extended southward to Laws in March 1883 and to Keeler, near Owens Lake, in July of the same year. The first train puffed into Laws on April 1, 1883. In 1900 the Carson & Colorado sold its interests to Southern Pacific for $2,750,000. R. J. Laws, for whom the station is named, was retained as superintendent.

Running along the eastern edge of Owens Valley between the Inyo Mountains and the High Sierra, the line's southern portion lay between the nation's highest and lowest points—Mount Whitney, 14,496 feet above, and Death Valley 282 feet below, sea level.

Early settlers, pushing the Piute Indians back, found Owens Valley to be

(Continued on page 44)

AMBUSH



Present-day site of the Metz massacre.

ACCORDING to official reports, the military expedition led by George Armstrong Custer encamped in the little valley of French Creek in the central Black Hills on July 30, 1874. During the ensuing days the troops and livestock enjoyed a period of rest and relaxation, and Custer and some companions climbed nearby Harney Peak, the highest in the Black Hills, with an elevation of 7,242 feet. Among the civilians attached to the expedition were two miners, William McKay and Horatio N. Ross, who spent much of their time prospecting for gold, which for many years had been associated by rumor with the unexplored area. On August 2 a substantial amount of color was panned on French Creek by one of the miners, and subsequent panning revealed placer gold in paying quantity. (Horatio Ross laid claim to the discovery, and in later years remembered the date to be July 27—three days before the expedition reached French Creek—but all official reports recorded the date as August 2.)

A bull train on Main Street in Custer City during the gold rush days.

Courtesy Custer County Historical Society

General Custer called his most trustworthy scout, Lonesome Charlie Reynolds, and told him to prepare for a long, tough ride to Fort Laramie. While Custer composed a report of the gold discovery, to be filed and kept in greatest secrecy, a farrier reversed the shoes on one of the fastest horses in the 7th Cavalry, to confuse any inquisitive Indians who might cross the scout's trail between French Creek and Fort Laramie. Lonesome Charlie made the trip in record time, without encountering a single Indian, and delivered his dispatch to the commander at the fort. It is questionable that reversed horseshoes would have fooled a very smart Sioux, so it must be assumed that either the Indians didn't cross Charlie's trail or weren't interested in his departure from the expedition, for certainly they were aware of the presence of Custer and the considerable number of men and wagons camped in Indian territory.

Beyond any question it was not Lonesome Charlie Reynolds who blabbed about the gold discovery in the Black Hills, but someone did. Nor was it any other member of the expedition, for there was no line of communication to the outside. Yet while the Custer column was still encamped near Bear Butte, on the eastern extremity of the northern Hills, the Chicago *Inter Ocean* blared forth in bold headlines, under dateline of August 27, 1874:

and GOLD DUST

—a tragedy of the Black Hills

By G. H. LaTELLE

Photos Courtesy Author

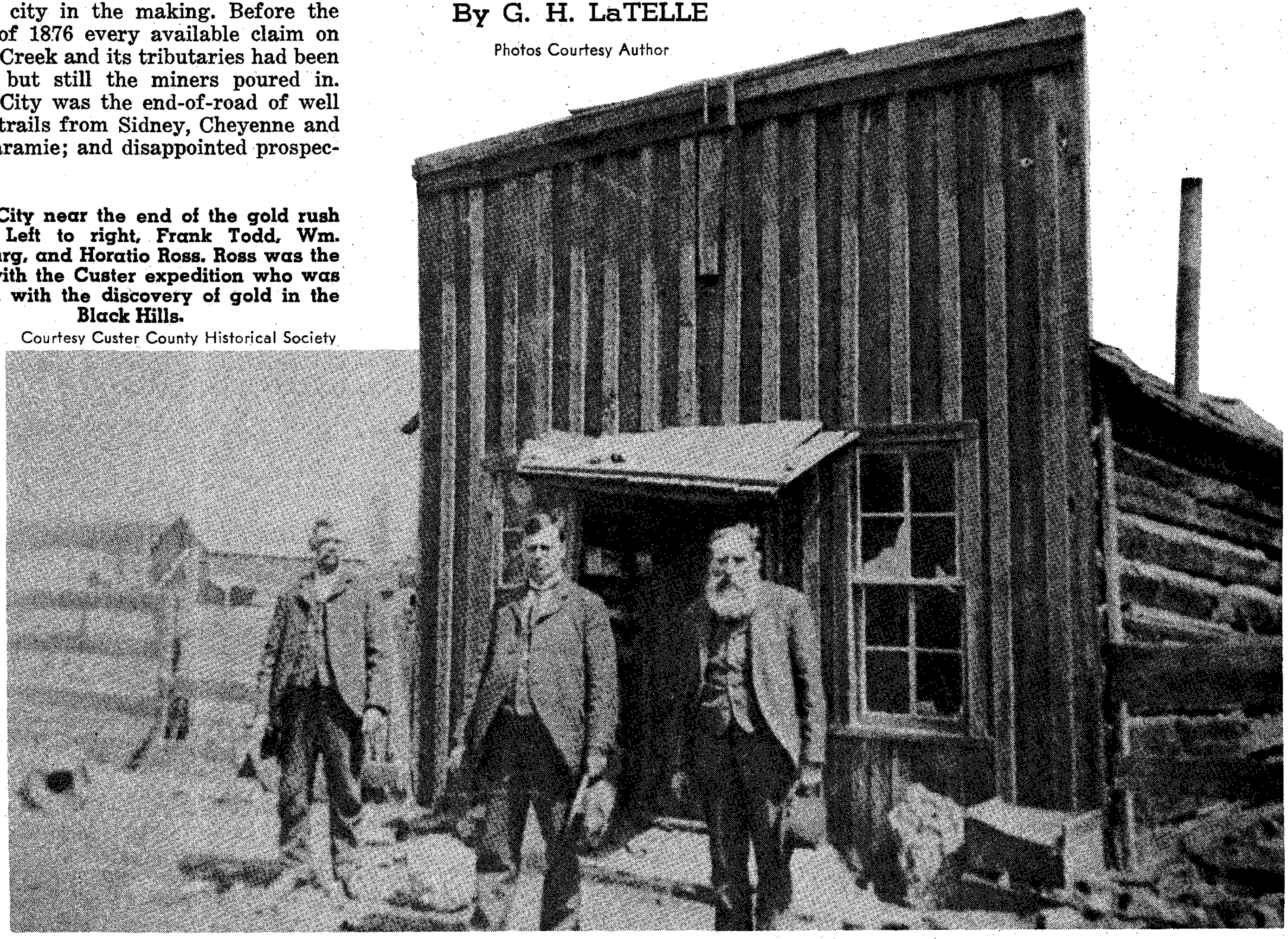
GOLD ! ! !
The Land Of Promise
Stirring News From The Black Hills
THE GLITTERING TREASURE

THE GOLD RUSH was on, and all hell was to pay. For a while the military forceably ejected parties headed for or encamped on French Creek, but finally gave it up as an impossible task. In the summer of 1875 the government sent into the area another expedition, headed by geologist Professor Walter P. Jenney, and the existence of placer gold deposits on French Creek was confirmed.

Custer City was soon the center of activity of a gold-mad horde, and became a city in the making. Before the spring of 1876 every available claim on French Creek and its tributaries had been staked, but still the miners poured in. Custer City was the end-of-road of well beaten trails from Sidney, Cheyenne and Fort Laramie; and disappointed prospectors had started to work northward through the Black Hills. Placer deposits were giving out, and no paying lode had been discovered near French Creek. In early April a few prospectors from the north were drifting back into Custer City for much-needed supplies, and some of them brought reports of fabulous strikes on Dead Timber Creek (or Deadwood). Most of the residents of Custer City paid little attention to the rumor, but the rumor persisted.

Joe Metz, his wife, and a Negro servant girl had left Mankato, Minnesota for Custer City during the winter of 1875-76, and had made the trip in a covered wagon without too much difficulty. Metz was a practical man, somewhat allergic to hard work. He knew that the gold rush was well along, and that he had small chance of reaping a bonanza by digging in the ground; but he also knew that the hard-working miners had to eat, regardless of the cost.

Joe Metz arrived in Custer City with a wagonload of flour and immediately set up a bakery of sorts. The bakery turned out to be the biggest strike on French Creek, and the Metz family worked around the clock turning out bread. As fast as they made it they sold it, and the leather poke grew fat with gold dust which someone else had panned. Metz figured that his time on the long trek from Mankato, added to the original cost of the flour, stood him about $26 a hundred-weight. However, 100 pounds of flour turned out about 140 loaves of



Custer City near the end of the gold rush period. Left to right, Frank Todd, Wm. Thornburg, and Horatio Ross. Ross was the miner with the Custer expedition who was credited with the discovery of gold in the Black Hills.

Courtesy Custer County Historical Society bread, and bread sold readily for one dollar a loaf, in gold. The bakery beat panning gold a country mile.

By April 1876 the Sioux were really beginning to demonstrate their displeasure at the invasion of their sacred Black Hills. Few were the ox-trains or stagecoaches that managed to reach Custer City without being attacked, and the residents of the community were in daily fear of being swarmed under and burned out in a concerted effort by the Sioux to eliminate them. Discouraged miners in the central Hills were beginning to move on to new strikes farther north, or were drifting back to civilization to resume their former occupations.

About mid-April a disappointed miner showed up in Custer City, looking for some opportunity that promised a better income than he had found in Deadwood. Being low on grub he stopped in at Joe Metz's bakery for a supply of bread. Paying his bill he decided that he had missed his calling when he took up mining as a business. A bakery would hit pay dirt a lot faster than scratching through gravel in the creek bed. He asked Metz how much flour he had on hand, and how much bread that flour would make. Metz's inventory disclosed close to a ton on hand, so the visiting miner asked what he would take for the entire business—flour, pots and pans, kitchen stove and good-will.

Mrs. Metz had been plaguing Joe to get out while the getting was good, so he put his pencil and paper to work.

"That stock of flour will make about 2,800 loaves of bread," he said. "Less the labor, that's $2,800, plus a monopoly. I'll take $2,000 for the whole business—in gold dust." For $520 worth of flour and $100 worth of equipment, the $2,000 would still leave a good profit, with no work.

The stranger bought the business, and paid off in gold dust.

JOE METZ and his wife lost no time in packing their remaining belongings and loading their covered wagon. The news of the sale was soon public knowledge, and a down-on-his-luck miner offered to drive their wagon in payment for the trip out.

The nearest center of civilization was Sidney, a distance of 169 miles. The more heavily traveled road to Cheyenne stretched something over 200 miles. Joe Metz decided to get out by the shortest route. Friends counseled the baker to wait for a bull-train or some kind of escort, but Joe was determined to get out of the lawless camp while he still had a poke full of gold. Robbery, and even murder, was becoming quite common.

It was anyone's guess how much money the bakery had made during its several months of operation, in addition to the $2,000 for which he had sold the business. Here was certainly prime bait for any crook in camp.

Early on the morning of April 24, 1876 the covered wagon pulled out of Custer City headed south, with Joe and his wife, their colored maid and the driver, all happy to be on their way. Just out of town they met Scott Davis (later to become one of the most famous shotgun messengers to ever ride a treasure coach in the Black Hills), coming in from Cheyenne with a mule-train. Metz stopped to ask about Indian trouble to the south.

"No trouble this side of the Cheyenne River," Scott Davis said, "but they're sure thick on the other side. You'd better take the Cheyenne road and head for Fort Laramie where you'll have some protection." Metz took the advice, and pulled off to the right. That was the last time that any member of the Metz party was seen alive.

Early the next morning (April 25) a party led by Robert Flormann threaded its way up through Red Canyon en route to Custer City. Near the upper end of the canyon, and twelve or fifteen miles from Custer City, the party came upon a covered wagon and a dead campfire. At first the camp seemed to be deserted. Then one member of the party discovered Joe Metz lying near the wagon, shot twice through the body and once in the head. The wagon had been ransacked, and all of the baggage had been torn open and scattered about. There was no sign of the horses. An intensive search by the Flormann party finally located the body of the driver about a mile back toward Custer City. He also had been shot in the head, apparently while running away. Down a slope toward a creek they found the body of Mrs. Metz, who had been shot to death. The Negro woman was not found. Evidence indicated that Metz had been preparing dinner while the driver had been gathering wood, and Mrs. Metz had been looking for water. The driver had apparently heard the three shots which killed Metz and had started to run, before being caught as Mrs. Metz had been.

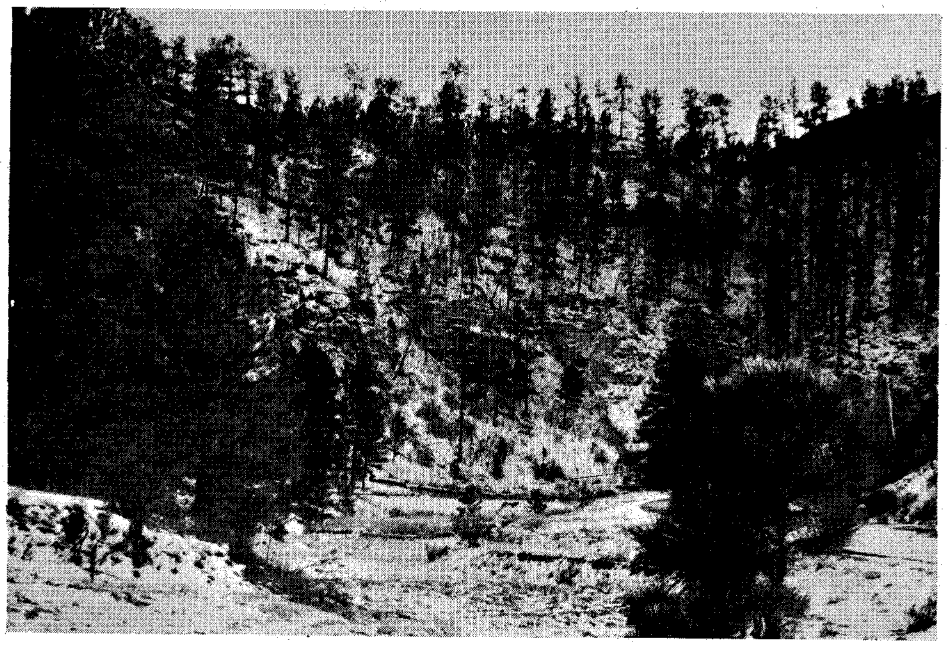
Mrs. Flormann did what she could to prepare the body of Mrs. Metz for burial before the party reversed its course and took the three bodies to the Cheyenne Stage Station, where they were buried. (The present town of Edgemont, South Dakota is near the location of the old Cheyenne Stage Station.) The Flormann party then cautiously retraced its route back up Red Canyon and on to Custer City, where they reported the tragedy.

The Sioux were immediately blamed for the murders and for the probable capture of the Negro maid. But the Flormanns were convinced that the murders were the work of white thieves. Few Indians at that time had firearms, and fewer could use them effectively, yet all of the Metz group had been shot. None had been scalped. There was no trace of the considerable amount of dust that Metz was known to have with him—an item more likely to be coveted by white men than Sioux. The wagon had been ransacked and the baggage torn open and scattered about, but there was no indication of plundering which so delighted the Indian heart.

AROUND the first of May, Captain C. V. Gardner left Custer City with a large caravan of discouraged miners, and took the Red Canyon route toward Cheyenne. This party stopped for a noon meal close to the spot where the Metz family had been murdered a few days before. The group resumed its journey southward, with Captain Gardner riding as a lookout along the course of the creek, off to one side of the trail. About a mile south of where the Metz party had camped and been ambushed, Captain Gardner investigated a little side draw, and here he came upon the body of the Negro maid. She was still upright in a leaning position against the side of the draw, with her face against the dirt bank and her clasped hands behind her head. There was an arrow between her shoulders, and she was dead. Gardner sent a rider back to Custer City to report

(Continued on page 54)

The body of the Negro girl who accompanied the Metz family was found in a draw just to the right of this scene.



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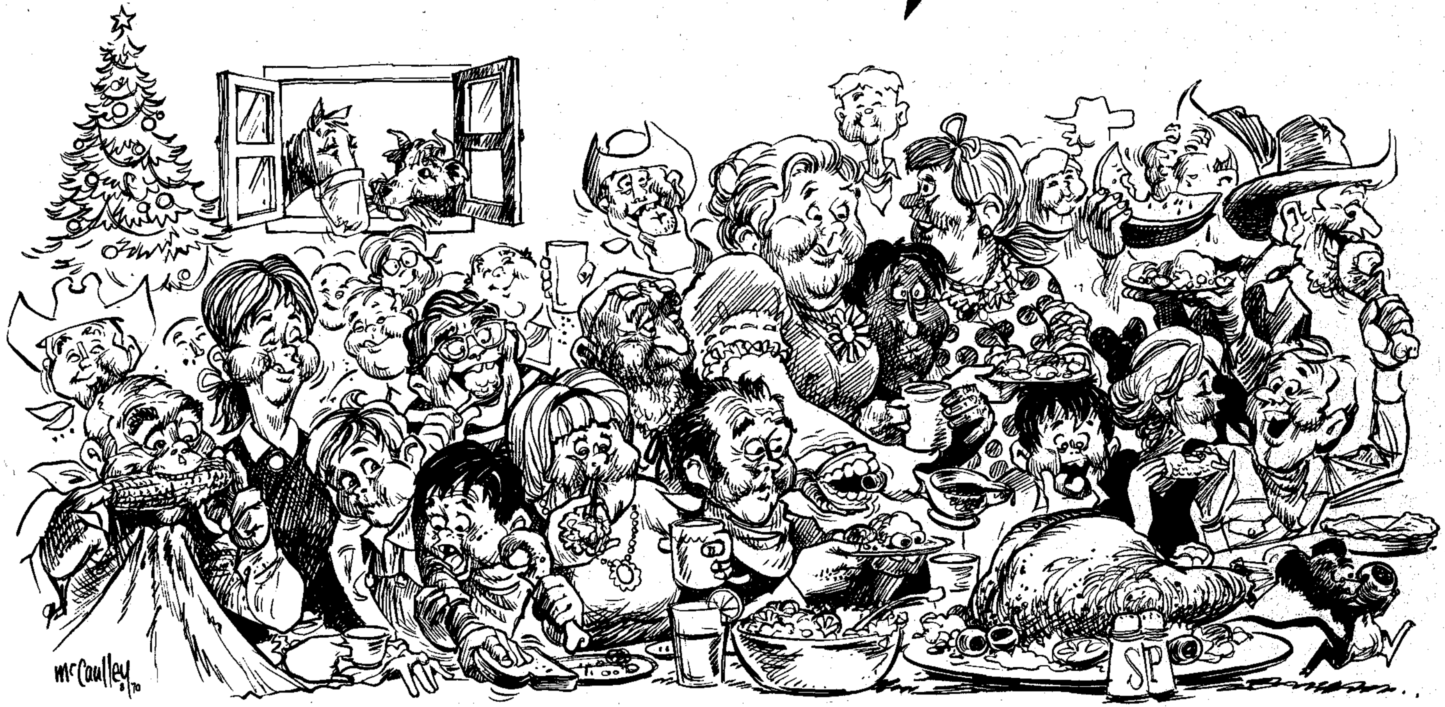

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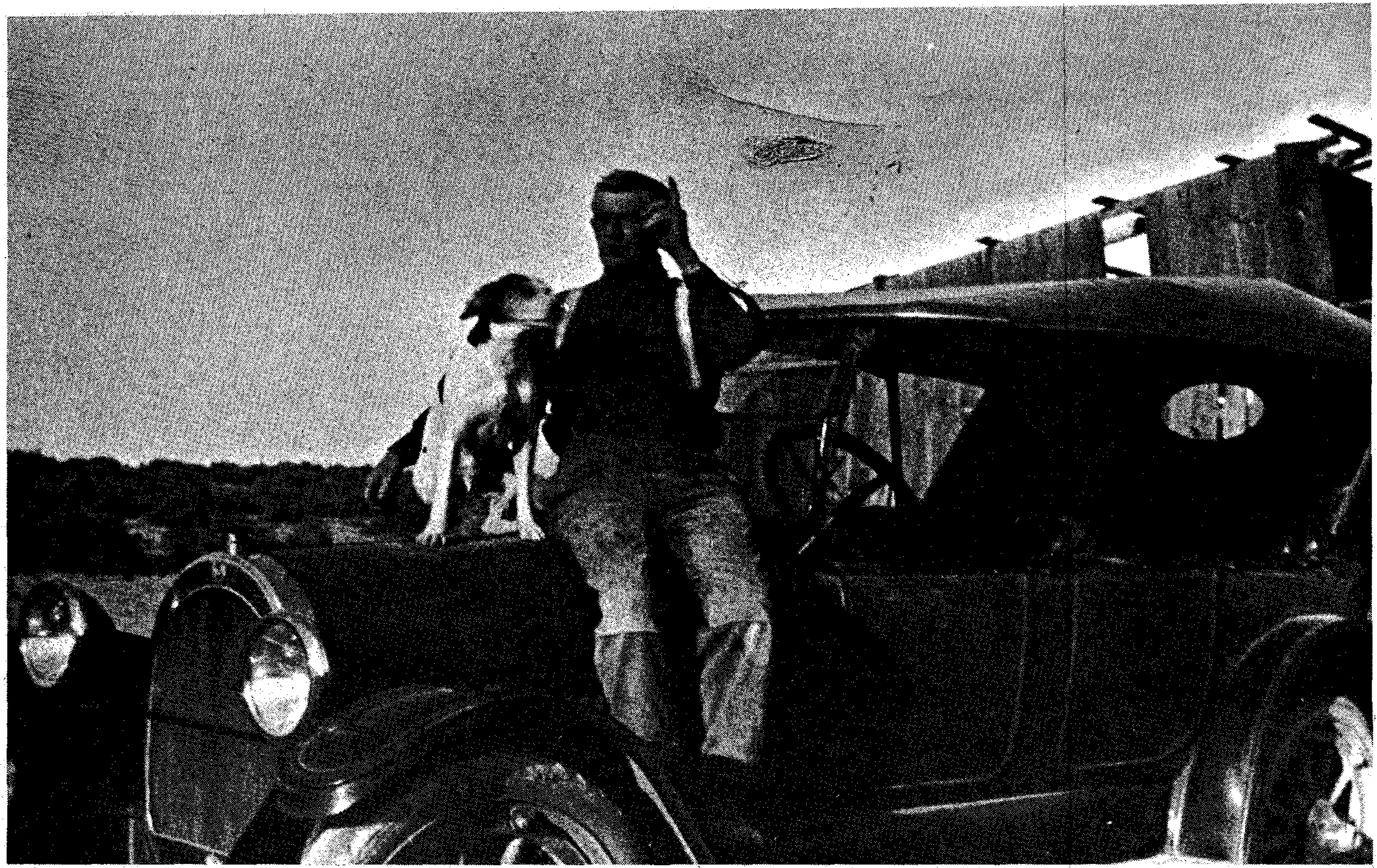


Charlie Koehn, the "Wild Dutchman," chats with a friend.

By ROBERTA M. STARRY

Photos Courtesy Author

MOJAVE DESERT'S WILD DUTCHMAN

HE WAS GREETED as "Charlie" or "Koehn," but out of earshot the busy little fellow with the freight wagon, operator of a stage stop and miner, was generally referred to as the "Wild Dutchman." The nickname stuck from his first pioneering days in the Mojave Desert through the days at the penitentiary where he served time for a wild, harebrained scare job.

Koehn first came to central California's Mojave region in 1889 to install machinery at a gold mill. The twenty-two-year-old German immigrant, a well educated and skilled mechanical engineer, found no fascination in the long chance of finding gold, and returned to San Francisco as soon as the mill went into operation. But three years later, caught up in the excitement of repeated gold and silver strikes, he headed for the silver mines of the Panamint Mountains on the edge of Death Valley.

Traveling by train as far as Tehachapi, Koehn got his bicycle from the baggage car, tied on a small bundle of food and personal belongings, then pedaled, pushed and pulled his way east. The bicycle had been economical transportation in San Francisco but proved as much a burden as a help in the sandy wagon ruts which cut across the desert toward the mines.

Camping along the route, the young German stopped one night at Kane Springs about forty miles east of Tehapachi. A large group of travelers and freighters were already setting up their camps when Koehn pushed his bike into the trampled area. The following morning the overnight site was a noisy, busy

Last laughs beat no laughs at all—don't they?

place as individuals rounded up their teams, pack animals and riding horses. Koehn was ready to leave before the rest—the bicycle created no problem of catching, feeding and saddling—but a chance remark delayed his departure.

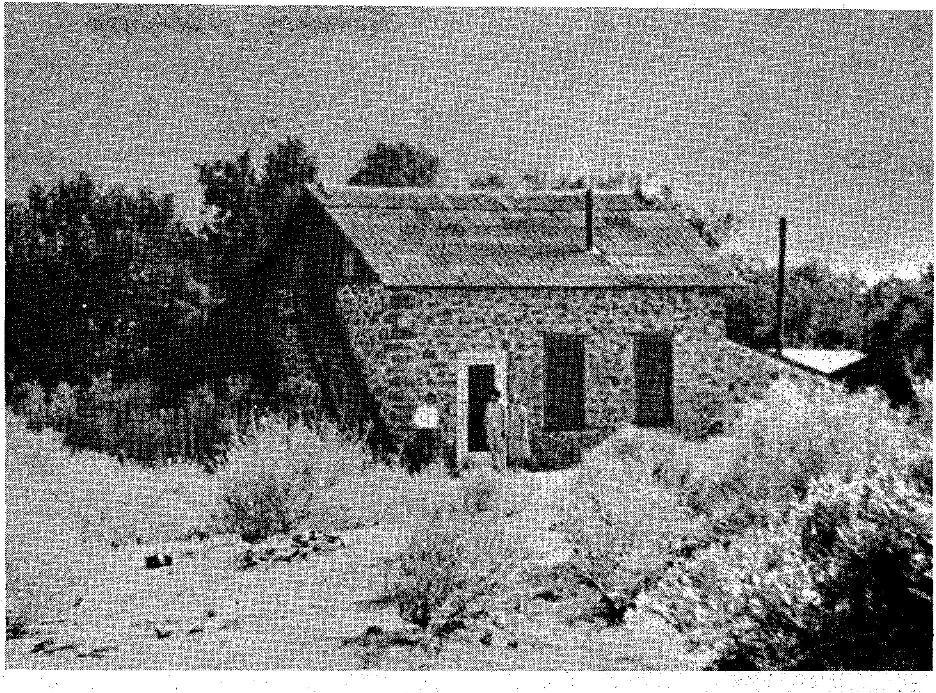
One of the drivers had turned the air blue while trying to catch an elusive mule, and let it be known that he for one wished some enterprising individual would take over the spring and make it a way station with corrals for stock and meals for travelers.

Koehn immediately saw the possibilities and, as a result, never reached the Panamints; he stayed right at Kane Springs, staking out the water source and surrounding area. Returning to Tehachapi he started homesteading proceedings and then ordered building materials. Sheds and corrals sprang up with every load of lumber. When the two-story rock and adobe building was completed Kane Springs Way Station offered the wayfarer food, drink, a place to sleep and an evening's lively conversation; animals were watered and fed.

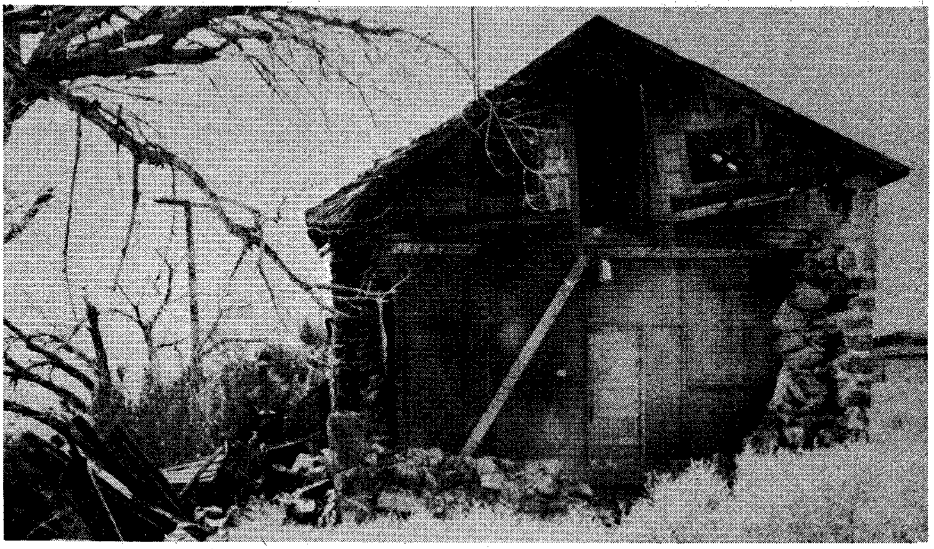
FROM EARLY 1893 Charlie Koehn's place was well known, and the bustling little German was seen everywhere. He was involved in almost every project that presented itself from grubstaking prospectors to setting up the first business to meet the demands of prospector, miner or investor if a new strike occurred. When a gold nugget worth $1,900 was discovered in Goler Gulch, approximately twelve miles from Kane Springs, the stampede was on and Charlie was quick to turn the boom into a gold mine of his own. His was the first business in the new camp; a tent store supplied men with food and mining equipment and a wood-sided, canvas-top saloon served drinks across a plank held up by two empty whiskey barrels.

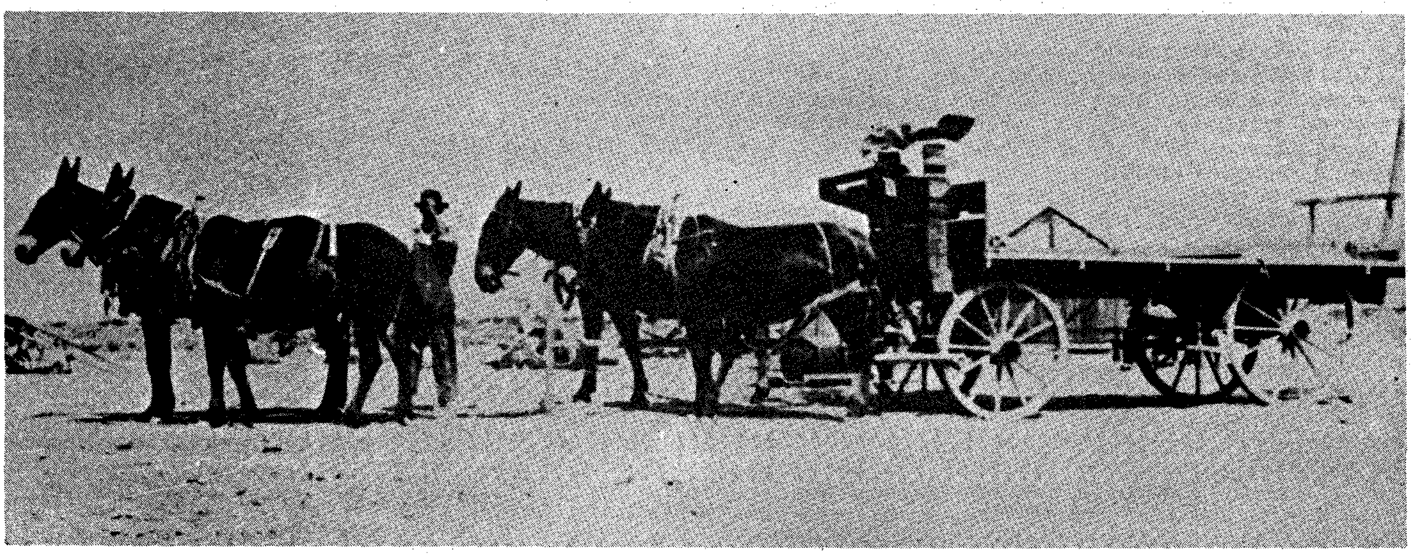
Applying for a post office at Kane Spring added another source of income. Koehn's freight wagons hauled supplies and delivered mail for 25c per item. The postal department only paid him $50 for

(Continued on page 68)



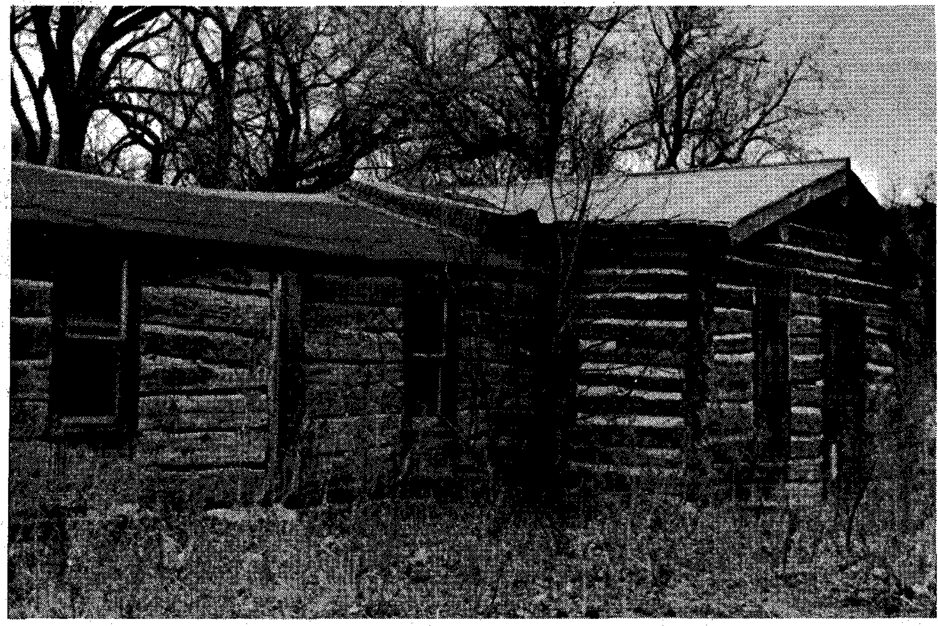
Above, Kane Springs Way Station in the late 1890s, when two to three stages passed each way during the day, freighters paused for a meal or a drink, and gold investors in hired rigs rested before attempting more miles of open desert. Below, the station is a crumbling ruin today. Weather, vandals, and the vibration of passing trains are tearing apart the rock and adobe walls.





Koehn freighted supplies to the gold camps, delivered mail to miners at 25 cents an article, and held shares in many mines where he had grubstaked the prospector.

NUGGETS



Photos Courtesy Con Marshall, Scottsbluff, Nebraska

The former home of W. T. Kelly is the only structure left in Fairbanks.

THE LAST SURVIVOR

By B. J. Ballew

IN A SECLUDED pocket among chalk bluffs and pine-dotted hills sits an old log cabin. The Platte River flows past and around the bend, rippling its salute to the sole survivor of the town of Fairbanks, Wyoming. A cave up on the side of a cliff and some gnarled old cottonwood trees hover protectively over the lonely old structure.

Actually Fairbanks came into existence due to the discovery of more than one mine near Hartville, by Taylor Miller. A multitude of prospectors swept into the area and formed the small town of Millersburg. The copper ore was taken by mules and wagon 110 miles south to Cheyenne. From there it was shipped east where it soon came to the attention of N. K. Fairbanks and G. M. Pullman. When they decided it would be more lucrative to erect a smelter in the same general area where the ore was being mined, they selected a spot not far from Millersburg along the Platte River. The smelter was built on a knoll, reinforced by rocks.

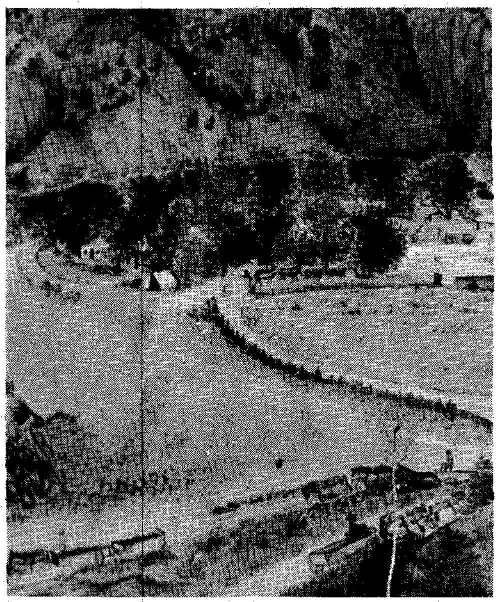
Like Millersburg, Fairbanks enjoyed an initial prosperity. Joining the smelter were business places such as "Coffee Bean Cafe," "Yard Goods and Groceries," "Mineral Office," "Inaminit Drink Parlor," and "Two-glass Jack's Place." Houses clung haphazardly to the side of the knoll. One of the occupants living at the bottom of the hill was I. S. Bartlett, Wyoming's well-known stockman and historian.

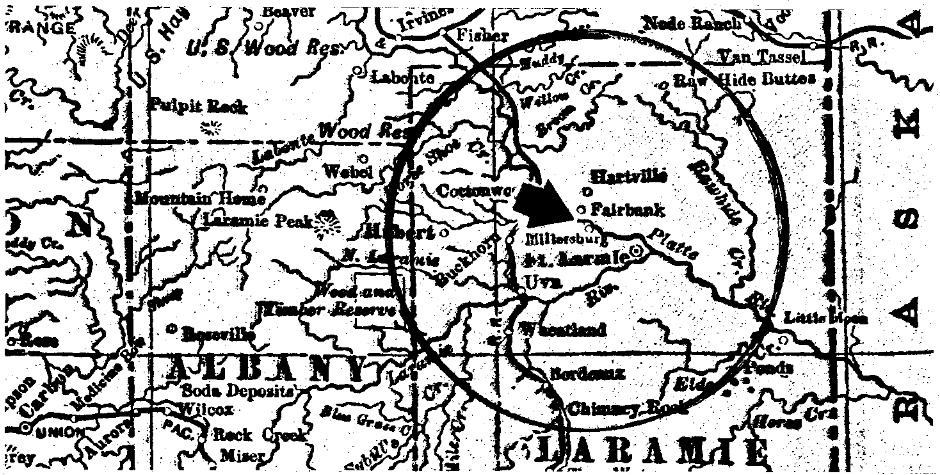
LONG BEFORE Fairbanks came into existence, shelter for man was there. The large cave high on the side of a cliff was ideal for protection and powwows for the bands of Sioux Indians who roamed the area. Arrowheads and other artifacts have been found in and around the mouth of the cave.

Fairbanks was at its peak in 1883. Soon afterward, it was discovered that the copper was only in shallow veins and pockets. Millersburg was finished, but Fairbanks experienced a slower death. More than $200,000 worth of copper was smelted before the smelter closed. Long after it and other businesses were a thing of the past, there were still Saturday night dances, put on by William T. Kelly who had come to Fairbanks after serving a hitch at Fort Laramie. He lived in the little log cabin.

And for a dying town—things kept happening. One night Bill Kelly was awakened by a cowboy who was making a wild run with a pretty young lady from another state. She had come to Hartville to visit and was watched carefully and not allowed to go anywhere alone. She enlisted the aid of the young cowboy to help her escape. There was only one way out of Hartville and the cowboy was being watched with sus-

An artist's conception of what Fairbanks was like in the early days. The smelter is not included in the drawing owned by Mrs. Eldo Larson, granddaughter of W. T. Kelly.

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Wilcox
Rock Creek
Bordeaux
Chimney Rock
Ponds
Horse Cr.
LARAMIE
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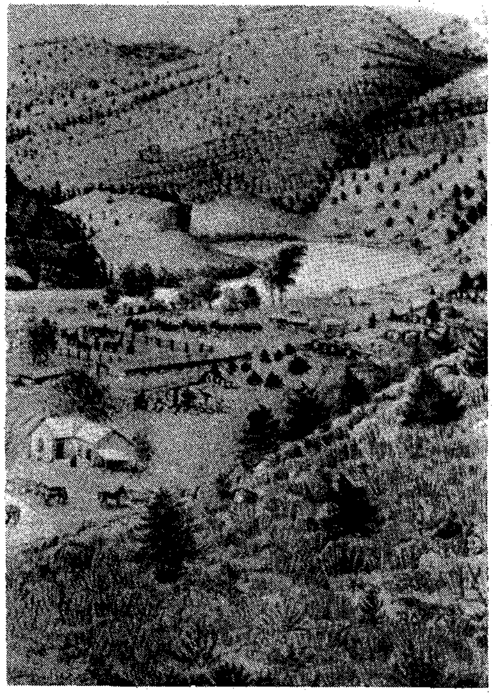
Photos Courtesy Author

An early 1900s map of the State of Wyoming bearing the names of Millersburg and Fairbanks.

picion. They fled down the narrow dark canyon, not stopping until they came to the cabin where Kelly lived. After a short rest, they hurried on in their dash for freedom.

People have all but forgotten this little town in Wyoming. One by one the buildings have been erased from the landscape, just as the name of the town has disappeared from the maps. The only remains of the smelter are the red rocks which had been used for reinforcement and the black slag which had been spewn upon the ground. Ruts in the ground made by wagons pulled by mules and loaded with copper are barely visible now.

The area has long been called Kelly's Park. Few, if any, of the local residents in the nearby towns recall the town of Fairbanks or know that it is a ghost town. Fire, floods and the elements have badly battered—but have not conquered—Fairbanks. The weathered old cabin is the last survivor—and like the cave—it stands steadfast.



THE HOODS OF COLD SPRINGS

By Annie H. Carter

IN 1885 Jesse and Ellen Hood, with their six children, traveled westward along the Santa Fe Trail into the wet Cimarron River Valley in No Man's Land, driving oxen. They camped overnight at what was known as Cold Springs, an old Indian retreat—later a covered wagon campground.

In a day or so they traveled on into New Mexico and settled in Lincoln County at the foot of the Capitan Mountains, where I was born in 1888. We only lived there nine years, then retraced the trail as far east as Father's earlier campground, Cold Springs. I remember quite well our trip back over the old trail, but we were driving horses instead of oxen. At this time, 1894, my father took squatters rights on the spring; then in a short time he homesteaded 160 acres surrounding the spring.

There were many old wagon wheels, ox yokes and mule shoes scattered about. We also found a lot of arrowheads and Indian relics. In the country round-about were many buffalo skulls, some of the horns being fairly well preserved. Father polished and mounted these horns during the following years.

He, with the help of the older boys, managed to build fairly comfortable living quarters for our first winter; then in the spring, he began to build a small stone house near the spring, but it was not finished until 1896.

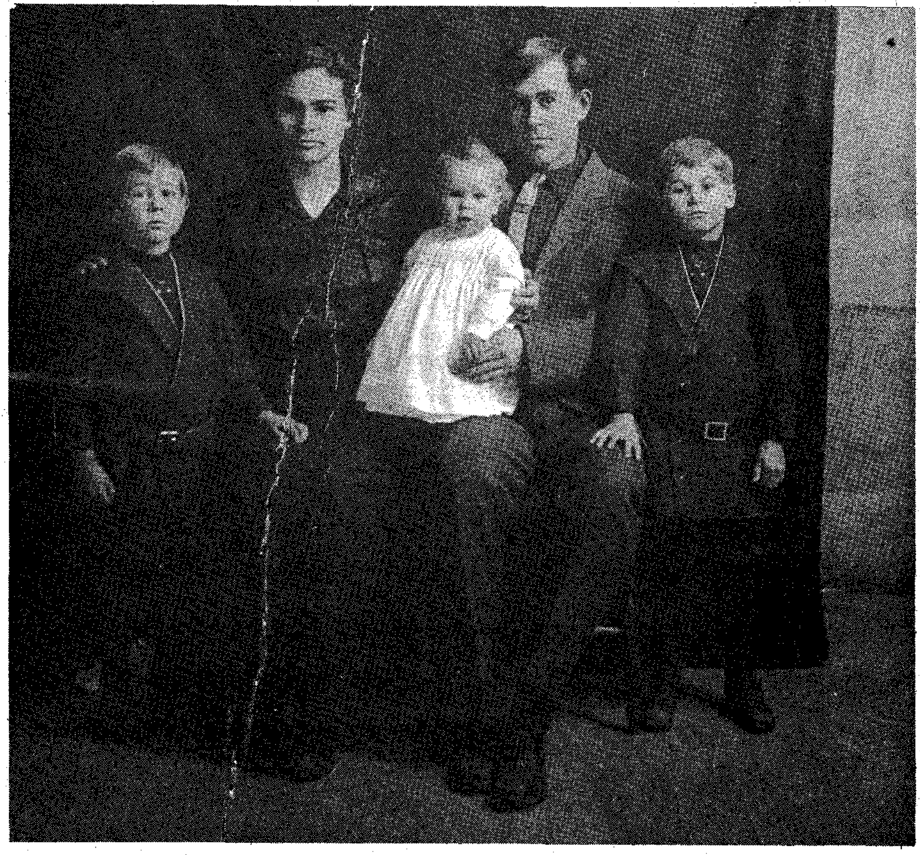
I visited Cold Springs eight years ago and found the small house in good repair, something I appreciated very much—even the stone mantel he had carved and placed over the fireplace was still there. Since no one was home, my son and I looked about a bit. We noted the name of "John L. Carter," carved on the bluff in 1885. He later became my father-in-law.

MY BROTHERS were sent that winter (1894-95) to the ZH school, four miles due north. Loofburrow was the teacher. Some of the other early-day teachers were Gilles, Konkle, and Evans—all early settlers of No Man's Land.

Our nearest neighbor along Cold

The Charles F. Carter family in 1915. The children are Cleo, far left; Baby Russell, center; and Bobby, far right.

Photos Courtesy Author



Springs arroyo were the Cablers who had two boys, Walt and Tom; and the Brites, a very large family of twelve or fifteen, mostly boys. They were so numerous we saw some of them almost every day. Just below the ranch lived the Capansky family, six boys and one girl, Pearl. They were the musicians of the valley and played for our dances.

This was a rough wild country at that time. I have heard Father say several times that Beaver County was very little different from Lincoln County.

Owing to the mode of travel, I learned to ride at an early age. At nine years, I rode to the ZH school; at twelve, I rode each week to the Garrell post office, seven miles away on the Cimarron River. This prepared me for longer rides to come.

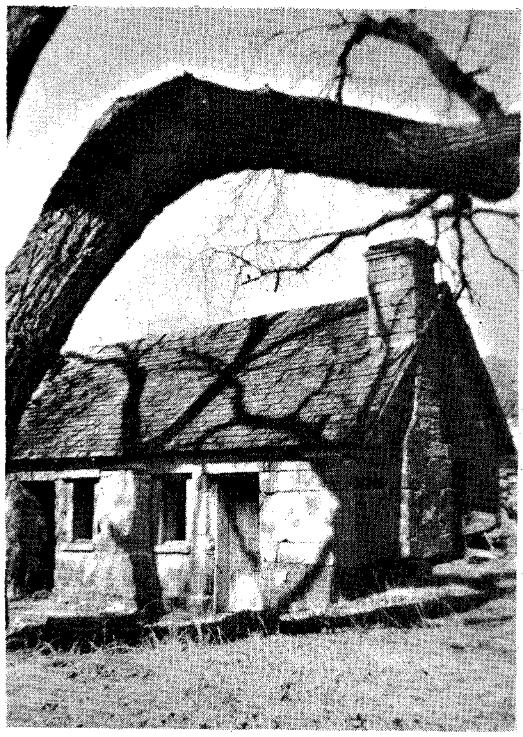
In 1897 my oldest sister, Martha, had married Arch Brite, oldest of the Brite boys. He homesteaded land over on Beaver Creek, about twenty or twenty-five miles south of Cold Springs. Martha was expecting her fourth child, so one July morning, bright and early, Mother sent me to see if all was going well. At that time I was less than sixteen years of age.

The road, a very dim one, led directly across the open prairie, about ten or fifteen miles west of where Boise City, Oklahoma was later located.

I found my sister quite ill and badly in need of medicine and other things. I quickly turned my own horse loose, saddled another, and retraced my path. My mother was very much surprised to see me, but after learning of my sister's illness, hastily gathered what she had of the needed things while I watered and fed my horse.

As soon as I had eaten a sandwich, I set out again across the hot dusty prairie for Beaver Creek. On reaching the ranch a second time, I found my sister had grown worse. My brother-in-law had his team hitched to the hack, preparing to take my sister to Clayton, New Mexico, where there was an old-time doctor named Slack.

The rock house built by Jesse Hood in 1895.



Grandma Hood settled on Cold Springs in No Man's Land in 1894. She died in Kenton, Oklahoma in 1914.

I had made a ride of seventy or seventy-five miles (two horses—one rider), but not wishing to spend the night alone on this lonesome ranch, I set out again for Cold Springs, on my own horse. I reached there just after sundown, a ride of close to a hundred miles. Such a ride at the present time would be out of the ordinary, but not then, for it was the usual way and about the only way of travel—so people thought nothing of it.

My sister's baby arrived at our house in November, a boy. He was the first and only child born on Cold Springs. He was named Coke Turner Brite, after Coke Turner Roberts, foreman on the A11 Ranch, just a few miles below the Brite Ranch on Beaver Creek.

In 1904, after my mother was left alone, she sold Cold Springs to Arch Brite and we moved to Kenton, Oklahoma, about twenty-five miles west but in the Cimarron Valley. I attended one term of school there and was married there in 1909 to Charles F. Carter. We had three sons: Cleo, Bobby and Russell.

My mother, known then as Grandma Hood, had settled on Cold Springs in 1894 and passed away at Kenton in 1914 at seventy years of age. She was buried in the Kenton Cemetery. My four brothers are buried there beside our mother and many old-timers. I am the only survivor of the Jesse Hood family who settled in No Man's Land seventy-five years ago.

MOUNTAIN HORSE

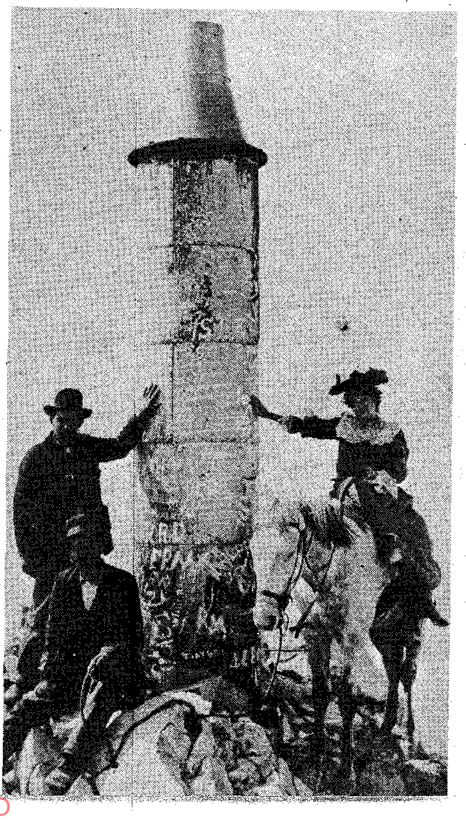
By Ed Andrews

THE CLIMBING of 14,161-foot Mount Shasta was not an extraordinary feat in itself, but W. B. Beem of Dunsmuir, California and his partner Watson, were making the attempt with a horse. "Old Jump," a dappled grey gelding was to accompany the Beem-Watson party to the summit on September 23, 1903. Included in the strange party was a Miss Alma Cousins, of Redding, California and a W. S. Valentine, an intrepid photographer who recorded the picture of Old Jump with Miss Cousins aboard.

Watson and Beem left the town of McCloud on the east slope of Mount Shasta on Monday, September 21. They camped at timberline, picketing their pack horses and caching their supplies in preparation for the try for the peak on Wednesday, the 23rd.

Beem's account of the final ascent of Mount Shasta describes the gelding "as sure footed as a mountain goat." However, Beem's attention was not entirely held by Old Jump, for he digresses with a good word for the female of the party. "Miss Alma bounded ahead, as nimble as a gazelle, with apparent ease and seeming less fatigue than any of the men." The Beem-Watson party reached the summit at 2:45 p.m. and Valentine lost little time in preparing his camera equipment. Watson led Old Jump down a narrow ledge to the rocky pinnacle which supported the steel government survey

William Beem, standing, Thom Watson, seated, and Miss Alma Cousins, mounted on Old Jump, the Mountain Horse. The large metal government survey marker has since been destroyed by high winds and lightning. A small portion of it was recovered and now remains on display at the Siskiyou County Museum, Yreka, California.



Eastman's Studio Photo, Susanville, California

In 1903 the east side of Mt. Shasta was scaled by William Beem, Thom Watson, Miss Alma Cousins, and Old Jump, the Mountain Horse.

marker (since destroyed by high winds and lightning). At this point Miss Cousins mounted the gelding for the historic picture.

The descent, far more difficult than the ascent, was accomplished without incident and the daring party reached McCloud on Saturday morning.

It now appears that Billy Beem was right when he said, "It may be a very long time in the future before the feat will again be accomplished." Shasta is still there but to my knowledge no other horse has topped the summit to claim the title of "mountain horse."

Doc Crumbine of Dodge City

(Continued from page 32)

each building was used by the people as well as the flies.

Through observation Crumbine suspected there was a direct relationship between the fly and typhoid fever. He was determined to put an end to the pest but his campaign was having a hard time getting off the ground. While watching a baseball game in Topeka one day, the rival team of Wichita had just tied the score in the ninth inning. Topeka got a man on third base and the fans were going mad. One yelled, "Sacrifice fly," while another yelled, "Swat that ball," and Dr. Crumbine yelled, "I've got it!" Off he rushed to his office. The outcome of the game is not known but a "Swat the Fly!" campaign went into high gear.

A few days later, Frank H. Rose, an unsung hero from Weir, Kansas, presented the doctor with a crude contraption made of a yardstick and a piece of screen wire. A "fly bat"? No—why not call it a "Fly Swatter"? And the campaign got another boost. Flies died by the thousands and the fly swatter became a household necessity all over the world.

ONCE the flies were in their place, tuberculosis was next on the list. Crumbine was riding on a train one day, watching a couple of "lungers," as they were then known. He was at a loss as to what to do. No law required the re-

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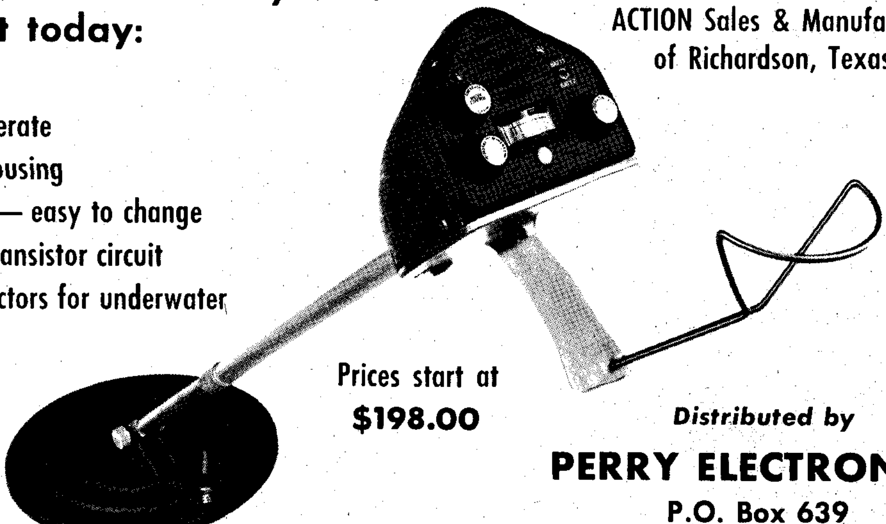

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porting of such a disease to prevent its spread. Until a patient was in a critical stage, he rarely went to a doctor.

While watching these two, one of them got up and walked to the end of the car and used the drinking cup which hung by the water dispenser. Shortly after, a small girl proceeded to do likewise. In a frenzy the doctor rushed down the aisle shouting, "Damn the common drinking cup!" and threw the offending article out the window.

Back in Topeka, he pushed another law through the legislature. In 1909 the public drinking cup was outlawed. The next obstacle was how to dispense water to a thirsty public. A young man named Hugh Moore, Kansas-born but living in Boston, came up with an answer as simple as the fly swatter—a small cone-shaped paper cup. Moore, in later years, became chairman of the board of the Dixie Cup Company.

This success drove Dr. Crumbine to attack and finally get legislation to abolish the roller towel in public places, and to start a new campaign against tuberculosis with the slogan, "Don't Spit on the Sidewalk."

The drive was received with much public grumbling. Over the years people had grown used to such practices. This was an invasion of privacy. But Crumbine persisted and with the help of a local brick-maker put the campaign directly in the public eye. He had the slogan imprinted on sidewalk bricks. Soon brick manufacturers all over eastern Kansas cooperated in the new campaign.

As the reported cases of communicable illnesses fell off in Kansas, other areas strove to keep up with every new public health recommendation Doctor Crumbine made. His fame spread and much of his time was spent with the many national and international health meetings which he was asked to attend.

In 1911 he accepted the office of Dean of the School of Medicine at the University of Kansas for a four-year period. This gave him an opportunity to see if the young doctors of the day were receiving proper training.

After World War I, a division of Child Hygiene was organized as part of the Kansas Health Department under the direction of Dr. Crumbine. Infant mortality was alarmingly high but soon began to lower as the new campaign went into full swing. Herbert Hoover, then president of the American Child Health Association, finally persuaded the doctor to become medical consultant for the association.

As a result, in 1923, the family packed up to move from the state they loved so much, and headed for the confines of New York.

Crumbine buckled down to the strain of his new life among the stone buildings and concrete sidewalks, saying, "A Kansan can get used to anything."

Under the auspices of the association, Dr. Crumbine undertook a nationwide drive for safe milk by pasteurization. He set up a small laboratory in a car, and drove from place to place where infant mortality was high.

With this campaign on the go, he took up the situation of the southern colored midwife. He received unconditional support from the Health Department of every state he visited.

In 1925, Dr. Crumbine became general executive of the association and was later asked by its ex-president and then President of the United States, Herbert Hoover, to make a thorough study of the health conditions of Puerto Rico. The resulting report, as well as many others which the doctor authored, were used extensively in medical schools as text books and required reading.

In 1936, the association dissolved. But in 1938, the Save the Child Federation, a privately supported organization, was set into operation with Dr. Crumbine as the medical consultant. This organization had as its basic purpose, the support and improvement of the health of the children of the southern mountain regions. The nation's highest birth rate was centered in this area.

With retirement and during his declining years, Crumbine continued to be an active part of public health campaigns although he was not so vocal as before.

One of his new enjoyments was attending the local movie to view the latest western tale. He would gleefully comment about the antics of the drugstore cowboys and then tell of his own escapades on Front Street.

He published his autobiography in 1948 under the name of *The Frontier Doctor.* Eight years later, on July 10, 1954, Dr. Crumbine died at the age of ninety-one. His body was returned to his beloved Kansas for burial at Topeka.

A poem composed many years before by a friend, Mr. Walter Mason, would have made an appropriate epitaph in summing up his life's work:

Whose policies were good and wise
Who taught us how to swat the flies
Between their doggone blooming eyes
Doc Crumbine

Narrow-Gauge Royalty

(Continued from page 33)

very fertile. By the close of the last century, it was one of California's most fruitful sections. Carloads of peaches and pears were shipped along with other farm produce before Los Angeles' need for water dried up the area.

During the mining boom gold, silver, talc, borax and other minerals formed a great part of the freight, as well as carloads of sheep and cattle. Mail and passengers were carried, and Wells Fargo messengers were on almost every train.

Although there were desperadoes around, it is not recorded that they ever held up any of the trains, although they did rob one Wells Fargo messenger, and the safe was broken into at the Laws Station.

Typical of its time and place, the C&C had some unusual rules. A train had to stop for anyone along the rails with a pack; Indians were permitted to ride free in freight cars; and the railroad furnished water without charge to people living along the route. Empty barrels set beside the tracks by prospectors were refilled by train crews.

While not exactly a "rule," it was a custom in hot weather for the crews to stop and take a dip in Walker Lake, and in the nude. This custom was ended when a lady passenger reported the reason for the train's delay.

At one time the railroad was the only means of transportation between the "Outside" and eastern California and western Nevada. Its last trip was mourned by many. Local residents who cherished the historic and sentimental value of the line, retired engineers who knew its every rail, farmers, cattlemen and sheepmen whose products had been shipped on it, salesmen and miners who had ridden it, were among those who dreamed of preserving part of the once busy railway and the Laws site.

Even the Southern Pacific officially expressed regret and "a great affection for the unique branch line which dates from 1883, and appreciates the warm regard for it by old-time residents and a host of railroad hobbyists."

Suiting their action to their word, the Southern Pacific donated to Inyo County and the city of Bishop, California, steam locomotive No. 9, together with other rolling stock, the Laws Station building, and surrounding installations, for safekeeping in behalf of generations to come.

And so, on April 1, 1966, eighty-three years from the day the first scheduled train arrived at Laws from the north, the Laws Railroad Museum and Historical Exhibit opened to the public. Still in its infancy, and to be enlarged as additional items which were once a part of the narrow-gauge operations are acquired, the museum is even now a real journey into the past.

AT THE reception center the visitor is given a free ticket for a walking tour around the complex, and a printed sheet describing the things he will see. Locomotive No. 9, which is a ten-wheel Baldwin built in 1909, replaced the first No. 9 built in 1885 and scrapped in 1911.

There is a string of old cars, the original tracks, switches, loading bunkers, and the truly unique, hand-operated, gallows-type turntable—the last of its kind.

Additionally, there is the depot built in 1883, with agent's office, waiting room, baggage room and freight shed. On the platform is an old baggage cart complete with ancient trunks and carpetbags. In the office are old clocks, lanterns, telegraph keys and much of the station agent's equipment. The baggage room is crowded with assorted relics of the early 20th century when Laws was the shipment center for the area's mining, farming and livestock products.

Nevada's booming mining camps were a ready market for the meat, poultry, hay, wool and honey produced here, and larger markets in the San Francisco Bay area received shipments from Laws over the narrow-gauge. Laws was also the delivery point for merchandise required by local residents and businessmen from the outside. Exhibits include butter churns, washing machines, phonographs, farm machinery and branding irons—just about everything that was used in the area in its heyday. Restored and furnish-

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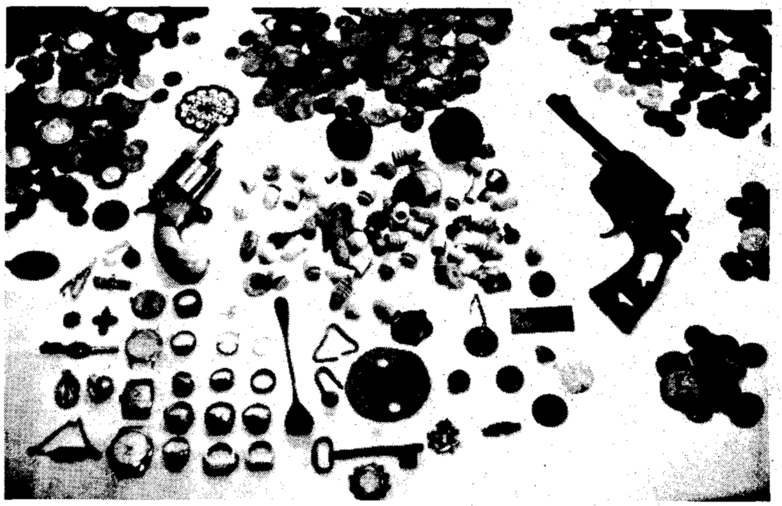

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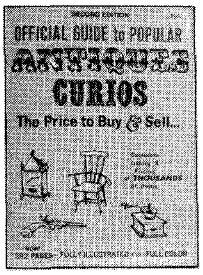
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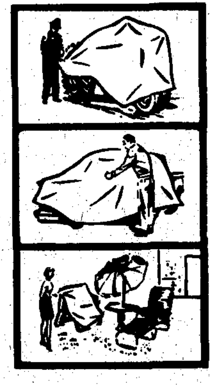


Old engine No. 18, the tiny narrow-gauge train of the Keeler-Laws branch of the Southern Pacific Line.

ed with authentic articles, the five-room residence of the station agent may also be visited.

On view is a tall derrick used in stacking hay on the Barlow Ranch for more than sixty years, and nearby is a large wheel from the Cardinal Gold Mine operations on Bishop Creek. Handmade at the mine site, it will form the nucleus of a mining exhibit. Transporting the huge wheel from the mine to its present site involved snaking it down the mountainside, truck and pulley maneuvers, and hauling it over mountain roads.

Included in the complex is the Laws post office, officially closed in 1962 at which time the building and its contents were donated by the last postmaster who had served for more than thirty years. Here are preserved original equipment including outdated postal scales and lock boxes.

Still intact and being retained as a permanent part of the exhibit are the old tower which stored water for both human and locomotive consumption, and the pumphouse, first powered by a windmill and later by a gasoline engine, which kept the tower filled.

Just outside the complex are several buildings which are not part of the original railroad facilities, but which will be utilized in the reproduction of a western street, planned as a part of the historical exhibit. These buildings were erected by Paramount Pictures for the filming of "Nevada Smith" and include the Drovers' Cottage Hotel with broken balcony railing, adjoining bar, the assay office and blacksmith shop. The Laws Station itself would fit perfectly into an old-time western.

The Laws Railroad Museum and Historical Exhibit is easily reached from Bishop which is on U. S. 395 and on the eastern slope of California's Sierra Nevada Range. One drives north from Bishop for about five miles on U. S. 6 to the Silver Canyon Junction, thence due east for half a mile to Laws.

Railroad buffs, history hounds, nostalgia seekers and even youngsters to whom all this is new, can revel in the past as they stroll around the Laws complex. Perhaps, if they listen closely, they can even hear the ghostly whistle of bygone locomotives.

A close-up of No. 18, built in 1887.

Brush Popper Cowhand

(Continued from page 11)

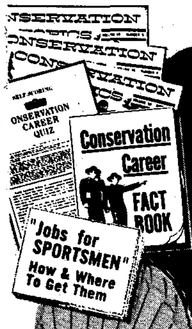
I WAS smoking a cigarette when I sighted a lone horsebacker leading a horse and mule down the 7 Mile wash. He was a tall, heavy set cowpuncher, with an old Stetson at an angle on his head and a half smile on a face which was covered with a week's growth of wiry whiskers.

"I'm Tom Wagner," he announced as he reined up and swung down to the ground, pulling off his right glove and offering me his hand. He said Will Coburn had sent word to the roundup camped at the south end of Rough Canyon that his kid brother from Montana was due to show up at the Cross S ranch, and that Shorty Caraway had sent him to fetch me out to where the crew was working the Short Chops on the last few weeks of the roundup.

Tom Wagner gave me all this information while we drank what was left of the breakfast coffee, and I got the notion he was talking to make a stranger in a strange land feel at home. I took a strong liking to Tom Wagner at first sight and I have never once had the slightest occasion to change my mind during the years of that friendship. The same held true of Shorty Caraway, ramrod of the Cross S, and the other cowhands who were a little standoffish those first few days while they sized me up, which was the way of all old-time cowhands throughout the cow country anywhere. Being Will Coburn's brother had nothing whatever to do with it. I was just another forty-dollar-a-month cowhand as far as they were concerned, and that was exactly how I wanted it to be.

In one way or another during that first week I managed to pull my share of boners, but I never made the same mistake twice. My brother Will had lied through his teeth when he told me I had a top string of Figure 2 Steel Dust horses. I pressed my ponies down the steepest slants and picked up a few somersaults. I forgot to duck and dodge the thorny mesquite and catclaw. My face was scratched up like I'd tried to tame Frazier's wildcat. I was learning the hard way, and in the end I didn't blame Will for staking me to a string of the sorriest cow horses that ever a green hand forked. I was the original eager beaver, plumb scared to death of being scared, and that was the size of it.

Will was at camp the day an ornery old cowhorse named Zebra Dun coldjawed on a steep slant when I matched a race with an outlaw steer, turning a cartwheel at the bottom. Zebra Dun came out of the wreck without a scratch or a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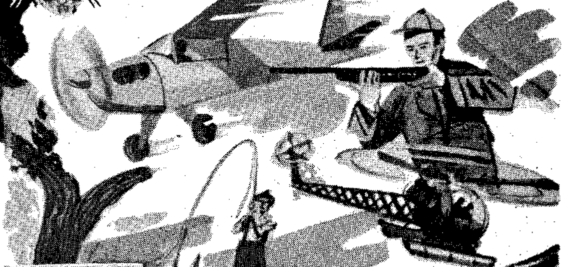

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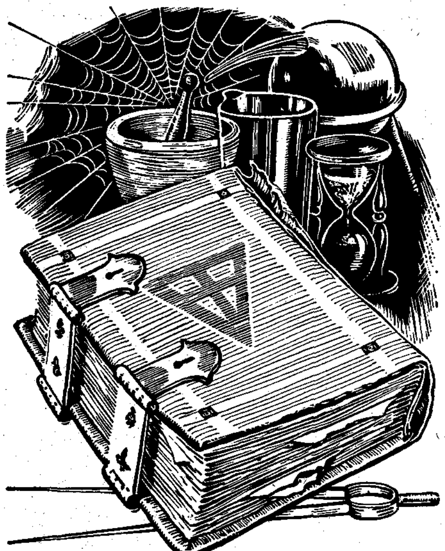

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limp, but I was skinned up and my face clawed by brush.

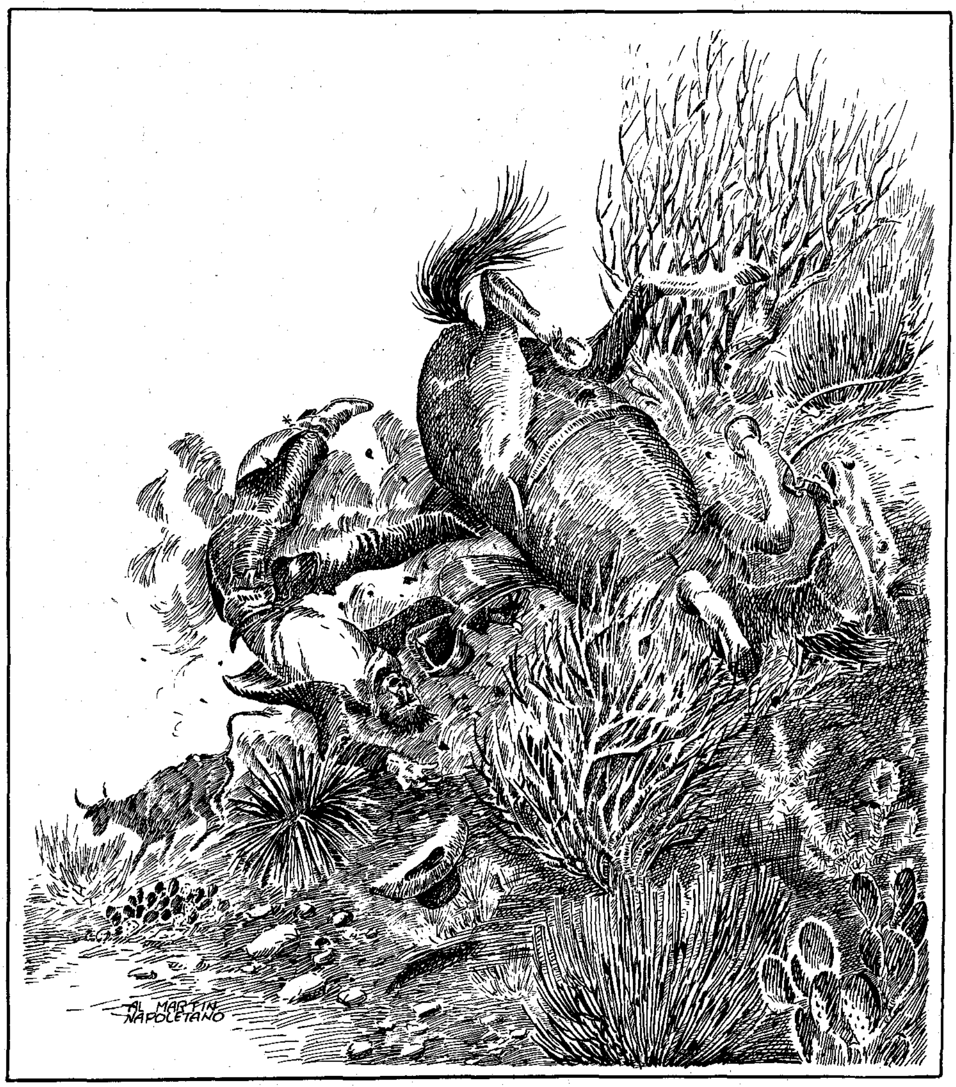
"What the hell you tryin' to do, kid?" Will growled. "Spoil a good horse?"

That's when I blowed up. I told Will he'd stake me to a string of crowbait and I was ready to quit right then and there, that I'd had a bellyful. It was noon time and after the other cowhands had filled their plates with grub I helped myself and then went off alone to eat. Will came over to where I was wolfing my food. I'd known that same grin he put on his black-whiskered face since I was knee high to a hop toad.

"No use to blow your cork, but you got it outa your system," Will said as he reached out and took my sack of Bull Durham and papers from the pocket of my brush jacket. "I know you've done your damndest and then some to make a hand. From now on you'll get your string of Figure 2 Steel Dust horses, like I promised." He slapped me hard between the shoulders. "You look like something a ketch dog drug to camp. But you'll do to take along." Will made it sound like a left-handed compliment. And with that he turned his back, walked to where his horse was standing ground tied, mounted and rode away.

THE new string of Figure 2 cowhorses I got were fast, sure-footed and trained rope horses. Joe Holt, Tom Gordon and Frank Hutchins, all former Circle C cowhands in Montana, had broken the green broncs and had done a good job, but on a cold, chilly, rainy morning there would be a hump under the saddle and they'd all pitch a few licks to warm up.

While I never claimed to be a bronc rider I managed to make a ride when one of them came apart. It had taken the better part of a week for Shorty Caraway to get a good clean work in Rough Canyon and the broken brushy hills called the Short Chops, and by that time I got used to my string of ten horses and knew their individual traits. Each bronc rider claimed the privilege of naming the horses in his rough string. Soapsuds was a bald-faced, stocking legged sorrel; Skewball was a solid chestnut; Flaxy a chestnut sorrel with mane and tail the color of flax; Budweiser and Bourbon were dark chestnuts, named by Frank Hutchins. Ace and Deuce High were blacks named by Tom Gordon. Joe Holt had named the dappled iron grays Scorpion and Sundance; and the showy chestnut called Sunday was named by Tom Gordon.



That Sunday gelding tried to run a whizzer on me the first day I saddled him. Ears laid flat, he put a camel's hump in his back, rolled the white of his eye at me when I eased my right foot into the stirrup and yanked my hat down. I had a chew of tobacco bulging one cheek and was all set to make one hell of a bronc ride as I gigged him gently with the spurs and sat tight-rumped in the saddle. But all Sunday did was to trot off, his ears up and the hump gone, for all the world like a lady's gentle horse. It got a laugh outa Shorty Caraway and Tom Wagner and the rest of the outfit, including Huggins, the cook.

I learned later that Sunday, even as a green bronc, had never bucked a jump in his life, but every time he was saddled he ran his bluff. There wasn't a mean hair in his shiny chestnut hide, so I changed his name to Whizzer and used him for a town horse. He was a born show off, shying and spooking at everything that looked scary. I used Soapsuds for a night horse at Shorty Caraway's suggestion. Soapsuds could see better at night than the average run of cowhorses, having that kind of owl eyes.

Riding my two hours' night guard around the bedded beef herd which consisted of wild steers mixed with gentle Annie steers, was a tricky sort of business. The flare of a match held in cupped hands to light a cigarette would spook them so Shorty decreed no smoking on night guard. Any man who craved tobacco had to take his craving out with a wad of plug chewing tobacco, and he was warned not to make a noise when he spit tobacco juice on the ground.

The Rummy Kid was my pardner on night guard. He was a natural born warbler, with a soft choir voice, and he knew all the old trail songs and cowboy laments, some ribald but most of them filled with nostalgic sadness. It was a rare treat to hear the Rummy Kid's soprano voice blending into the silence of the night.

Shorty Caraway had told me something of the Kid's background. Reared in a large city orphanage he had run away in his early teens and joined the circus, one of those dog and pony shows which traveled from one town to the next. He was a roustabout, helping at odd jobs like setting up the big tents and the plank seats of the grandstand or riding Shetland ponies in the parades. With the passing of the years when the dog and pony show came to Globe, Arizona, he had stayed behind to hire out to Mr. Murphy, then owner of the Wineglass outfit, working for his grub and a place to roll out his tarp-covered bed. His boyhood dream of being a wild cowboy had come true. A sorry roper to begin with, mounted on a sorry string of old cow ponies, the Rummy Kid had learned the hard way, and with his repertoire of old trail songs he had gained local fame as a cowboy troubador.

The Kid had a bothersome habit of nodding his head back and forth when he matched a race with a big maverick in the rough country, so one of the cowpunchers took a saddle string and rigged it to the Kid's Stetson and fastened it under his jaw to keep him from losing

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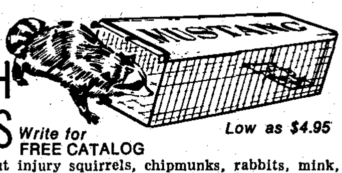

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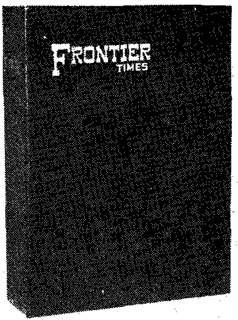

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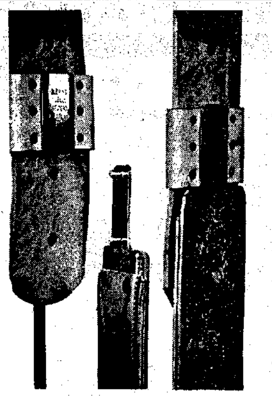

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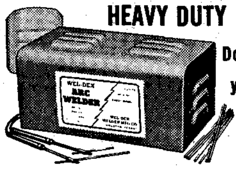

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it. Rummy also talked in his sleep and the nearest cowpuncher would have to shake him awake so the rest of the camp could get some sleep. There was a deep scar on one of his cheek bones. The story I was told was that either a spotted hydrophobia skunk or a Gila moster had bitten deep into his cheek while he was asleep and had to be shot loose by one of the cowhands. I never got around to asking Rummy about it and he never volunteered any information, although we became staunch friends and were about the same age.

DIRECTLY the fall roundup was over and done with, the men were sent in pairs to the various scattered range branding camps. Shorty sent Tom Wagner and me to Rough Canyon. The Rummy Kid was paired off with Guy Tandy. Dewey Jones with Man Thornhill. Dave Christy with Bill Thornhill. Frank Howe, Charlie Summers and Shorty Caraway, and half a dozen cowhands, made their headquarters at the Cross S lower ranch and the Cross UP upper range, working out from there, using trap pastures and salt licks to gather the remnants of wild cattle. Old Frank McDougall, Ambrose Means, Mapes and a few other seasoned brush popper cowhands preferred to work alone, branding mavericks and outlaw orejano steers, each in separate branding camps.

It was Tom Wagner, better known as Wag or Old Wag because of the sprinkling of gray in his hair, who taught me the rudiments of range branding, the easy ways to work the rough country, and how to out-figure the wild cattle. He showed me where the dim trails were that the cattle used to make their getaway through the low saddles which separated the pinnacles, where the salt licks and springs and box canyons were located.

Our Rough Canyon camp was located in a grove of old hackberry and sycamore trees along a creek strewn with boulders. We each had a one-man tent, round at the bottom with a heavy canvas floor just large enough to spread a roundup bed. A sizeable length of clothesline rope was rigged to the cone-shaped top to throw over a low tree limb, with wooden pegs to hold down the bottom. We cooked our grub over an open fire in Dutch ovens and long-handled skillets and a fire-blackened coffee pot. We kept our grub, horse and mule shoes and shoeing outfit, in rawhide covered boxes. Heavy tarps were placed over that for protection from summer rains and winter snows. Rough Canyon ended in a box canyon, fenced off with barbwire a short distance from camp, with a big spring located at its head. It was used for a horse pasture.

BEFORE we left the Cross S ranch me'n Wag had ridden down to Tiffany's store to get a caddy of Bull Durham and some plug chewing tobacco. We chipped in money to buy our one and only extra special delicacy—a case of canned green chili to mix with the pinto beans and jerky gravy.

When we got to camp Wag cached the case with the explanation that the neighboring brush popper cowhands, especially the Rummy Kid, were not above swiping a can or two. Honest as the days are long in every other way, if they ran short on green chili which most of them bought at Tiffany's because the Cross S didn't furnish this delicacy, the temptation to swipe a couple of cans was irresistable.

"They'll swipe the green chili," Wag explained, "and the ears."

Whenever we branded a maverick with the Cross S earmark, which was swallow fork the right ear and crop the left ear, we kept the ears to tally the number of mavericks branded with our running iron. During range branding season a keen rivalry existed and many a bet was laid on which brush popper would brand the most mavericks, along with personal side bets. So let a cowhand get caught swiping the tally ears there was hell to pay, a free-for-all fist fight and, in a few rare instances, gun play.

During my stay with Wag he named over some of the top brush poppers who had worked for the Cross S, the Cross Up and Wineglass outfits in bygone and present days. Also those who worked for the Boice Chiricahua outfit, including John Osborne who ramrodded the Cherries. The wildest cowboy of them all was called Black Jack. Wag named others who owned *their own outfits:* Zee Hays, the Sanders boys, Red, Arch and Lon. Pecos McFadden, Cibicue Jones, the Shanleys who once owned the Cross S and Cross Up. Old Man Murphy, former owner of the Wineglass. Ribs Henderson, then owner of the Office Saloon at Globe. Others too numerous to mention. Breezy Cox, Everett Bowman, Ike Rude all worked for the Boice outfit and were destined in later years to become World Champions on the professional rodeo circuit.

Wag claimed that perhaps the greatest rivalry of all time on the San Carlos Apache Reservation was that of identical twins, Frank and Chiz McDougall, both top hand brush poppers. So ornery were the brothers that they refused to work for the same outfit. Both were wizened and tough as old jerky, sot in their ways, short-tempered and waspish. Both were excellent ropers, wild and reckless as any young cowhand. Both managed to get along with other cowpunchers, but let them get together and they locked horns like a couple of range bulls.

Wag told me of the time some years before when Chiz and Frank had not seen one another for about a year until they met on the pool roundup. After the morning circle all the cowpunchers were sitting their horses a short distance from the milling cattle, waiting for the big gatherment to settle down so the top hands could cut the cattle. The McDougall brothers, both forking good mounts, rode slowly around the herd to meet one another after a year's separation, amicable grins on their grizzled, whiskered faces as they reined up and shook hands.

"Long time no see, Chiz!"

"The same to you, Frank."

Two pairs of squinted, puckered Irish blue eyes were filmed over with unshed tears of happiness at meeting.

"How's your rheumatiz, Chiz?"

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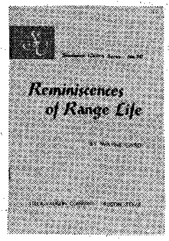

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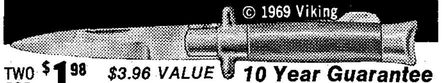

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"I got no kick a-comin', Frank. I'm spry as a damn cricket. How you makin' out? I heard a while back you was kinda stove up."

"Whoever told you that is a damned liar," Frank said waspishly as he sized up the horse Chiz was riding. "That's a sorry looking cayuse you're ridin'. Looks from where I'm settin' like the Cherries has staked you to a string of pack horses."

"The sorriest horse in my string can run circles around the best horse you got in yours," Chiz came back in an angry voice.

"I got the best horses in any man's cow country!" Frank's blue eyes blazed. "I can outrun afoot that sorry thing you're ridin'!"

"Cuss my ponies and you're cussin' me," Chiz glared angrily at his twin brother.

"Sounds like fight talk," Frank spat a stream of tobacco juice on the ground. "I can whup you with one hand tied behind me." Frank dismounted, slammed his battered old Stetson on the ground, and spat on his brush-scarred hands.

Chiz was on the ground and followed suit.

Fists clenched, they circled one another for all the world like a couple of kids in the back yard of a country schoolhouse during recess.

"One's scared," some cowpuncher on horseback declared in an audible voice, "and the other dasn't."

"Whoever made that crack," Chiz spoke up shrilly, "step off your horse! Me'n my brother Frank'll tromp your guts out."

It was about then that Shorty Caraway rode up. There was a faint smile on his face which belied the cold voice when he spoke.

"What's goin' on here, anyhow?" he demanded. "You want to stampede this herd? Pick up your hats and get ahorseback. You two ornery old coots want to tangle, do your fightin' in Globe. You booger this gatherment and you're both fired!"

Muttering profanity under their breath Chiz and Frank picked up their hats, slapped the dust off and yanked them down at a fighting angle, then mounted their horses. Both were sullen but their anger had turned to humilated shame. Like Wag said, Old Chiz and Frank McDougall couldn't get along together for five minutes before they quarreled, but let an outsider cuss one of the twins and he had both of them to whip.

DURING the following weeks at the Rough Canyon camp I learned a lot about what it takes to make a brush popper cowhand. Between us we branded our share of mavericks and had the tally ears to show for it. Thanks to Wag's patient tutoring I got to be a fair to middling roper. I freely admit I wasted a lot of loops at first, and often never got a chance for a second loop before the wild maverick made a clean getaway. But Wag was most always in the near vicinity to rope the one that got past me. I gradually learned how to hold back my cocked loop until I had an open and fairly level place to throw it.

Roping a wild orejano steer was a horse of another color, altogether different from snaring a yearling maverick. It was a matter of team tying like you watch at a rodeo, but rodeo team tying on a level arena was gentle Annie compared to catching a mossy-horned outlaw in the rough country of Arizona. They were wise old steers, mostly with the sharp tips of their horns sawed off to prevent their goring a horse or cowpuncher when on the prod. Head rope one and then fail to bust him and he'd charge. Even with the sawed-off horns he was dangerous to man and horse. Those old rannyhans were big and fast on their feet and would put up a desperate fight until they were roped by the hind legs, stretched out, and hogtied with the piggin' string each cowhand carried within quick reach.

Because I was a green hand Wag did all the head roping and I did the heeling. I found out the job of picking up the hind legs was an intricate cowboy art, not easy to accomplish without plenty of practice which I sorely lacked. He made it easy as possible for me to do the heeling by busting a big steer hard, and all I had to do was *jump off* and tie the hind legs with my piggin' string. Between us we caught a goodly share of wild steers and yearling mavericks.

It was winter and the rainy season. All we wore was denim brush jackets and *chaps on account of being in brushy* country that would tear a saddle slicker to ribbons. The ground underfoot was slippery mud and our ketch ropes were wet.

An Apache cowpuncher, who had been *distributing* salt to the scattered salt licks and traps and had stayed overnight at our camp, claimed he had sighted a bunch of wild cattle at Mesquite Springs. Wag said this kind of rainy morning was just made to order for a little *pasear* to Mesquite Springs. There had been no salt there for more than a month and we'd have no trouble sighting the wild cattle.

We rode a dim trail which led through two scrub-timbered buttes to a small meadow better known as the Mesquite Springs Salt Lick. It was wild turkey and javelina country. Wag said that after we had branded our mavericks we would get us a turkey on account they were easy to run down a-horseback.

It was one of those overcast days with a cold thin drizzle that made a cowhand wonder what he'd done with his summer wages. A low mountain fog had drifted in, cutting visibility to about two hundred yards. It settled on the low places, drifted like white smoke up the steep slopes, creeping through the misshapen mesquite and catclaw, scrub cedar and juniper. Familiar landmarks were hidden, and familiar sounds such as the click of shod hoofs on the rocks were magnified and distorted. It created a strange feeling of being lost in familiar surroundings.

WAG was riding a little in the lead as he let his horse follow the dim trail through what I figured was the saddle between the buttes. When a puff of wind ripped the fog, about twenty or thirty head of cattle could be seen at the salt lick, mostly cows with calves and two or three slick-eared mavericks, not fifty yards ahead.

I saw Wag take in after the biggest yearling maverick, his horse spurred to a run, his loop cocked back across his shoulder. I spotted a slick-eared maverick and took in after it as the bunch of cattle spooked and scattered in all directions, spurring my horse to a run. It was every man for himself, hell bent for election. My horse Skewball, let out to the last notch, was cutting the distance and time lost all meaning. The fog had closed in again and was an added handicap.

Bent over across the neck of my horse to dodge the brush, my wet rope loop cocked back across my shoulder, it was a wild and reckless brush popper race, spitting in the devil's eye.

When Skewball put on a burst of speed that put me directly behind the running maverick I made a lucky throw and jerked up the slack. In less time than it takes to tell about it I slid off and down the taut rope to tie him down.

It took a while to locate enough dry mesquite twigs to kindle a branding fire hot enough to heat my running iron cherry red and warm my cold hands and the damp seat of my Levi's. The drizzle had let up and the wind had blown the fog away. There was no sign of Wag and I took it for granted he had made his catch and had built a fire, and like me was waiting for his running iron to heat.

I had finished branding, earmarking and castrating the bull yearling and turned him loose, when I heard the sound of shod hoofs and saw Tom Wagner ride into sight. There was something odd about the way he sat his horse, and he was bareheaded. His shock of iron gray hair looked tangled and wild and he had a strange look on his face.

"Where's your hat, Wag?" I asked when he reined up. "You musta matched a wild race with that big red maverick."

"It was all of that," Wag's voice sounded dry and his face was grim. "I not only lost my hat. I lost that maverick for good."

I wasn't grinning anymore. "You act like you'd seen a ghost or something."

"I just come back from looking down into my grave." Wag forced a rueful smile. "I was right on the tail of that big red maverick and had my loop cocked ready to throw when he disappeared, dropped from sight into a prospect hole. My horse jumped and just barely made it by a gnat's eyebrow. He slipped on the wet ground just as I quit him, and I had to drag him off the edge of the hole with cedar branches and dirt. I aged forty years in those split seconds. My hat fell off and went down the hole that must be six feet wide and fifty feet deep as near as I could calculate."

As Wag talked it out, some color came back into his face, but he admitted that he and his horse had a close call. We rode back to where it had happened and when we got off to inspect the lay of the land and the tracks left by his horse as it landed across the hole, I fully realized it had indeed been a close shave for them both. After a time we could make out the carcass of the

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animal at the bottom, then we prowled around for half an hour longer. Wag calculated the prospector had dug the hole fifteen or twenty years before and had never returned.

We gathered a few samples of the long fibered asbestos ore and stuffed them into our chaps pocket. Wag said he would take the samples to a Globe assayer friend and if the ore was worth anything he'd come back and stake out his claim.

We were running short on grub and horseshoes and tobacco. We'd got our quota of tally ears and it was time to move back to the Cross S ranch. Anyhow, no self-respecting cowhand could work bareheaded.

THE FOLLOWING DAY when we got back to the Cross S ranch Shorty Caraway and Frank Howe and Charlie Summers were there. They ribbed Wag some about being bareheaded and wearing a black silk handkerchief with knots tied at the corners for a night cap.

It was the day before Christmas and Shorty announced that my brother Will had left word for me to come to Globe to spend the holidays with the family, an invitation that I declined with thanks. Wag told about his narrow escape from death and about his plans to stake out the asbestos claim as soon as he had the ore analyzed. He sent his samples to Globe with Shorty when he, Frank Howe and Charlie Summers pulled out for town.

Me'n Wag saddled fresh horses and rode down the 7 Mile wash to Tiffany's store to get Wag a new Stetson and to buy another case of canned green chili. The boys had butchered a beef so that Wag and me could eat T-bone steaks for Christmas dinner. Bill Tiffany's good wife baked us a mince pie and gave us a large fruitcake, and I loaded up with horehound and peppermint stick candy. So me'n Tom Wagner were left alone to enjoy our Christmas banquet. And looking back across the years, that was one of the best Christmas Days I've ever spent.

Although the assayer's report was favorable, for some unknown reason Tom Wagner never got around to staking out his claim. Maybe it was on account of the red tape involved for a white man to get legal title, having to clear it with the Bureau of Indian Affairs at Washington as well as the Indian Agent and tribal chiefs at the San Carlos Reservation. Or, as Wag was wont to put it, he was a cowhand a-horseback, not a desert rat prospector leading a burro.

But probably it was superstitious fear which kept him from staking out that six-foot-wide hole in the ground that almost cost him his life. Later, on roundups or during range branding season, the Cross S cowpunchers noticed that Wag gave the shaft a wide go-around. So far as anyone knew, Tom Wagner never went back to where he lost the big red maverick and his John B. Stetson to boot.

As for me I still recall how Wag put it that day: "I just come back from lookin' down into my grave."

Ambush and Gold Dust

(Continued from page 36)

the discovery and bring out a burial party, while the rest of the group continued toward Cheyenne.

The fact that the Negress was killed by an arrow was accepted as confirmation, by many people, that Indians had indeed ambushed the Metz party, but white raiders had often used that ruse to place blame for their depredations upon the Sioux. The facts will never be known.

As the years passed, a rumor became prevalent that Joe Metz had buried his gold poke at the first sign of attack, and that some day someone would discover a small fortune where gold had never been found before. A lot of treasure hunters have dug up a lot of red dirt without finding it. Years later a sheepherder found a tin can near the site of the murders, and in the can he found a small gold nugget. Once more the treasure hunters became active.

Neither Indians nor murdering whites made a practice of giving warning when planning an ambush, and Joe Metz was obviously ambushed. It is highly unlikely that he had time, nor gave thought to burying his gold before he died. The site of the Metz massacre can be pretty well authenticated, but I'll waste no time hunting for buried treasure around that spot in Red Canyon in the southern Hills.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 6)

William W. S. Montgomery's parents were Robert and Alvina Montgomery. The only thing known about them is their burial place at Hartington, Nebraska, According to family stories he received the Winfield Scott part of his name from a relative. As a boy I remember seeing a letter in a trunk with the name Winfield Scott on it, and an old saber. Sadly, the trunk and its contents long ago disappeared.

Minnie Jane Albertson was born September 17, 1882 at Langworthy, Iowa. Her parents were Daniel and Hannah Albertson. Hannah's maiden name was Goarcke and she was born September 4, 1861 in Hackettstown, New Jersey. Daniel and Hannah Albertson are also buried at Laurel.

I will gratefully answer all letters from anyone who can add to this, and I would enjoy any historical information about the areas mentioned.—Gerald Daniel Montgomery, 2776 Sussex Way, Redwood City, California 84061

Thomas Jefferson Roat

I would appreciate any information concerning Thomas Jefferson Roat, who lived around Meredosia, Pike County, Illinois around 1861. He married Mary E. Chenoweth, half-Cherokee in November, 1857. A son, Andrew Jackson, my grandfather, was born September 26, 1861 and there were two older girls, we understand. Any information on the Roat family would be helpful.—Mrs. Larry Shinkle, 6123 S. Pattie, Wichita, Kansas 67216

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

THE FRENCH IN TEXAS

In 1937 the Book Club of Texas published the story of a French colony in Texas that failed. It was a beautiful little volume in an edition of 300 copies and in recent years it has become quite expensive and much sought by Texana collectors. Actually it was two books in one—a novel by an unidentified French writer who was almost surely not one of the colonists, and a factual narrative by two of the colonists who had returned to France. Both were published in Paris in 1819. Donald Joseph translated the two books and Miss Fannie E. Ratchford wrote the introduction and edited the volume for the Book Club. Now a facsimile reprint with additions is available, *The Story of Champ D'Asile* (Steck-Vaughn, $7.95). The additions are important—there is a highly informative new introduction by Wilson M. Hudson of the University of Texas. Dr. Hudson pays a well deserved tribute to Stanley Marcus and the little band of bibliophiles who organized the Book Club. He does not deal so kindly with the translator and Miss Fannie but what he has to say makes sense. Other additions are the 1819 map from another book about the colony and facsimiles of the title page of each of the two original French books on which this book is based. These additions certainly make this an improved edition and the price is right.

ROLL 'EM!

One of the seldom recorded epics of American development is the story of the country horse and wagon freighters who provided the life lines over which essential supplies moved from central depots to distant mines, towns, army posts and ranches. The daily grind as well as the rewarding aspects of pioneer freighting make up the contents of James R. Jennings' folksy book *The Freight Rolled* (Naylor, $4.95). The Jennings family freight line dragged overloaded wagons of food, grain, hardware, soft goods and machinery to towns and trading posts from the Santa Fe Railway depot in Holbrook, Arizona south to Snowflake, Show Low and the army post at Fort Apache. Pay was short, work hard and hazardous whether sweating in dust and boiling heat of summer or when slithering through bog holes and over icy roads in winter and early spring. But there was friendly communion between freighters, faithful work horses and hospitable hosts at ranches and other sanctuaries where they nooned or bedded down at night. Occasional country sociables en route helped relieve the tedium of weary toil. Jennings throws in a lot of interesting tattle about Apache Indians, ranchers and cowboys who made up the strung-out community served by his father's freight outfit.

BUFFALO BUFF

Col. Charles Jesse Jones once made his living providing buffalo meat for westbound caravans in the Great Plains. He lived to see most of the buffalo killed off by reckless hunters and hide men. Fearful that bison soon would become extinct, Jones spent many years collecting buffalo calves to be placed on refuges to help perpetuate this remarkable native species. These experiences were assembled in a book, entitled *Buffalo Jones* by Colonel Henry Inman and the University of Nebraska Press has reproduced a new edition for $1.95 based on one published by Crane & Company in 1899. There is much on the ecology of the buffalo and its competition with other Great Plains animals such as antelope, wild horses, prairie dogs and predators. The last chapter tells about Buffalo Jones winning the famous race at the opening of Cherokee Outlet in Oklahoma.

NAVAHO PHOTOS

In 1902, a nineteen-year-old boy attempted to capture the Navaho Indians of the Four-Corners area—with a camera. Now, nearly seventy years and several books later, the fascinating pictures and their story appear in *With a Camera in Old Navaholand* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) by Earle R. Forrest. Many of Forrest's subjects had never before seen a camera and were edgy in front of the mysterious box. But he won them over and, as a result, gathered a unique collection of pictures which depicts the Navajo and Utes at the turn of the century. Over one hundred photos are shown and described in Forrest's interesting style. Living quarters, blankets and artifacts are shown in addition to the Indians themselves.

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Search for the Old Overland

(Continued from page 23)

under the brake bar, adjusting its movement to the length of the driver's leg. After checking the footboard for comfort, 106 was ready for the six-in-hand.

As the wheel, swing and lead pairs were wheeled into position, the driver walked to the front of the six-in-hand and automatically began his mental check list of every part of the choice James Hill harness. He first checked the draft and check reins to make sure they were properly attached. Disastrous wrecks had been caused by careless hostlers who fastened only one end of the rein. After testing the fit of the bit and throat latch, he slowly sauntered by each horse, pausing briefly to reach up with a gloved hand and smooth the mane under the collar as he checked the hames. Instinctively he centered the harness pad and at the same time tested the fit of the belly band.

Strolling on, he snapped the traces to verify their fit and finally took the reins, adjusted them in his hand, and sprang up on the box. The circle of admirers parted quietly when the driver signaled to the leaders to step out. As she rolled down the street to pick up her first load of mail for Denver, the crowd scattered. Many of them took a short cut to the corner of Main and Second Streets, the setting for the final scene of her departure.

Another large crowd had gathered at the famous Massasoit House, the best hotel in Atchison, to watch 106 pick up her first load of Denver-bound passengers. When the coach was filled, the door was closed and locked from the outside, a custom followed today by airliners. The heavy, protecting leather flap was buckled down over the luggage on the hind boot, and the signal to start was given. Number 106 headed west to meet her destiny.

WE ASSUME she went southwest out of Atchison to Manhattan via Indianola, then up the Smoky Hill River, since Holladay had so recently taken over this route. She probably crossed over into Colorado near Cheyenne Wells, less than 100 miles north of where her ancient frame stands today. No doubt she continued to labor back and forth between the "Big Muddy" and Denver until the late 1860s when she met with an accident which seriously damaged her running gear.

Although 106 used the Albany bed plate, with its iron cup and saucer ridge arrangement, to prevent wear on the king pin, still the constant jolting over deep chug holes and the deadly pulls through deep sand, would eventually fatigue the strong pin if it went unchecked. Perhaps on some murderous pull in Colorado, the king pin broke. This frightened the horses and they ran away with the front axle, letting the unsupported front end drop to the ground with such force from the overloaded weight that the reaches were damaged or broken. Later the damaged gear, with the body still tenaciously clinging to the thoroughbraces at a crazy angle, was dragged off to the closest Holladay station. But the gracefully rounded, unharmed body of 106 was too young and beautiful to remain a widow.

Holladay had a different problem each summer. It was the red man in 1864, Dave Butterfield in 1865, and the "Iron Horse" in 1866. He frequently drove over each of his routes to check the equipment and personnel. He always traveled in his luxurious private coach, complete with lockers, well stocked with food and drink served in silver containers by his personal porter, who always traveled with him. At night the light of the special kerosene lamp cast a soft glow over the elegant Victorian appointments. Here Holladay transacted much of his business from a portable table as he traveled cross-country.

He always kept a keen eye on the western progress of both the Union Pacific and the Kansas Pacific Railroads, as he rolled over Nebraska's sand hills and the rich grassy plains of Kansas. From the elegantly draped window of his coach he watched the progress of the iron rails and was amazed at the sudden spurt of speed.

In August '66, the U. S. Government notified him it was no longer necessary to pick up the mail at Atchison. He was to start picking it up at the end of the railroad at Fort Kearny, Nebraska on the South Platte route and at Manhattan, Kansas on the Smoky Hill route. At this time Holladay's stages were serving more than 3,000 miles of the western United States.

Holladay knew he was at the peak of his staging career. He was a respected financier, with additional interests in mining and shipping. As the "King of Stages, he chose to abdicate rather than be dethroned."

On November 1, 1866 Holladay sold out to Wells Fargo, who had been wanting a transcontinental stage route. By the 10th of December, the great name of Holladay Overland Mail and Express had been removed from the head rails of 106, along with the rest of his great fleet of stages and replaced with another famous name, Wells Fargo and Company. Less than a year after this firm became the masters of staging in the West, they placed an historic order with Abbot-Downing of Concord for thirty stagecoaches. This gigantic caravan reached Omaha in 1868.

IT WAS A COLD, damp, April morning with patches of snow still on the ground when the crowd began to gather in the Concord railroad freight yard to watch the loading and departure of the $45,000 assemblage of stagecoaches. The running gear of the Old Overland, coach 253, was one of this historic load. Another survivor of the famous group, according to Burgum, was coach 259, now exhibited in the Mammoth Hot Springs Museum in Yellowstone National Park.

Local citizens who were accustomed to seeing gorgeous A.D. coaches leave Concord were deeply impressed with the great significance of this event. Even Mr. Benjamin Carr, the local photographer, lugged his cumbersome camera equipment down to the freight yard and took a picture of the entire load, as the little "balloon-stack, two-drive-wheel" locomotive "Pembroke" pulled out a few minutes past one o'clock. Later John Burgum, father of Edwin Burgum, made an oil painting from Carr's photograph. This painting, which hangs in the New Hampshire Historical Society Museum, is among the most reproduced pictures in the history of western staging.

Mr. Samuel Parker of Concord was sent along to make sure the thirty coaches and sixty sets of James R. Hill harness were delivered in perfect condition seven days later in Omaha. Here 253 was serviced and parted company with her twenty-nine sister coaches. This famous stage rode the rails to Council Bluffs, Iowa where it was ferried across the Missouri to its destination.

We assume she headed west to Denver to play a stellar role in the exciting drama which was unfolding in the great mining areas. But she, too, must have suffered a serious accident early in her life. Perhaps the top load shifted suddenly on a sharp curve while the horses were traveling at a fast gait, causing the coach to roll over a cliff and crushing the beautiful new body. The fact that stage lines frequently ordered extra bodies suggests that such accidents were common. Shortly before Holladay sold out, he placed an order for two new bodies and made the special request "no top rails." This indicates that top loads were dangerous on bad roads.

The early tragedy of 253 must have taken place near where 106 was wrecked and at about the same time. Perhaps they met for the first time in a wagon yard at a stage station in Colorado. Some of the most important activity in staging took place in the stage salvage yards where a corps of men were kept busy making whole vehicles out of the good parts of wrecked ones. After a brief courtship, the good word was said by the local blacksmith and the body of 106 swung on the sturdy gear of 253, and she took off again across Colorado.

When the rails reached Denver in 1870, Wells Fargo pulled out of that area and sold all the equipment they had used in this vicinity. Perhaps Barlow and Sanderson bought the coach at this time to use on their lines across southern Colorado and northern New Mexico. Although we do not know when Spotswood and McClelland acquired the coach, S. W. Nott bought the vehicle sometime in the 1870s, according to his son Frank Nott. In an attempt to recapture and perpetuate its association with the Overland route, Nott gave it the name of Old Overland, which appears on its head rail today. It has had many bids to fame—among other things it was reported to be the first stage to serve Leadville, Colorado.

THE structural features of the Old Overland appear to confirm its exciting early and varied history. A careful comparison of the original orders of 106 and 253 reveals that the structural signatures of Holladay and Wells Fargo were much the same. Both requested heavily ironed bodies, for extra strength. The corner pillars were to be heavily ironed and bolted through the rails. The top projected over the body. They even used the same color scheme of bright red bodies and yellow gears.

Holladay was more conservative with the outside decorations. He used only striping. Wells Fargo went all out—with gold leaf scrolls on the body panels by Charles Knowlton, and a different scene in a medallion on each door painted by John Burgum. Both companies requested the same inside trim of russet leather seats and damask head liner with fringe around the top. The leather curtains were lined with damask.

The only important difference between the Holladay and Wells Fargo bodies was the step. Holladay specified "no body step" but Wells Fargo, which was being sued by passengers injured while mounting or dismounting, requested "a step on body." The Old Overland has no body step, which would suggest that her body was from a Holladay vehicle. Another feature peculiar to Holladay bodies was the iron striping of the ends. One-inch iron bands were applied vertically on the outside and crisscrossed the ends on the inside. Both of these features are present on the Old Overland.

The real proof will emerge, of course, when this vehicle is completely restored and the names of the craftsmen who worked on the body are found inside the door panels.

The conformation of the running gear of the Old Overland is a real "sidewinder" to the stage enthusiast. It appears to be a combination of two or more vehicles. The front and hind axles are different styles; the front and hind wheels are of different generations; and the rigid undercarriage which holds the jacks does not have the reinforcing clip on the jack, requested by Wells Fargo for coach 253. A conservative conclusion would be that it was made up of two vehicles. The front axle appears to be all that remains of 253. The undercarriage, including the hind axle and wheels, are probably from another vehicle. The Old Overland is tight-lipped about her ancestors.

Except for two features, the orders for the running gears of the two great lines were the same. They both requested perch under the axle, and stout Albany bed plates, sand boxes "cut out underneath," and jacks and jack braces stout. Wells Fargo requested two safety devices which Holladay did not mention: The axle point must extend beyond the nut with a hole for a linchpin to prevent the wheel's coming off if the nut came loose; a reinforcing clip must be on the fork of the jack.

The front axle of the Old Overland does extend beyond the nut, but the hind axle is flush with the end of the nut. It is disappointing but not defeating to the stageologist to find no clips on the forks of the jacks. The edges of the iron tires on the hind wheels are still well defined, but are completely worn away on the front tires. This suggests the undercarriage and hind wheels were part of another stage.

The Old Overland can tell its true story only when it is dismantled. Some owners of similar historic vehicles resent the suggestion of a possible transplant of some vital part. They consider it a stigma or a skeleton in the closet and insist on locking the door and throwing away the key. Perhaps future research may reveal that transplant of parts from less fortunate stages saved the lives of many of the surviving western mail coaches. This should add to their interest and value.

The United States National Park Service is to be commended for its conscientious efforts to aid in revealing new facts about the Service's vehicles. We are deeply indebted to William L. Featherstone, former Superintendent, and Robert E. Davidson, Acting Superintendent of Bent's Old Fort National Historical Site; and to A. L. Rogers, who with his camera laboriously crawled under the coach to get the shots of the cut-out sand boxes.

It will take a lot more cribbing and chinking to brace up these arguments and fill the gaping holes in its history, but at this time it appears that the Old Overland could be a combination of a Holladay and Wells Fargo vehicle. It will take the precise knowledge of the professional historian and the minute examination of the stageologist to completely unravel the complicated history of the Old Overland.

She stands silent and complacent in the shadows of Bent's melted down "mud castle," near where she first entered Colorado more than a century ago. The adobe walls of this historic site will soon rise again and the American flag will once more fly from the "squat watchtower" atop the fort which commands an awe-inspiring view of the mountains the Old Overland knew so well in her youth, from the "magnificent humps of the Spanish Peaks" to the "dim helmet of Pike's mountain." Today her royal birth hangs on a body step and a linchpin hole.

"Dad-blast-it, Tex . . . you don't shoot till I toss the tin can in the air."

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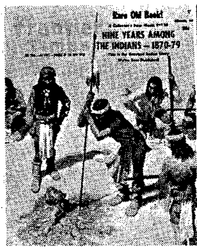
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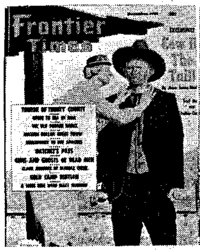
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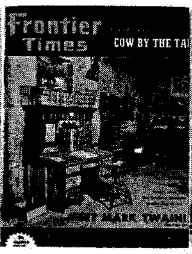
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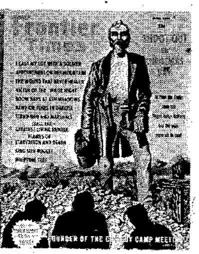
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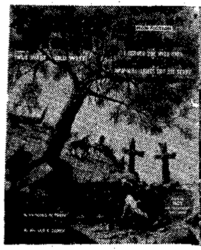
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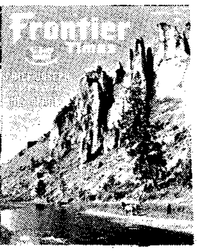
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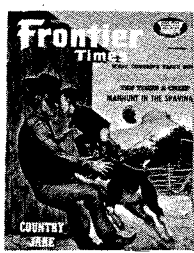
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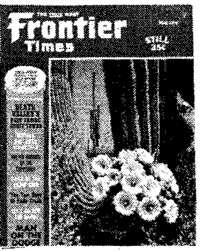
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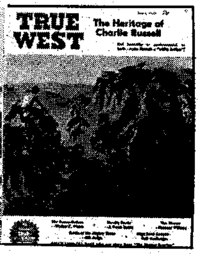
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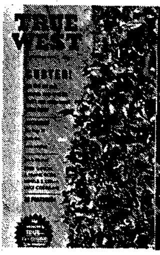

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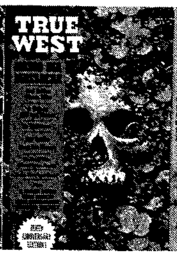

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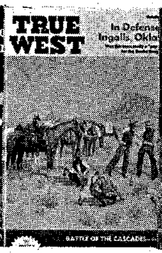
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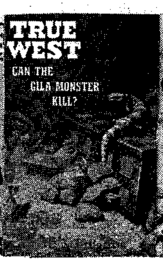
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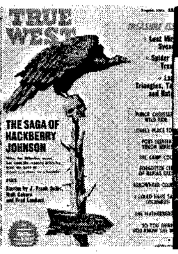
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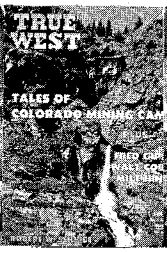
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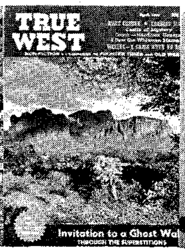
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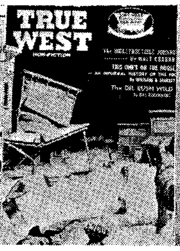

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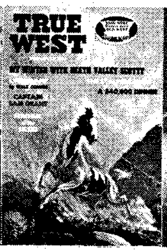

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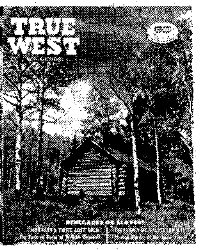

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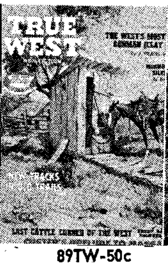

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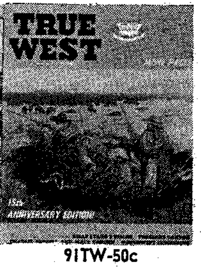
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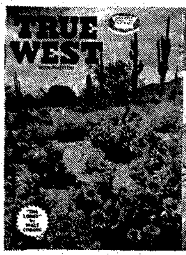

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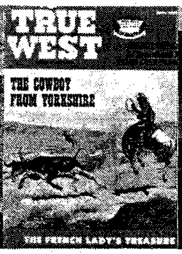
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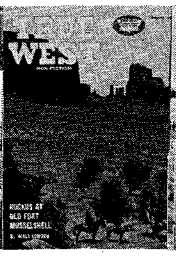

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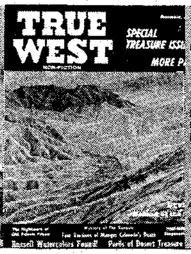
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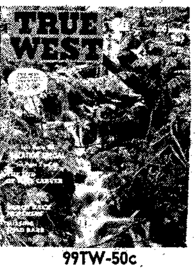

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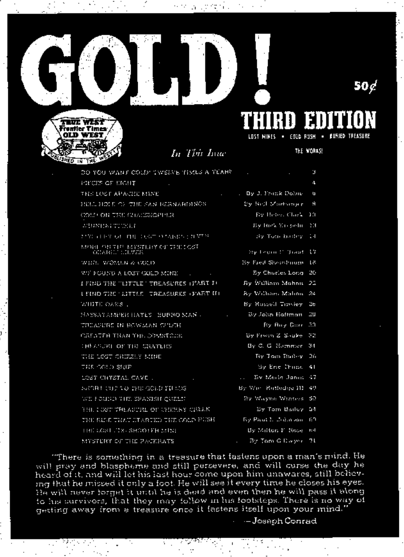

"There is something in a treasure that fastens upon a man's mind. He will pray and blaspheme and still persevere, and will curse the day he heard of it, and will let his last hour come upon him unawares, still believing that he missed it only a foot. He will see it every time he closes his eyes. He will never forget it until he is dead and even then he will pass it along to his survivors, that they may follow in his footsteps. There is no way of getting away from a treasure once it fastens itself upon your mind."

—Joseph Conrad

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Whiskey Traders of Fort Whoop Up

(Continued from page 15)

On hearing of this arrangement Baker reportedly said to them, "Don't let the Indians whoop you up!"

Healy and Hamilton started back north taking William Gladstone, former Hudson's Bay man, to direct construction of the new and more substantial trading post. In the expedition were forty employes, a unit of ten horse-and-mule-drawn freight wagons and thirty Red River carts, all loaded with trade goods, whiskey and tools.

Despite approaching fall, men were sent onto the rivers and creeks to snake out cottonwood logs which were peeled, trimmed and squared to go into the walls. Willow poles made the flat-topped roof over which a good two feet of clay was rounded and packed. Iron bars were fastened over the windows and chimneys. Trading was done through barred wickets.

When completed the fort was a rectangle with two bastions at opposite corners containing ancient brass cannon. Portholes were cut through the mud-chinked walls. The outside looked rough and crude, giving no indication of the comfortable living quarters in the interior. Built into the inside walls were spacious fireplaces, large warerooms, a blacksmith shop and cooking and dining rooms. By common consent Healy and Hamilton called it Fort Whoop Up after the already notorious trail. The largest such place in hundreds of trail miles, it became the center of Indian business for north-central Montana and the south Canadian prairie country.

Trade goods consisted of tobacco, salt, flour, tea, axes, knives, fire steel, guns and ammunition, blankets, calico, wide leather belts and trinkets of silver, copper and glass beads. And always a good supply of whiskey!

The free traders' business was based on alcohol, hence they were known and abhorred as whiskey traders. To a quart of whiskey or grain alcohol and sometimes wine, were added tobacco, hot pepper, a bottle of Jamaica ginger and a quart of molasses. This terrible concoction was then diluted with water and heated to bring out the biting flavors, and was known as "Whoop Up Trail bug juice."

One quart was traded for a buffalo robe of a whole hide worth $12. A robe of split halves sewn together, valued at $10, brought a smaller portion of whiskey. Beaver, wolf and other furs were traded in like proportion when the exchange was for whiskey. Other trade goods were somewhat higher.

It was reported by the Fort Benton *River Press* that the first year's profit in Indian goods dispatched to Fort Benton by Healy and Hamilton amounted to $50,000. This fact sent lawless and rough characters north as roving, but sometimes fixed, whiskey traders.

WORK ON Fort Whoop Up was hardly underway when the first Indians, a band of Crees, appeared to trade. The next were a few Bloods who had likely made up a portion of the attacking party who effected the destruction of Fort Hamilton. Through them Healy invited the Blackfeet to come in and trade. The past was forgiven and forgotten. The Blackfeet sent back word to him immediately. They would be coming—to destroy the new fort and kill all the white men there!

It was an Assiniboine party from the southeast who arrived first in a warlike mood. Fort Whoop Up was then almost completed and the early November days were getting crisp. Advance scouts made their reports before the main party arrived, holding up well out of gunshot range. After studying the activity surrounding the fort, a delegation advanced under a white flag to parley. Healy was arrogantly informed that they had come to destroy the place but would leave without doing so if he made them a present of five kegs of whiskey, two bales of dry goods, and certain metal objects. Healy all but laughed in their faces. Instead of paying blackmail he told them that the fort could easily withstand attack by ten thousand Indians and that he had come there to trade as their friend.

Unable to force him into meeting their demands, the Assiniboines departed, uttering threats. In plain view the Indians gathered in a bunch to argue about attacking the fort. Healy ordered one of the small cannons trained and fired. Though the round ball bounced near them, the loud noise seemed to frighten the belligerent Indians more than anything else. They departed sometime during the night.

Trade increased so steadily that when the building crew was finished, the wagons returning to Fort Benton were fully loaded. Meanwhile the Red River two-wheeled carts had gone their way, the owners addicted to roving wherever the notion struck them.

Healy ruled Fort Whoop Up with an iron hand. He had to, for constant bickering ensued which could have been dangerous. Half of his workers were French-Canadians with squaw wives. Two of them, unbeknownst to him, even traded wives. A month or so later, one became dissatisfied and wanted to exchange back. Refusal of the other half-breed brought on an argument which ended in a knife fight. One man was killed and Healy had the other, although wounded seriously, hanged for murder. Both squaws promptly went into a day and night wailing which disrupted the entire fort. Healy finally gave them food and blankets and kicked them out into a snowstorm.

THE BLACKFEET were as good as their word. Instead of attacking the fort directly they hit the horse and mule herd grazing on the riverside. Both herders were killed, and the stock was run off down Oldman River.

When shooting was heard, Healy immediately surmised that an attack was underway. With two other herders, English-Canadians of considerable experience in that harsh and bitter land, he took after them.

That night the unruly and over-confident Blackfeet went into camp with only a token horse guard. Locating the camp by its blazing campfires, for the Indians expected no pursuit, the three men slipped in on foot. The guards were knifed to death and the strung-out herd sent pounding back towards Fort Whoop Up.

The noise of running hoofs on frozen ground aroused the camp. The Blackfeet rushed out ready to fight. With their repeating rifles Healy and his men ambushed them at the edge of camp, killing at least nine. As the rest scattered, the white men mounted up and took after the horse herd. The Blackfeet were left a-foot and would cause them no trouble soon.

All that winter, trade was good. As spring turned into summer a freight train of merchandise arrived from Fort Benton. After its departure, reloaded for the return, twenty Blackfeet appeared, asking to be allowed to trade. They brought in buffalo robes, beaver and other furs, and bags of pemmican. Pemmican was the staple food on the frontier and especially along Whoop Up Trail. It brought a good price.

From this small beginning more Blackfeet began venturing in to trade, but they still failed to get it through their heads that they could not wipe out the trading fort. As May ended, about five hundred carried out a surprise dawn attack. Their first discovery was that the mud-chinked and plastered walls would not burn. By the time they could clear the walls, rifle bullets from the towers mowed them down. Flaming fire arrows, arched onto the roofs, were useless. The thick layer of clay protected the building tops. After milling around the fort all that day and unable to reach the walls, the angry Blackfeet departed.

Wolfers, despised poisoners of buffalo and other animal carcasses to bait wolves in large numbers, began bringing their skins to the fort. Their trade was not inconsiderable. They bought much whiskey and enough supplies to return to wolf killing in the fall.

That year and into the next, 1870-1871, Fort Whoop Up was busy day and night. Freight outfits were constantly on the trail to and from Fort Benton. When Indians began molesting the wagons, heavily armed guards accompanied the freighters. Fort Whoop Up garnered something like eighty percent of the trade in a radius of 500 miles.

Baker and his Conrad partners proposed doing something about it. Not even the isolated whiskey trading forts the latter had subsidized as competitors could cut into the trade. Secretly they hired special men to organize roving wolfers and outlaws into a punitive force. The two main leaders were John Evans and Harry (Kamoose) Taylor. This gang became known as the Spitzee Cavalry.

Spitzee was the Blackfoot word *ipitsi* as pronounced by white men. It meant a "high place." The gang was so-named because most of their activities centered on High River. Their sole job was to put out of business all Power and Company traders. The publicly stated purpose of the Spitzee Cavalry was to prevent the sale of repeating rifles, cartridges and whiskey to Indians who, provided with these items, were prone to raid whites. That noble excuse cloaked many vicious acts.

Power and Company traders were forced at gun point to sign agreements not to sell the allegedly banned items. Most refused and had their small forts, or pack train goods, burned. Pre-warned of such doings, Healy was waiting for them to reach Fort Whoop Up. When they arrived and barged into the trading room he leaned indolently against the counter smoking a fat cigar.

"Mr. Healy," Evans began, "you are charged with selling rifles and whiskey to Indians. We have come to see you about it."

A long list of charges had been drawn up and Kamoose Taylor started reading them off. Long before he reached the end of the list an angry Healy roared at him.

"You have no authority to try me for anything. You're a pack of scurvy dogs!"

One of the bunch shoved forward yelling, "I suppose that I'm one of the blasted hounds you mention?"

"Who do you represent?" Healy demanded, very well knowing.

"Mr. Conrad," the man replied thoughtlessly, disclosing the fact that the Conrad brothers and the Baker Company were behind the scheme to wipe out their opposition in Whoop Up country. Healy promptly charged them with being no more than outlaws and thieves.

It was said that Healy begged them not to destroy the Power and Company property in his charge. This is extremely doubtful. He was a fighting man first, last and all the time. At the height of the bitter argument he held the glowing end of his cigar over an opened keg of powder.

"You get gone or I drop this lighted cigar into the stuff!"

Hesitating only briefly the Spitzee Cavalry departed. Healy's bravery and stubbornness broke the gang's back. Thereafter they ceased to be a threat in Whoop Up country.

NOT ONLY had lesser whiskey trading forts cut into the Hudson's Bay Company trade, but Fort Whoop Up had all but ended it. The company demanded that the Canadian government troops seize the forts. Canadian newspapers roundly castigated the whiskey traders as brutal, cruel men who stripped the Indians of everything they owned, down to their clothes and women. The collapse of the whiskey fort traders was indeed just around the corner. It ended in a climax known in history as the Cypress Hills massacre.

A party of wolfers were returning to Fort Benton from Saskatchewan prairies with their winter take. On the Teton River, within five miles of their destination, Indians ran off their riding and pack stock. Hiking to Fort Benton, they obtained riding horses and organized pursuit. Thirteen wolfers and trappers, led by no less than Evans and Green River Tom Hardiwick, tracked north and crossed the border into Canada. They

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stopped at Abe Farwell's trading fort on the edge of the Cypress Hills.

At that time, traders, half-breeds and Metis existed in daily fear of their lives. The Indians had threatened to kill them all. When the Fort Benton wolfers arrived, fresh trouble was already brewing over theft of a horse from a Canadian. When Farwell with a few of the wolfers, went to retrieve the animal after a second steal of the same horse, they were run off. The wolfers were outraged that white men would cave in before Indians and said so in loud voices.

Forming up, the wolfers rushed the Indian camp across a small stream. During the battle which lasted for several hours, from thirty-six to a hundred Indians were killed, including Little Chief. Only one white man died in the fight. None of their stolen horses was found in the North Assiniboine camp of Little Chief. This incident was to blast suddenly into an international affair.

Hearing that a band of Bloods, west of Fort Whoop Up, might have their horses, the wolfers called on Healy. He advised them not to monkey with the already enraged Bloods, but they went there anyway demanding their livestock. In minutes they found themselves surrounded on all sides and discreetly withdrew before being killed to the last man.

The Cypress Hills massacre was blamed by the Canadian press on "American border outlaws and ruffians." Actually there were more Canadians engaged at the forts in the whiskey trade and as trappers and wolfers than Americans.

Diplomatic maneuvering followed. After a couple of years or so, several men were arrested. Those apprehended in Montana were released following a court hearing in Helena. Those unlucky enough to be caught in Canada were jailed for upwards of two years before jury trial found them not guilty.

The massacre brought about the formation of the North West Mounted Police. This force of six small divisions was slow in being trained. Not until July 8, 1874, did the NWMP start the long march to capture Fort Whoop Up and other such trading posts. Widely heralded, they expected to fight pitched battles with hundreds of whiskey-trading American outlaws from Montana.

Beyond Fort Dufferin, the jump-off, lay 800 miles of wilderness and vast unknown prairies. From the beginning the NWMP force was in real trouble. Stock died for lack of forage and the men, lost and off the direct route, were starving. Actually they came within a few miles of their destination without knowing it, but they had no guides and no one with them knew the country.

Commissioner George Arthur French and Assistant Commissioner James F. MacLeod took a small party south to Fort Benton. There they were straightened out as to the location of Fort Whoop Up, and supplied with bull-trainloads of food and other goods by the Baker Company. Returning north under threatening snow, MacLeod and several Mounties rode ahead of the column. They captured the notorious and dreaded Fort Whoop Up without firing a shot. Only one man and several squaws were there. The trading fort had been abandoned some months before.

The Mounties in Canada, and marshals and the army working on the American side, brought a sudden end to the deplorable whiskey trade. But the approaching NWMP was not the reason Healy and Hamilton turned Fort Whoop Up over to one of Power and Company's managers to close out in the summer of 1874. The U. S. Congress was in the process of passing an act to set prohibitively high rates for importing robes and furs from Canada.

HAMILTON went to Choteau, Montana and put in a general store, probably subsidized by his uncle. For awhile Healy was footloose, staying briefly at Fort Benton, Sun River and Choteau. He did a little free trading, guiding and meat hunting.

In 1876 he offered his services as a scout against Sitting Bull but was rejected by the army, and by 1877 his fortunes were at the lowest possible ebb. But he had been a good member of the Democratic party so when the sheriff's office was vacated, Healy was appointed to the job.

Choteau County at that time was the second largest in Montana Territory and steeped in lawlessness. It stretched from south of the Misouri River north to the Canadian border and from the Rocky Mountains east to the Judith Mountains. The county seat was Fort Benton and Healy was the fifth consecutive sheriff formerly engaged in the whiskey trade.

Not in office ninety day, said the *River Press*, "The County Commissioners could not have made a better choice. The law is Johnny Healy and Johnny Healy is the law."

He pursued stock thieves and renegade Indians, of which the county boasted a large supply, with equal relentlessness. When Robert S. Ford organized the Sun River Rangers, a cattleman's protective association, he deputized them all. Moreover, he led them as posses against rustlers and raiding Indians until the upper northwestern section of the county became a land of comparative peace.

Holding down that end of the territory for him was his old friend and former partner, Hamilton, who had been appointed a deputy. Outlaws and border riffraff found it expedient to leave his bailiwick alone. It was said that for the first time in many years express riders carrying gold and currency, even great sums, could ride through without fear of being held up.

When coming up for election to the sheriff's job in 1878 Healy announced, "If there's anybody going to steal horses or cow critters the next two years he better vote against me. By God, if I catch him he'll hang!"

It was said that some of his personally led posses failed to bring a number of livestock thieves back to Fort Benton. They were left strung up to convenient trees. But once while he was sheriff, Fort Benton people agitated for the formation of a vigilance committee. One very shrewd gang of horse thieves preyed on the freight and stage routes with astounding success. The nationally known Pinkerton Detective Agency was called on for help. By the time several of their

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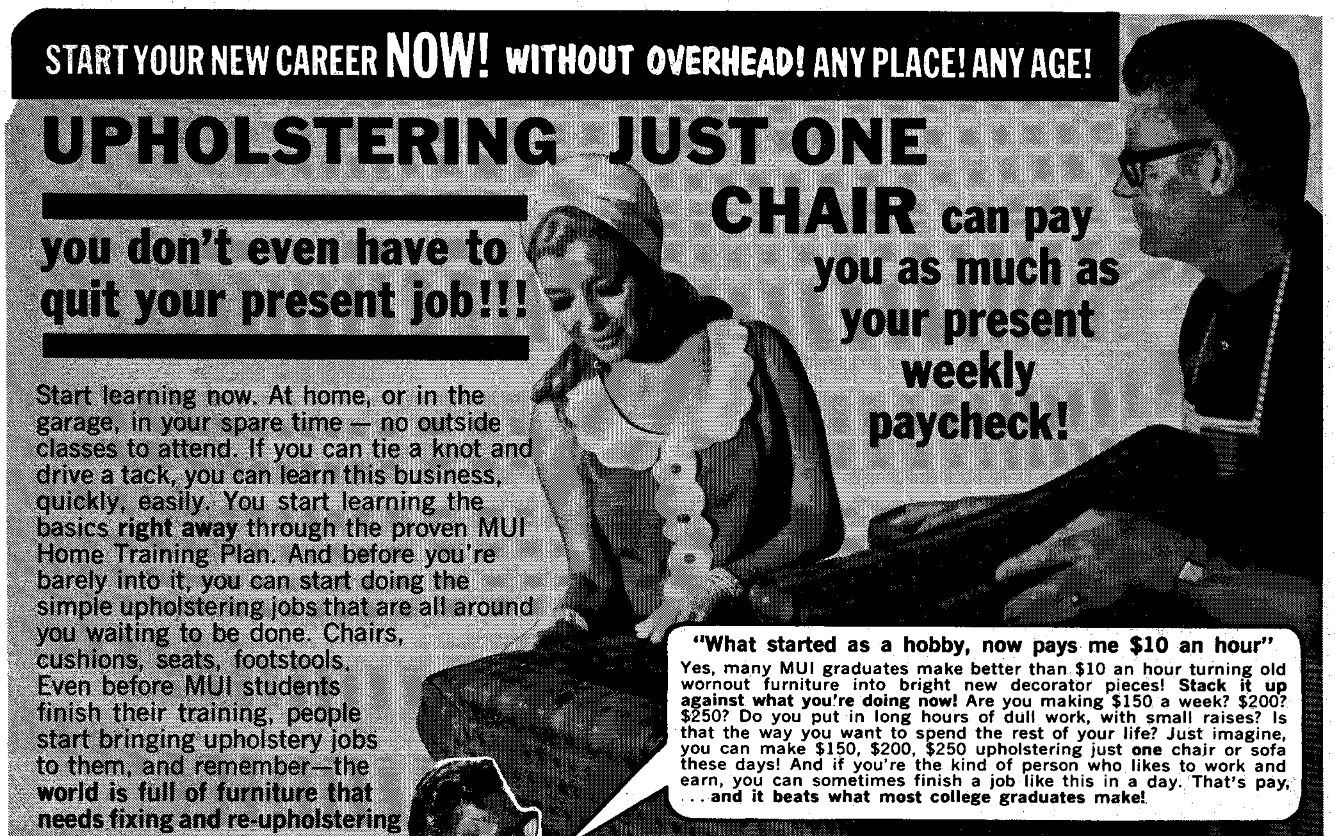

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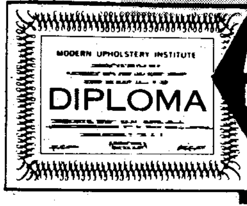

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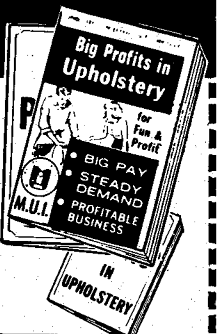

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See page 60!
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operatives arrived (men in derby hats who knew nothing of Montana ways), Healy had captured, killed or run out most of the trouble makers. He sometimes enforced the majesty of the law with a brutality which stunned people, but peace came to the county for awhile, and property was safe.

One responsibility Healy abhorred was that of tax collecting. This was a regular part of a sheriff's duties. When the proposal was made to separate tax collecting from the sheriff's office Healy campaigned for the issue and won.

Despite all his work he found time to take on personal projects which he vainly hoped would make him rich. With Judge John Tanna he sought to buy the Gilmer and Salisbury stage line, but was blocked. The two men then bought the Overland Hotel. He also became co-owner of the Fort Benton *Record,* and put in a flour mill at Sun River. On another occasion he joined a stampede into the Bear Paw Mountains looking for gold. That venture did not pan out either.

IN PURSUIT of criminals Healy recognized no county or state lines. Once he chased horse thieves into western South Dakota and—that time—brought them back alive. The cost to the county was $500 which led to comments that the sheriff's office was too expensive to maintain!

Many of Healy's exploits fired the imagination with his reckless bravado. Chasing down a Piegan Indian one time for stealing a horse, he rode boldly into the camp. Locating the wanted Indian he seized and handcuffed him. When that had been done, angry Piegans ganged up on him. He was seized and thrown to the ground, in danger of losing his life. Fortunately a following deputy arrived on the scene in time to prevent his being stomped to death.

While in Sun River in 1882 some thirty or forty drunken half-breeds started tearing the small river town apart. Never a tinge of fear in him, Healy began knocking down and arresting the ringleaders. Then they took after him, cornering Healy in the fortified corner of a barroom. To get at him the half-breeds started tearing the building down while maintaining a steady rain of lead into his position.

Meanwhile the alarm had reached Fort Shaw a few miles up the river and a cavalry patrol arrived in time to save Healy from being killed.

But gradually the country was settling up. Newcomers cared little for Healy and his methods of enforcing the laws, regardless of how efficient. Moreover, the Republican party was coming back into power.

Almost to the end Healy's influential and wealthy friends stuck by him. Then came the black day when a sudden impulse brought disaster. On releasing a Blood Indian—called Bad Bull not without reason—Healy cut the Indian's long hair. This disgrace to one of their people almost sent the Bloods out on the warpath, and damaged Healy politically.

When he first took office, Choteau County had only a makeshift jail. Prisoners escaped any time they chose to decamp. Healy kept after the county commissioners until they gave in and built what was considered as escape-proof building. The inside floor, roof and side walls were of steel. A run-around permitted guards to maintain constant watch on prisoners locked in the cells occupying the center. Although he pursued and arrested criminals, however, Healy's efficiency was expensive.

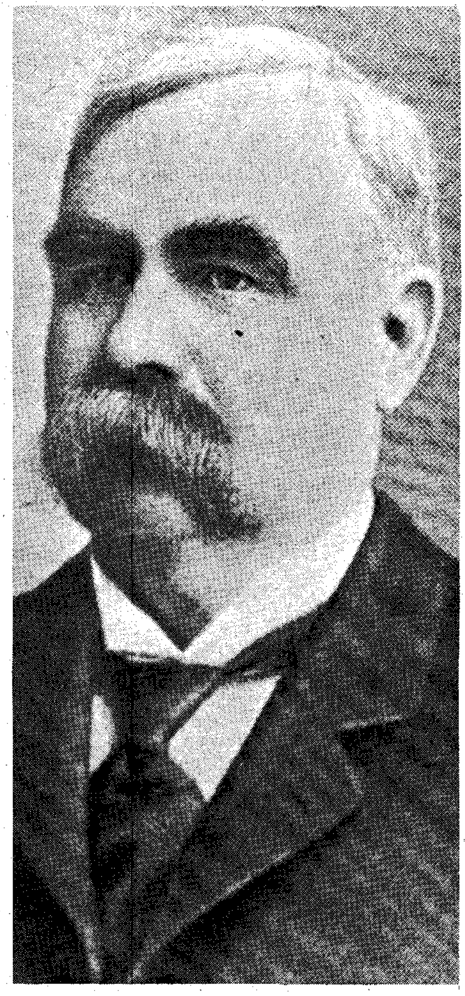
Commented the *River Press,* "Johnny Healy is too busy making arrests. Less vigorous law enforcement would cost considerably less."

In the campaign for sheriff in 1882 the entire county seemed to turn against him. Newspapers used his own accomplishments to denounce him and support his opponent. The Republican party was riding high. A former county sheriff whom Healy had defeated, William Rowe, was elected by a handful of votes.

The *River Press* was right. Also a former whiskey trader, Rowe made little attempt to catch evil-doers and spent little of the taxpayers' money.

Healy, who had already disposed of his share in the *Record,* sold the Overland Hotel. For a while he lived at Sun River running the flour mill. Then he sold that too. He was then as footloose and free as he had been when first arriving in Montana.

Looking around the territory he found



William G. Conrad, a partner in the Baker Company, refused to back Healy and Hamilton at Fort Whoop Up.

it a tame region. Nothing of the invigorating, exciting days of old remained. Going to Seattle he hung around there listening to tales of frozen Alaska. His adventurous blood began to thrill again. Up north there was gold to find, furs to trap and, likely, Indians to fight. North was the last riotous frontier, a man's country as early Montana and the whiskey trading days had been. So Healy went to Alaska and vanished from the pages of history.

Alexis Godey's Kinship with Risk

(Continued from page 25)

Treaty of Cahuenga. The accounts of Benton, Beale, Frémont and Bancroft praise Alexis Godey for his contribution to the United States forces.

Godey was with Frémont again during 1848-49. This was the most disastrous expedition of Frémont's career. The party was caught in a blizzard at the summit of the Rocky Mountains—a summit which was bare of everything except snow. No trees or sign that life of any sort had ever existed here was visible.

Ice, snow and rocks on the other side of the mountain made passage almost impossible as the party tried to reach timberline and the small amount of protection it would offer. Finally the snow became too deep for the mules and they were abandoned. All 130 animals, huddled together, froze where they stood. They froze so stiff that they fell over like blocks and were soon covered by the drifting snow.

At the urging of Godey, the men struggled back over the summit where they could at least make a fire. Almost all of their equipment and supplies had to be left with the dead animals.

Since there were so few provisions, Frémont sent a guide named King with three of the strongest men to try to reach a New Mexican village calculated to be some ten days' distant. By forced march about twenty days would see them back in camp, providing no mishap intervened. But after King's party had been gone sixteen days, Frémont became so worried that he, Godey, his draughtsman Preuss, and a servant pushed on ahead of the remainder of the party.

Six days later they came upon the camp of what should have been the relief party, finding three of the men almost starved to death. When Frémont asked for King, they pointed to an old camp a short way off. Here he found King's body.

Frémont gathered the survivors and pushed on to Taos to the home of Kit Carson. While Godey was resting, Frémont got supplies together, then sent Godey back for the men who had been left behind. Godey got to them in time to save about two-thirds of the original party. The rest had died along the trail from exhaustion, starvation and cold. Some of the men were found by the charred remains of fires. All of them were dead and some partially burned. Nearly all who survived were crippled by frozen feet.

In a letter to his wife, Frémont said that the men in this expedition, unlike those on his previous journeys, had become quickly discouraged by misfortune and hardship. However, he added, three of his party deserved honorable mention—Godey, King and Taplin.

Following this disastrous journey, Godey acquired a ferry on the San Joaquin River about eight miles below the present town of Firebaugh, California. Operating it kept him fairly busy until 1853, when he guided the Williamson Railroad Survey party through what is now eastern Kern County. This is authenticated by an old map of California now on file in the California State Library.

WILLIAMSON met Godey at Woodville in the newly created county of Tulare. The records, dated April 1852, state: "The seat of Justice shall be at a log cabin on the south side of Keweah Creek near the bridge built by Dr. Thomas Payne and shall be called Woodville."

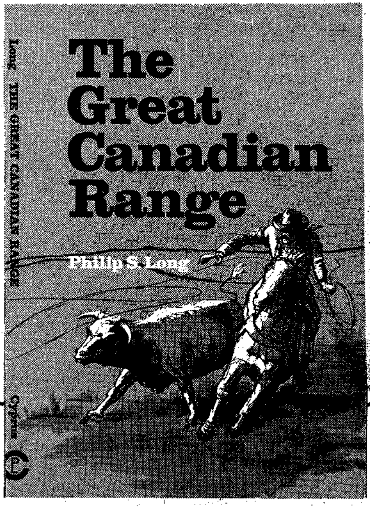
Williamson was in need of a reliable man who knew the country he was to survey. Luckily, Godey had stopped at Woodville on his way back to his ferry after a trip to Tejon to meet Edward Fitzgerald Beale, Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Godey reluctantly agreed to accompany Williamson on condition that he be released as soon as Beale returned from Washington, D. C. Then he would go to work helping Beale care for the Indians of the Tejon area.

The Williamson party bore southeast from Woodville for about seventy miles. Poso Creek, near the head of the valley and the passes to be examined, was chosen as base camp. Poso Creek wandered through the countryside about seven miles north of the river which Frémont had named Kern.

Williamson, Lieutenant Parke, a civil engineer named Smith, Preuss (Frémont's old draughtsman), and Godey left camp for the first survey on August 10. Five men and an escort of a corporal and nine men of the cavalry accompanied them. Through the various passes Godey conducted them to the junction of the North and South Forks of the Kern River and then to Walkers Pass. Godey verified at this time that Frémont had never been over Walkers Pass, contrary to the belief of most authorities of the time.

Williamson and his party went on to make a survey of a "depression" south of Walkers Pass. They spent the next two weeks exploring other passes to the south and hunting out Indian trails. On September 1 they met Beale at Tejon Pass, and Godey left the Williamson party. Throughout all of Williamson's reports prior to September 1, eloquent mention is made of Godey both as a man and as a guide.

Godey, known for his friendship and respect for the Indians, was an ideal man for the work Beale had in mind. After retiring from the active life of guide, Godey spent many days and weeks with them. He ate their food, wore a breechclout and moccasins, painted his body, participated in their ceremonies and danced with them by the hour. It



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was said that he would leave the best society to go to an Indian ceremony. The many years of obeying no laws but his own had made it impossible for him to adjust to the "civilized life" of his own people.

When J. H. P. Wentworth was appointed Supervisor of Indian Affairs, he asked that Godey have the position of Superintendent of Indians at Tejon Reservation. Godey served in this capacity for nearly two years.

After Godey retired to a private life of ranching, he hired Indians to work for him. They were his friends and for him would perform tasks which they wouldn't have considered doing for another white man. When they balked, he knew how to handle them without resorting to cruelty.

Godey liked to tell about an incident which happened when he first went to the San Emigdio, now part of Kern County Land Company. He decided to make use of a small tableland, so had a ditch surveyed around a hillside running down the canyon through his property. Because of the steep hillside it appeared to the eye that the mesa lay above the ditch. Godey put the Indians to digging but before they were half finished every one of them quit. When Godey asked for an explanation, they told him that water couldn't run uphill and that it was foolish to dig in the hot sun for nothing.

Knowing how they liked to gamble, he told them that if they would finish digging the ditch, and if the water didn't run to the tableland, he would give them $100 each, but if the water did run through the ditch, he would pay them nothing. This proved too much for their gambling instincts. When the water was turned into the ditch and ran to the tableland, the Indians packed up and went home, refusing to work in a place where the Devil lived. Godey had many a laugh over the incident and soon persuaded the Indians to come back.

IN 1875, GODEY hired some Indians to improve the grounds around his ranch house and plant a few fig trees. His foreman, who had one glass eye, was having trouble keeping them on the job when he went to another part of the ranch. At Godey's suggestion, the next time the foreman had to be absent, he removed his glass eye, said a few words to it, and left it on a stump overlooking the toiling Indians. Thinking it could "see" like any other eye, the workers did not shirk as they had done previously. On the contrary, the work was finished in record time.

Despite Godey's bravery and poise, and his fame as a guide, he was not a braggart. He would talk about all phases of early exploration except his own part in it. His one real weakness was women. It was reported that he had from six to eight common-law wives. From these unions he had three sons, all of whom preceded him in death. He also reared and educated two orphaned boys. The two latter, William (Billy) Skiner and Porfirio (Profie) Valencia, were always a credit to their foster father and never forgot what he had taught them about honesty and fair treatment.

Godey paid his bills every six months. Though his education was limited to being able to sign his name, he knew within five to ten dollars of what a bill totaled. He would take the statement in his hands, count the pages, examine each figure (although he couldn't tell one from the other), then give the bookkeeper the amount of the bill.

In his later years Godey moved to Bakersfield, then a wide open town with many saloons and gambling houses. Godey was not devoted to cards or dice and was never known to drink to excess. Most men, he thought, took leave of their dignity and good sense when drunk. He occasionally bet on a horse race or ball game. With one exception, he always wagered just one dollar with each person, pulling out a silver dollar to cover the bet. However, during the eighties when the Bakersfield baseball club was to play the final game of its series with a Los Angeles club, Godey went along on a special train to see the game. While the teams were warming up, one man among the Los Angeles fans became very insulting and called the Bakersfield fans "small town sports" and "country Jakes," and offered to bet on the game's outcome. Godey, tired of the heckling, walked over to the Angeleno and bet the man $100 in gold that Bakersfield would go home the winner. This seemed to put new spirit into the Kern County team; they played their best game of the season and won easily.

In 1933, long after Godey was dead, a vicious attack was made in a magazine article on the character of this man. The article stated that Godey, in order to gain possession of a beautiful Indian girl, had poisoned and killed forty-two Indians at a barbecue. It intimated that he had also probably poisoned 900 Indians who were supposed to be missing from the Tejon Ranch. This was later disproved, but the damage was done. Several writers later picked up the story and further expounded on it. The Indians, when they heard the story, were more upset than Godey's white admirers, since they couldn't understand why any white man would write lies just to make an exciting story. As the Indians had heard from the lips of their own people, Godey could have had any of the Indian girls just for the asking, and was known to have had several of the prettiest for mistresses. Why kill to achieve something that was free?

In the last half of the 1880s, while attending a circus, Godey received a claw scratch on the back of his hand. A few people thought that this contributed to his last illness, but the scratch had healed long before his death. Finally, late in 1888, he was persuaded by his doctor to go to the Sisters' Hospital in Los Angeles. There, on January 19, 1889, he died. His adopted sons brought his body back to Bakersfield and he was buried beside his son, Alexis Jr., who had died in 1877.

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22—4.03	32—5.29	42—7.83	52—14.09	62—21.87
23—4.13	33—5.46	43—8.37	53—14.87	63—22.95
24—4.23	34—5.63	44—8.94	54—15.65	64—24.25
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27—4.58	37—6.17	47—10.69	57—17.75	67—30.38
28—4.71	38—6.36	48—11.30	58—18.41	68—33.03
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22—1.64	32—2.15	42—3.17	52—5.64	62—8.78	72—17.61
23—1.68	33—2.22	43—3.38	53—5.94	63—9.21	73—18.74
24—1.72	34—2.29	44—3.61	54—6.26	64—9.74	74—19.96
25—1.77	35—2.36	45—3.84	55—6.59	65—10.39	75—21.31
26—1.82	36—2.43	46—4.07	56—6.87	66—11.22	76—22.81
27—1.86	37—2.50	47—4.31	57—7.13	67—12.19	77—24.40
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Age Rate	Age Rate	Age Rate	Age Rate	Age Rate
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30—1.04	41—1.51	52—2.85	63—4.63	74—10.01
31—1.07	42—1.61	53—3.00	64—4.90	75—10.68
32—1.10	43—1.72	54—3.16	65—5.22	76—11.43
33—1.14	44—1.83	55—3.32	66—5.64	77—12.23
34—1.17	45—1.95	56—3.46	67—6.12	78—13.08
35—1.21	46—2.06	57—3.59	68—6.65	79—14.00
36—1.24	47—2.18	58—3.73	69—7.20	80—14.94
37—1.28	48—2.30	59—3.87	70—7.75	81—15.98
38—1.32	49—2.43	60—4.04	71—8.29	82—17.10
39—1.37	50—2.57	61—4.23	72—8.83	83—18.31
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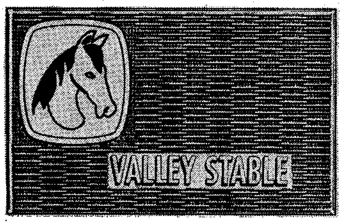

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Mojave Desert's Wild Dutchman

(Continued from page 39)

the first year's service, but more than a thousand prospectors and miners, eager for mail from home, made the service worthwhile, especially since he was driving to those areas to deliver supplies.

Koehn grubstaked prospectors and expected a share in their discovery; he extended credit and expected payment in full. Many blessed him for his help through rough times; others cursed him for calling a halt to their credit; some feared him when he suspected them of highgrading his ore or lifting supplies from his store. Still others felt a resentment toward the man who always seemed to get there first when money was to be made.

The wily Dutchman came to own or have a share in a number of gold mines. Rather than pay for milling and run the risk of being shorted at the mill, he put in his own gold mill, used his teams and wagons for hauling ore, and was on hand to check the run. The mining world of the Mojave Desert could only guess at the gold he possessed but $22,000 did show on the Wells Fargo books as shipped from his Winnie Mine alone; he later leased the mine and shared in another $20,000 mined.

In 1900 rumors of oil in the vicinity of Koehn's way station led to his leasing his 160 acres for $100,000 to a syndicate, with the provision that machinery be on the ground and drilling within 100 days from the time of the agreement; with no work stoppage longer than 30 days; and on the condition six holes were to be sunk. The oil concern didn't live up to the agreement so Koehn kept the money and took back his land.

Even with a sizable income from gold and oil rights, he continued his freighting, part of which was the delivery of fresh meat to outlying mining camps. He often talked of turning his acreage into a cattle ranch but actually never had but a few head around at any time, not nearly enough to provide the fresh meat he sold. It was assumed that he butchered cattle that wandered in to water at Kane Springs. Cowboys moving long herds across to spring pastures had seen Koehn ride alongside an animal and with a knife like a scythe on a long handle, slash the hamstrings. When the animal went down, Koehn would dismount and butcher. His reply to questions was that he was such a poor shot, running them down was the only method he could use.

THE WILD DUTCHMAN really lived up to his name in 1912 when a group of claim jumpers tried to take over his claims along Kane Dry Lake. Harrassment had got them nowhere so they moved in hired gunmen and the little man's life was in danger.

Koehn had no intention of giving up his property, and set about developing a fort which he could move about and create a bit of harrassment on his own. Using two wheels and the shaft of a single horse buggy, a sheet of boiler plate attached to the axle and a log under it for protection, Koehn fastened a makeshift harness over his shoulders and pushed the log and boiler plate fort out into the line of fire. Bullets bounced off the metal or ended with a thud in the log as the strange vehicle moved slowly but steadily toward the outlaws. Within close range Koehn opened up with an old pistol and the hired guns left in a wild scramble.

It was not until the battle was over that Koehn became aware that his neighbors had gathered to back him up and stood ready for battle if things got out of hand or if someone crept up from the rear where the Dutchman was unprotected. The claims Koehn was fighting for were well worth the trouble; later he sold them for $20,000 to a gypsum company.

The battle over the lake shore minerals, however, seemed to set off a series of problems. Companies sued Koehn over misunderstandings in contracts, use of machinery, or percentages due him. Lengthy litigations ate at Koehn's money and his anger grew in proportion.

In May 1923 he was imprisoned for attempting to bomb the home of a judge in Fresno who had sat on one of the recent court cases involving Koehn's property. The Dutchman was arrested as a suspicious character when police saw him running down an alley two blocks from the home of the judge. A bomb was discovered after the arrest, but Koehn denied any knowledge of it. The device consisted of two parts, one containing an explosive, the other gasoline. The fuse had extinguished itself by the time the judge opened his door to get the evening paper. Some blocks away, Koehn's car was examined and a considerable amount of fuse was found which matched that on the judge's porch. There were also parts of a Los Angeles newspaper which matched that wrapped around the explosive.

Superior Judge Campbell Deaumont had heard the case of Koehn *versus* Alpine Cement Co. involving $50,000 damages but had continued the suit for further study. He could not understand why the man from the desert had wished to murder him.

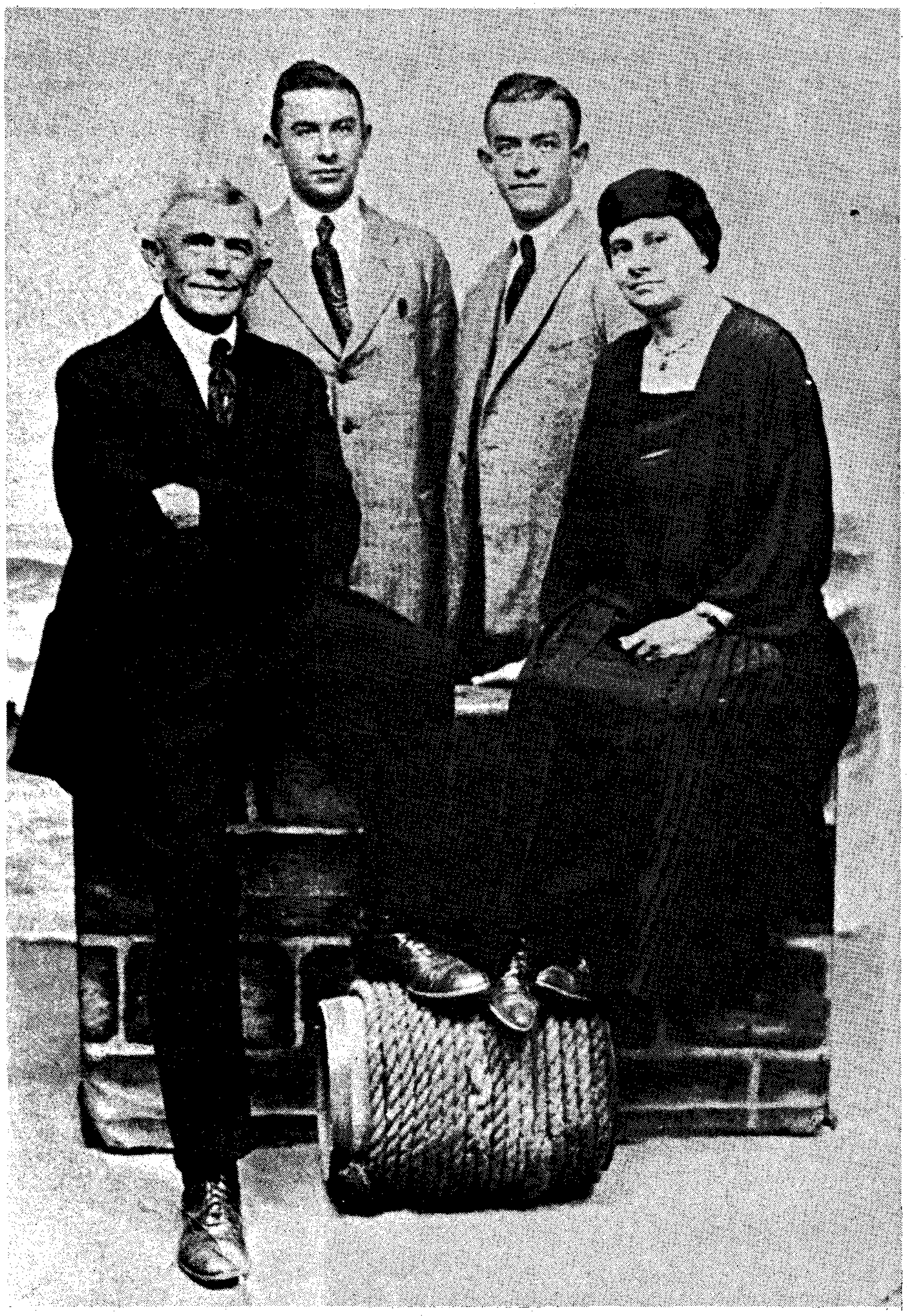
KOEHN continued to deny knowing anything about the bomb and claimed to have been in Fresno to purchase cattle. His friends attempted to raise $25,000 for bail, since they couldn't believe Charlie Koehn, so familiar with law and the use of explosives in mines, would have done such an amateurish job. Temper he had, and legal hassles had been wearing him down, but no one who knew him could believe that he was the type to murder anyone.

Desert people stood in groups and discussed their chances of helping the Dutchman out of trouble. Many were in favor of hiring a detective to hunt down the individual who had planted the bomb on the porch and the evidence in Koehn's car, but money was scarce, mining was slow, and no one had the cash to engage professional help. Sadly they recalled the times Koehn had helped them, the many times he had laughed at his own mistakes, or the things he had put over his religious wife. They had to laugh as they recalled his telling about the cache of liquor he stored under a hen's nest right where his wife gathered eggs every day. In broken English Koehn had explained that as the years went by, Jenny had become less tolerant of liquor until she finally insisted that none should be on the place. The little man who had sold liquor in his way station and had made good money through his tent saloon during the gold rush didn't like to face his wife's anger but he did like a nip now and then. When a friend arrived they would visit a while and then slowly make their way past the chicken house. After the guest departed Koehn would remark to Jenny that the visitor had brought along a drink and it wouldn't have been polite to have refused the neighborly gesture. Besides, it helped relieve his shingles.

The Wild Dutchman went to prison for the bomb episode but even in San Quentin his sense of humor remained. Koehn wrote one fellow and told him of the location of a lost gold mine which Koehn had just never got around to checking out. Within a few days another man received a letter from Koehn telling about the joke he had played on the first fellow and giving the "real" location. Knowing the effect of lost mine rumors, Koehn had prospectors and staid businessmen running all over the desert and mountains looking for the lost mine. Even when Koehn kidded them about it, most

(Continued on page 72)

Charlie Koehn, his wife Jenny and two nephews, during the gold mining days of the 1890s and early 1900s. It was said that Koehn changed little in appearance over the years. This photo is believed to have been taken between 1910 and 1914.



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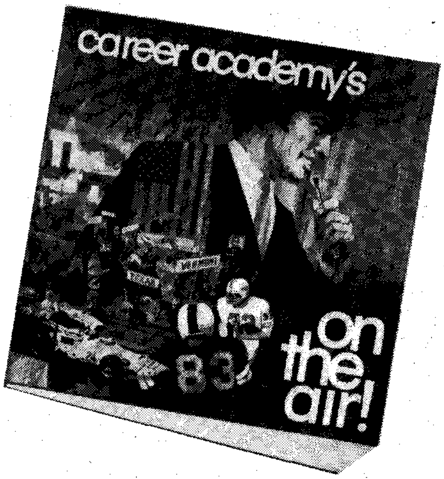

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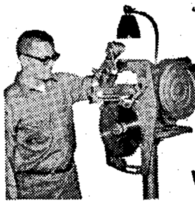

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(Continued from page 69)

felt that there was more than met the eye and somewhere in the letters was the secret either to a lost mine or Koehn's personal wealth. Sure that the Dutchman had accumulated a great deal of money in a lifetime of business, mines, and selling high priced leases, they believed that Koehn would eventually tell his best friend—whoever he might be—where to find a fortune.

Koehn's letters are still possessed by some families; others are floating around teasing treasure hunters. One old acquaintance of the Wild Dutchman has preserved all the letters he received from Koehn and believes that in their words and a hand-drawn map are the directions to follow—that these clues are hidden in the obvious instructions.

The Wild Dutchman died in prison a few days before his release in 1938, and to date no one has recovered the lost mine or hidden fortune which Koehn led his friends to believe existed.

Sweet Trail to the Gallows

(Continued from page 19)

Sheriff McClane ordered the jail cleared. Tapia had asked that his family not watch the execution, and so this was supposed to have been the last farewell. One of the guards described the parting as "enough to make the heart of a stone quiver." Davila spoke only a few words to the priest and then waited quietly in a corner of the cell until everyone had left. Tapia said repeatedly, "I have to die but once; it will soon be over."

Since the hanging was the first legal one—there had been numerous hangings without benefit of trial—officials had to improvise planning it. The gallows was built as an extension off the balcony at the front of the county courthouse which was located about fifty yards from the jail. The two prisoners could hear the carpenters at work on the structure several days before the hanging.

It was decided that no one would be allowed to "officially" observe the hangings without being on a list prepared by Sheriff McClane. Persons so listed would be permitted within a fence around the courthouse. The height of the gallows on the courthouse's balcony, however, afforded an excellent though distant view from outside the fence. Forty policemen and deputies were assigned to keep order during the hangings.

TAPIA and Davila rose early Friday, washed and put on their white shirts, blank pants and slippers. Then they waited.

At 1:50 p.m., their arms were secured behind them and a procession was formed to cover the fifty yards from the jail to the courthouse. Tapia and Father Jaillet went first, followed by Davila and a jail guard. They made their way through the crowd gathered in front of the courthouse and went quickly up the front steps and along the balcony until they reached the platform of the scaffold.

Tapia hesitated momentarily when he saw the nooses, but then stepped beside his. Davila, his face as calm-looking as always, never hesitated.

Tapia quietly moved to the edge of the platform. "My friends, I am here today to die by hanging. I have killed no person nor helped kill anyone. The people forced the party that was guilty to swear against me; but it is all right. Goodbye," he said.

Tapia looked out over the crowd and called out a farewell to several friends he saw outside the fence. Then he stepped back beside the noose and said to Father Jaillet, "Pray for me, Father."

Davila stood with eyes downcast and said nothing.

The men's legs were tied, nooses put around their necks and white caps over their heads. The priest began reading the last service. Tapia bent his head down and managed to push the hood up a bit with a shoulder for one last look at life. A guard jerked the hood back down as the priest concluded and then stepped back.

Tapia and Davila dropped seven feet. Davila gave a few last quivers, according to witnesses, and then hung still beside his friend. Loud screams rose from outside the fence when the prisoners dropped. Unknown to Tapia, many members of his family had ignored his request and were present to witness the hanging. Among them was his bride of less than twenty-four hours, Trinidad.

After twenty minutes the bodies were taken down.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

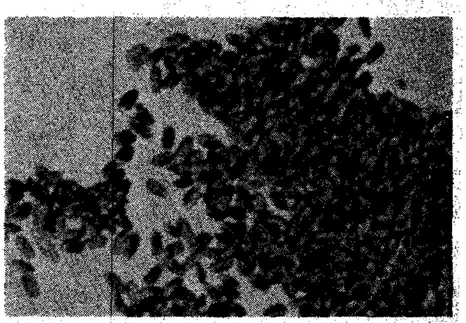
a few more of the geophysical conundrums found in the world's mining regions. They remain mysteries to the most prominent geologists.

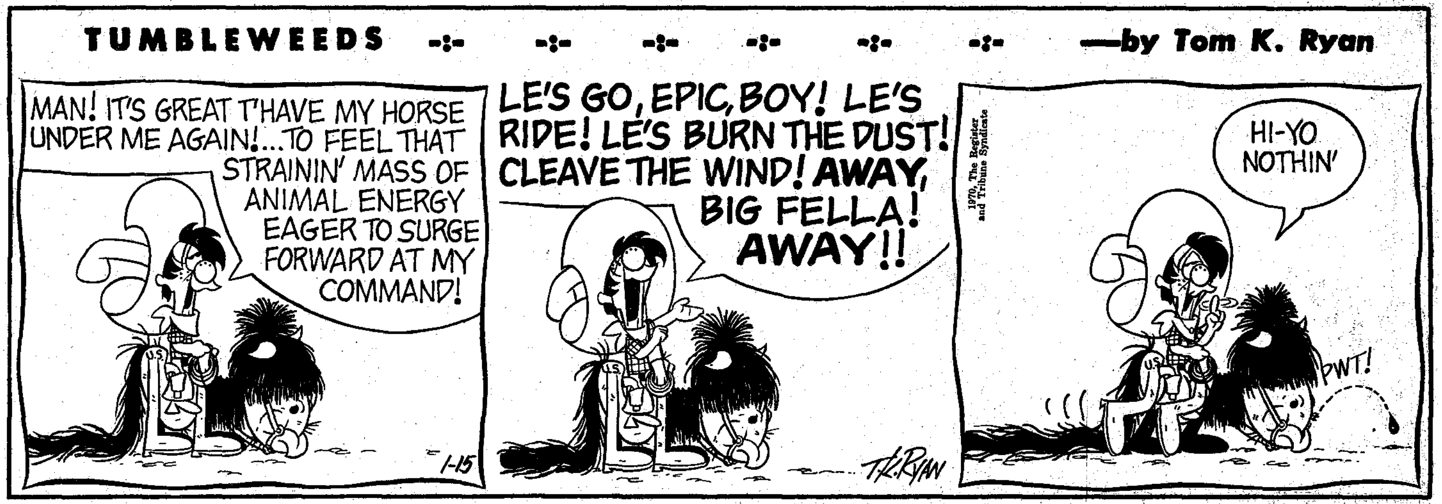
Up here in the Bohemia mining district of Oregon, located in southern Lane County, there is a vertical shaft on the southwestern side of Grouse Mountain which contains gold balls resembling oranges, even to the surface wrinkles on them.

Wheat-like gold is quite common in California placer operations, especially on the Trinity, Feather and American Rivers. I once saw gold that resembled star-fish when viewed under a 20-power handglass. Gold that was washed out along a branch of the Riobamba River in Peru appeared to have been melted then thrown into cold water where i had hardened in splattered forms.

I also saw, in the Muzo emerald mining district of Columbia, South America, an emerald with a gold-like plating on its surface. It came out of a calcite pocket that had numerous coppery colored iron pyrites mixed throughout the calcite. The vagaries of nature appear to be numerous in the mining regions of the world.—Monarch Mines, P. O. Box 622, Cottage Grove, Oregon 97424

Grains of wheat which it was said the gold resembled.

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